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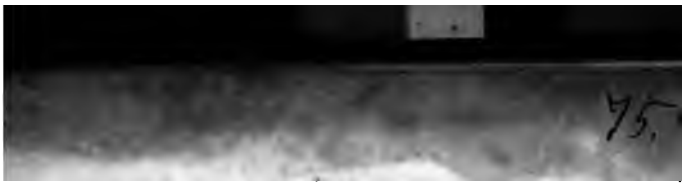
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Memoirs of the Life

OF

David Garrick, Esq.

INTERSPERSED WITH

Characters and Anecdotes

OF

HIS THEATRICAL CONTEMPORARIES.

THE WHOLE

Forming a History of the Stage,

WHICH INCLUDES

A PERIOD OF THIRTY-SIX YEARS.

By THOMAS DAVIES.

——— Quem populus Romanus meliorem virum quam histrionem esse arbitratur, qui ita dignissimus est scena propter artificium, ut dignissimus sit curia propter abstinentiam. *Cicero pro Q. Roscio Comœdo.*

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THE

LIFE

OF

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Account of the riot occasioned by the advanced prices to the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and the tragedy of Elvira....Character of the chief agent.....Hero of the Fribbleriad, &c.

A RIOT in a playhouse is very different from a tumult in the street; the latter is a sudden fray arising from ignorance or mistake, generally soon ended, and often without any mischief done to any body; whereas the former is almost always the result of a conspiracy, proceeding from private resentment, and in its consequences pernicious to the object against whom it is levelled.

In January 1763, a certain gentleman and his confederates circulated a printed advertisement throughout all the coffeehouses, taverns, and other publick houses in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden and Drury-lane; wherein they set forth the great injustice of

the managers of the playhouses, in presuming to exact the full prices on the night of a revived play; whereas they conceived that they had no reasonable claim to these charges from the beginning to the end of a night's entertainment, except on the addition of a pantomime. They declared, with seeming moderation, at the same time, that their demand of redress should be urged with decency and temper, and an explanation of the manager's conduct required in a manner becoming gentlemen.

The confederates chose a very odd, or rather improper, time to enforce the doctrine of submission to their authority, on the benefit night of the writer, who had altered the play of Shakspeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona, at a time when the full charges were never disputed.

A Mr. Fitz——k, who is since dead, appeared the avowed ringleader of these reformers, who were determined to disturb the audience, and deprive them of their right to enjoy the representation of a play unmolested.

This gentleman harangued the spectators from the boxes, and set forth, in very harsh and approbrious language, the impositions of the managers: and, with much vehemence, pleaded the right of the audience to fix the price of their bill of fare. When Mr. Garrick came forward to address the house, he was received with noise and uproar, and treated with contempt by the orator and his friends. He was not permitted to show the progressive accumulation of theatrical expenses, the nightly charge of which, from the year 1702 to 1760, had been raised from

34*l.* to above 90*l.* They would not suffer him to speak one word in defence of himself and his partner. It had been an invariable custom with Booth, Wilkes, and Cibber, to demand full prices on the acting of a new play which cost them additional expense in decoration. I am informed too, that the present managers of Drury-lane and Covent-garden, from the great increase of expenditure on various occasions, are obliged to charge their actors, for a benefit play, 100*l.*

But this tribune of the people, Mr. Fitz——k, would hear no apology, would listen to no remonstrances in favour of the patentees; they must not be allowed a night's time, no, not an hour, to deliberate on a matter of so much consequence to themselves and all dramatick writers, but must yield unconditional submission to a peremptory order of this despotical gentleman and his associates, or the house must be torn to pieces, as a punishment for non-compliance.

The consequence of not instantly giving up the privileges of authors to the superiour claims of dumb show, was the tearing up the benches, breaking the lustres and girandoles, and committing every act of violence to which they were prompted by their ungovernable rage and malice. The play was given up, and the money returned.

The next night a new tragedy, called Elvira, written by Mr. Mallet, was acted at Drury-lane. The rioters, headed by Mr. F. their spokesman, enforced their former demand in the same violent and laconick manner. When Mr. Garrick

appeared, they cried out with one voice, "Will you, or will you not, give admittance for half price, after the third act of a play, except during the first winter a pantomime is performed?" The manager who had learnt the lesson of obedience by the losses which he had sustained the preceding evening, answered in the affirmative. But, however, peace was not to be restored till some of the players had made an *amende honorable* for daring to espouse the cause of their master. Mr. Moody was called upon to apologize for the offence he had given, in stopping a madman's hand who was going to set fire to the playhouse. He, imagining that he should bring the audience into good humour by a laughable absurdity, in the tone and language of a low bred Irishman said, "He was very sorry that he had displeased them by saving their lives in putting out the fire." This speech was so ill taken that it rather inflamed than cooled their rage; and they loudly and vehemently insisted that he should go down on his knees, and ask their pardon. Moody was so far from complying with this positive command, that he had the courage absolutely to refuse, saying, "I will not, by G—." When he came off the stage, Mr. Garrick was so pleased with his resolute behaviour, that he received him with open arms, and assured him, that whilst he was master of a guinea, he should be paid his income: but that, if he had been so mean as to have submitted to the required abasement, he never would have forgiven him.

The tumult was so great on Moody's refusing to comply with the demand of the audience, that, to

appease their wrath, Mr. Garrick promised he should not appear on the stage again during the time he was under their displeasure.

Mr. Moody's situation was by no means eligible. He was reduced to the necessity of either taking leave of the capital, and joining the itinerant actors in the country, or of depending upon the generosity of the manager. He could expect no mercy from the gentlemen who had enjoined so severe a penance for an act of duty: he was therefore determined, after weighing all consequences, to seek redress from the original plotter of all the mischief, Mr. Fitz——k himself.

He waited upon him at his chambers in the Temple. The interview was extraordinary, and part of it will perhaps appear most to advantage in dialogue. That gentleman seemed somewhat surprised when Moody addressed him in these words, "I suppose, Sir, you know me."

Fitz. Very well, Sir; and how came I by the honour of this visit?

Moody. How dare you ask me that question, when you know what passed at Drury-lane last night; where I was called upon by you to dishonour myself, by asking pardon of the audience upon my knees?

Fitz. No, Sir, I was not the person who spoke to you.

Moody. Sir, you did; I saw you, and heard you. And what crime had I committed, to be obliged to stoop to such an ignominious submission? I had prevented a wretch from setting fire to the play-

house, and had espoused the cause of a gentleman in whose service I had enlisted.

Fitz. I do not understand being treated in this manner in my own house.

Moody. Sir, I will attend you where you please; for be assured, I will not leave you till you have satisfied me one way or other.

Mr. Fitz——k, perceiving that Moody was determined to exact satisfaction, asked him what reparation he wished to have. Moody said, he expected that he would sign his name to a paper, and repair the injury by acknowledging that he had acted towards him in a most unjust and improper manner; at the same time that he would request his friends not to insist on the penance prescribed to Mr. Moody, but to receive him to favour on his making any reasonable excuse.

Mr. Fitz——k now assumed the man; he declared that no power on earth should prevail on him to sign such a writing. Mr. Moody then renewed his positive resolution to right himself. After some further altercation, Mr. Fitz——k proposed to serve Mr. Moody in another way, and perhaps more effectually than the signing of any instrument whatsoever. "I know Mr. Moody (said Mr. Fitz——k) goes to the Jamaica coffeehouse; I will meet him there to-morrow morning, and fix upon a proper method to accommodate matters to his entire satisfaction."

Mr. Fitz——k did not meet Mr. Moody. However, he sent a gentleman to him with whom he was well acquainted, and one very willing and able to

bring about a reconciliation between the audience and the actor. Mr. Fitz——k now began to view his conduct with impartial eyes; and to make some amends for his past outrageous conduct to the actor and manager, he wrote a letter to Mr. Garrick in a strain very condescending, and to a proud man sufficiently humiliating. The chief purpose of his epistle was to acquaint him, that whenever he thought proper to introduce Mr. Moody to the audience, he and all his friends would attend, and contribute to his being reinstated in the favour of the publick.

Having closed this article of Fitz——k's particular behaviour to Mr. Moody, I would beg leave to observe, that degrading the actor must tend to lessen the pleasure of the spectator. What just notions of propriety of behaviour, what knowledge of elegance in manners, or representation of what is grand or graceful, humorous or gay, can an audience expect from a wretch who is driven to a degree of meanness unworthy of a man? I would by no means encourage insolence in the player, but repress it immediately, and exact such reparation as it becomes the actor to give, and an humane as well as polite assembly, to receive.

Dufresne, an excellent French actor, much celebrated for his performance of all the heroick lovers of Voltaire's tragedies, was interrupted in a speech by a gentleman in the pit, who told him he spoke *too low*; "And you, Sir (said the actor) *too loud*." The audience immediately took fire; the house was in a tumult, and resented the insolence of the actor,

who had presumed to talk to a gentleman, so rudely. The police interposed, and the next evening Dufresne was commanded to acknowledge his fault in very submissive terms. The actor came forward to make his acknowledgment, and the audience were attentive to what he was about to say. Dufresne began in this manner, "Gentlemen, till now I never felt the meanness of my condition."—This exordium struck the pit so forcibly, that they would not permit him to proceed, but dismissed him with loud and reiterated plaudits. They reflected, that, notwithstanding Dufresne had rather added to his former affront by what he had said, they did not wish to make him too sensible of the inferiour rank he held in life.

Though Mr. Fitz——k's plan of reformation, as he called it, was principally levelled at Mr. Garrick, yet, as he was now engaged in a publick cause, he thought it would appear very partial if he did not oblige Mr. Beard, the manager of Covent-garden, to submit to the same regulations he had imposed on Mr. Garrick. To this end he proceeded with his associates, the night following, to undertake the conquest of Covent-garden. He there delivered an harangue similar to his oration at Drury-lane, and insisted on the manager's compliance. The opera of Artaxerxes was to be acted that night. Mr. Beard answered the speech of the orator with great firmness, and with a strong appearance of reason: he more particularly observed, that operas had never been exhibited at such small prices any where as at that theatre; that the nightly expenses

were prodigiously increased since the days of former managers; and that the publick ought not to grudge the full charge, when no expense in actors, clothes, scenes, musick, and every decoration of the stage, had been spared, for their entertainment. All this, and much more, was urged in vain by the manager. No argument or reason could have any effect upon these publick-spirited gentlemen; they wondered at Mr. Beard's confidence in opposing that authority to which Mr. Garrick had submitted; they insisted peremptorily on a positive answer to their demand, which was, Whether he would comply with their regulation of prices, or not? This being answered in the negative, they then proceeded to their most powerful argument, force, and demolished the playhouse in such a manner that the carpenters could not repair the damages sustained in the scenery, and other parts of the theatre in less than four or five days. Mr. Beard, being determined to maintain and defend his property by legal methods, took care to fix upon some of the rioters, and, with the help of a chief justice's warrant, brought two or three of them before Lord Mansfield. Mr. Fitz——k, alarmed at the manager's resolution, thought proper to attend the judge, where the usual paleness of his cheek was rendered perfectly of a livid colour by the dreadful rebuke of Lord Mansfield, who told him solemnly, that if a life was lost in this tumultuous contest, he would be answerable for it with his own.

Notwithstanding this severe check, the tribune and his confederates were determined to finish what

they had begun, and force the manager to a compliance. However, they changed their mode of attack, sensible that force might be attended with bad consequences, and, perhaps, the chief justice's sentence be completed in their own persons, by proceeding to destroy the benches, and other like acts of violence. As soon as the playhouse was refitted, they attended as before, but contented themselves with laughing, hissing, and such like innocent practices, to interrupt the play, till the manager should comply with their arbitrary decrees. Mr. Beard, finding it impossible to keep open the doors of the theatre to any purpose without submitting to these dictators, at last complied, and peace was restored.

Thus ended this formidable riot. The publick gained, it is true, by the victory of Mr. Fitz——k and his friends, the wonderful privilege of seeing two acts of a play at half price, and the exaltation of a pantomime to a rank superiour to tragedy and comedy. But I can tell them honestly, they owed this great prerogative to the private resentment of a splenetick man, not to publick spirit or patriotick principle. And, as it will serve to show the false pretences, as well as mean passions of men, who, to gratify their ill nature and malice, make an ostentatious parade of deep concern for the interests of others, I will give a short narrative of the quarrel which gave rise to this theatrical insurrection.

Mr. Fitz——k was a gentleman who lived upon a moderate income left him by his father. His edu-

cation had given him a taste for the belles lettres, more especially for dramatical writings. He was a frequenter of the coffeehouses about Covent-garden, especially the Bedford.

This gentleman being a constant attendant at the theatre, and esteemed to be no mean judge of the merit of authors and actors, he was introduced to Mr. Garrick, and, I believe, complimented with the freedom of his playhouse. By his smooth and insinuating address, he so far gained Mr. Garrick's favour and regard, that, from an acquaintance, he ranked him amongst the number of his friends.

The dramatick criticisms which Mr. Fitz——k first published in the newspapers, were rather of the liberal sort, favourable to the manager, and kind to the actor. A little success, owing to the flattering and exuberant applauses of his friends, inspired him with an immoderate share of conceit and vanity. He who had been modest and doubtful before, became all of sudden confident and decisive. The precise time when this critick began to conceive his observations of such intrinsick value, as to think himself a better judge of acting than Roscius himself, and announced his superiour importance to the publick, I do not know; but I remember well that the critical time which he seized upon for an open rupture with Mr. Garrick, was at a meeting of a respectable society called the Shakspeare Club, which had been chiefly assembled by Mr. Garrick and his most intimate friends, and of which also Mr. Fitz——k had been chosen a member. What the business was of this assembly, more than drinking

toasts to the immortal remembrance of the great dramatick writer, and refreshing their minds with the recital of his various excellencies, I cannot recollect; but it happened that, at a meeting of this club, during Mr. Garrick's absence, when it was proposed by some of the members to contrive some peculiar marks of honour from their body to Shakspeare, a gentleman moved, that as Mr. Garrick, the great admirer and best speaking commentator of the poet, was absent, all business of that kind should be postponed till he should be present.

Mr. Fitz——k laid hold of this incident to give vent to the malevolence of his temper, which he had hitherto smothered, or at least disguised. He wondered any gentleman should propose deferring the business of the club on account of a member's absence, "who was certainly the most insignificant person that belonged to it."

This unexpected declaration of ill will to a man who had never given the smallest provocation for such hostile behaviour, surprised every body present.

Mr. Garrick called upon Mr. Fitz——k for an explanation, but could obtain none; he would neither recede, by making an apology for a rash or inadvertent expression which would have been accepted; nor justify his conduct, by supporting what he had said in a manner becoming the man who had given just cause of offence. Common friends to Mr. Fitz——k and Mr. Garrick proposed and appointed several meetings, but in vain. Whether the aggressor thought a player was a creature deserv-

ing neither a reasonable concession nor honourable resentment, I cannot pretend to decide: but this enmity to Mr. Garrick was neither removed by *eclaircissement*, nor maintained by an act of courage.

His censures of Mr. Garrick's manner of acting from this time became more frequent, severe, and acrimonious. More bold than the foolish rhetorician who presumed to pronounce lectures on the art of war before Hannibal, this daring critick found fault with the emphasis and action of our English Roscius. He wrote letters in a paper called the Craftsman, signed X. Y. Z. In these he endeavoured to undeceive the publick in their opinion of their favourite actor, and to prove that he was a theatrical impostor. Not content with pouring forth these effusions of a weak brain and malicious mind in a weekly paper, he collected them together, and published them in a shilling pamphlet, intitled, *An Enquiry into the real Merit of a certain popular Performer, in a Series of Letters, with an Introduction, to David Garrick, Esq.*

But however favourably he and his admirers might judge of this motley tissue of rancour and impertinence, the publick in general received these criticisms with negligence and contempt. The Reviewers indeed, by pointing out their insignificancy, kept them alive for a day, and then consigned them to oblivion.

Against the attacks of a man so weak, so vain, and so malicious, Mr. Garrick judged that ridicule would be his surest guard, and most offensive wea-

pon. A poem was published, called the Fribbleriad, which was universally and justly attributed to Mr. Garrick. With much humour, great vivacity, pleasantry, and wit, he played with the tremendous plot of Fizgigg, the hero of the poem, and the members of his contemptible club. He characterizes them as things of a peculiar species, who met together in assembly at Hampstead, to plot the downfall of Garrick their great enemy, who had most abominably exposed them in his farce of Miss in her Teens. The author employs colours of ridicule, sufficiently glaring to excite laughter, when he describes the soft insignificance, consequential unimportance, and harmless conspiracies of these dainty nothings. The poem is really curious, and now out of print, or at least not to be purchased singly.* A few quotations from it will, I believe, be diverting to the reader. The poet thus invokes his muse:

Say, gossip muse, who lov'st to prattle,
And fill the town with tittle tattle;
To tell a secret such a bliss is,
Say for what cause these master misses
To Garrick such a hatred bore,
That long they wish'd to make him sore?
To bind the monster hand and foot,
Like Gulliver in Lilliput;
With birchen-twigs to flea his skin,
And each to stick him with a pin;
Are things so delicate so fell!
Can cherubims be imps of hell?

* It was inserted in "The Repository," a very entertaining miscellany, (selected by a gentleman to whom the world of letters is under great obligations) published in two volumes by Mr. Dilly, 1776.

Tell us how spite a scheme begot,
Who laid the eggs, who hatch'd the plot.
O sing in namby pamby feet,
Like to the subject, tripping neat;
Snatch ev'ry grace that fancy reaches;
Relate their passions, plottings, speeches:
You, when their Pan Fribblerium sat,
Saw them conven'd, and heard their chat;
Saw all their wriggling, fuming, fretting,
Their nodding, frisking, and curvetting;
Each minute saw their rage grow stronger,
Till the dear things could hold no longer;
But out burst forth the dreadful vow
To DO A DEED! —But when, and how?
And where? O muse, thy lyre new-string,
The How, the When, the Where to sing.
Say in what sign the sun had enter'd
When these sweet souls on plotting ventur'd.
'Twas when the balmy breath of May
Makes tender lambkins sport and play;
When tenderer fribbles walk, and dare
To gather nosegays in the air.

There is a place upon a hill,
Where cits of pleasure take their fill;
Where hautboys scream, and fiddles squeak,
To sweat the *ditto* once a week:
Where joy of late unmix'd with noise
Of romping girls and drunken boys;
Where Decency, sweet maid, appear'd,
And in her hand brought Johnny Beard.
'Twas here (for publick rooms are free)
They met to plot and drink their tea.
Each on a sattin stool was seated,
Which, nicely quilted, curtain'd, pleated,
Did all their various skill display;
Each work'd his own, to grace the day.
Above the rest, and set apart,
A chair was plac'd, where curious art,

With lace and fringe, to honour meant
Him they should choose their president.

After some debate, one of the fribble heroes, Sir Cock-a-Doodle, proposes to choose Fizgigg for their chairman, whom he declares to be the most proper person to carry on the war with vigour against the common enemy. Fizgigg is thus described:

At which one larger than the rest,
With visage sleek, and swelling chert,
With stretch'd out fingers and a thumb
Stuck to his hips, and jutting bum,
Rose up——

Captain Pattypan proposes to destroy Garrick by the sword.

——————— At length began
The valiant Captain Pattypan:
With kimbow'd arm, and tossing head,
He bridled up—Wear I this red?
Shall blood be nam'd, and I be dumb?
For that, and that alone, I come;
Glory's my call, and blood my trade;
And thus—Then forth he drew his blade.

The Rev. Mr. Marjoram prescribes arsenick in the enemy's gruel, as the surest and safest method to despatch him.

More soft, more gentle than a lamb,
The reverend Mister Marjoram
Arose—but first, with finger's tip,
He pats the patch upon his lip,
Then o'er it glides his healing tongue;
And thus he said—or rather sung:
"Sure 'tis the errour of the moon!
What, fight a mimick, a buffoon!

In France he has the Church's curse,
And England's church is ten times worse.
Have you not read the Holy Writ
Just publish'd by a reverend wit?*
That every actor is a thing,
A Merry Andrew paper-king;
A puppet made of rags and wood,
The lowest son of earth, mere mud;
Mere publick game, where'er you meet him,
And cobblers as they please may treat him!
Slave, coxcomb, venal, and what not?
Ten thousand names that I've forgot—
Then risque not thus a precious life
In such a low, unnat'ral strife;
And sure to stab him would be cruel;
I vote for arsenick in his gruel."

The chairman closes the debate, by assuring them that he has found out a more mortal weapon than poison or the sword.

Then from his bosom forth he drew
A crow-quill pen—"Behold, for you,
And your revenge, this instrument!
From hell it came, to me 'twas sent;
Within is poison, sword, and all;
Its point a dagger dipt in gall.
Keen ling'ring pangs the foe shall feel,
While clouds the hand that stabs conceal.
With this, while living, I'll dissect him;
Create his errours, then detect them;
Swell tiny faults to monstrous size,
Then point them out to pur-blind eyes.
Attended with some noisy cit,
Of strong belief, but puny wit,
I'll take my seat, be rude and loud,
That each remark may reach the crowd;

* A pamphlet supposed to be written by a Methodist divine.

At Lear will laugh, be hard as rocks,
And sit at Scrub like barbers' blocks;
When all is still, we'll roar like thunder;
When all applaud, be mute, and wonder!
In this I boast uncommon merit;
I like, have prais'd his genius, spirit:
His various pow'rs, I own, divert me;
'Tis his *success* alone has hurt me."

It is to be lamented that Mr. F. should have engaged in a contest with Mr. Garrick, in which he was certain to be defeated, for no man, however brilliant in parts, can understand any art so perfectly as an acknowledged master and professor of it. Mr. F. died some few years since; he was much respected by many gentlemen eminent in rank, and distinguished by their literature and taste; they admired and loved his company and conversation, which united frankness of behaviour and freedom of thought, with superiour knowledge and elegance of manners.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Author of Elvira....Some account of him....His first poetical production.....His acquaintance with Mr. Pope and Lord Bolingbroke.... Tragedy of Eurydice.....Alfred, in conjunction with Mr. Thomson....Anecdote of Thomson....Tragedy of Mustapha....Mr. Mallet appointed to write the life of the Duke of Marlborough with Mr. Glover....Alfred Revived....The publisher of Bolingbroke's works....Behaviour to a printer....Stratagem to get Elvira acted ....Success of it....Mallet's religious principles....A remarkable story....His Death.

BEFORE I take notice of the success which followed Elvira in 1763, the reader may possibly desire to peruse some account of Mr. Mallet, the author, who had, long before that period, written several dramatick compositions, which were acted at the same theatre of Drury-lane.

This author was, when very young, janitor of the High School of Edinburgh. His real name was Macgregor, a member of a Scotch clan, which had rendered themselves so notorious, as well as obnoxious to the laws, for acts of violence and robbery, that they were obliged, by an act of parliament, to change the name of Macgregor for another. Our author chose that of Malloch; but after having used it some time, and signed it to a dedication, he thought it sounded so unpolitely and was so unharmonious, that he afterwards softened it in to Mallet. The first production of his muse, and when he was very young, was a sweet and plaintive ballad called Wil-

liam and Margaret. Captain Thompson, the editor of Andrew Marvell's works, declares that he found this poetical nosegay among many other productions of the same author in a folio MS. of his works, and with several poems published by Mr. Addison in the Spectator.

The English poetry, in Marvell's time, was certainly not arrived at that elegance and harmony so visible in the song of William and Margaret, and the hymns and versions of psalms in the Spectator; which latter bear evident marks of their being Mr. Addison's own composition. Nor can I presume to rob Mr. Mallet of the merit of writing William and Margaret, on so slender a proof as that of its being found in a volume of manuscript poems attributed to Mr. Marvell, a name which deserves to be revered by every sincere lover of his country. Mr. Mallet having distinguished himself as a man of learning and capacity, was appointed private tutor to his grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother, Lord George Graham. Soon after, he went abroad with Mr. Craggs; and after he returned to England, he wrote his tragedy of Eurydice, which was acted at the theatre in Drury-lane in 1731. Aaron Hill wrote the prologue and epilogue, and was enthusiastically warm in his praises of the play, though he found great fault with the acting of it. Eurydice is not written to the heart; the language is not original in many places, but borrowed from other plays; nor are the situations in which the characters are placed interesting, any more than the characters themselves are justly or powerfully drawn; Periander and Pro-

cles are Tamerlane and Bajazet, only in dissimilar situations of fortune.

We have in this play rage without producing terrour, and grief that causes no commiseration. Eurydice was considerably altered, and revived almost thirty years after its first representation. The principal characters were personated by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, but to no effect. The passions of love and jealousy are, of all others, the most capable of affecting the minds of the spectators: but all the rage of a Garrick, and pathos of a Cibber, could not extort a tear from the audience. But the author would not take the blame upon himself; he sat in the orchestra, and bestowed his execrations plentifully upon the players, to whom he attributed the cold reception of his tragedy.

Soon after the first acting of Eurydice he published his poem of Verbal Criticism; a trite satire on pedants and pedantry, composed of such commonplace raillery as that with which small wits usually attack great and eminent scholars. Bentley's Paradise Lost was indeed a fair mark for censure; and we must, I am afraid, reckon it amongst the dotages of that learned man, who published his edition of Milton in a very advanced age. But Mallet's attack upon Theobald was equally ignorant and illiberal; for the Shakspeare Restored of this writer laid the foundation of just criticism upon our great poet. However, the poem was written with a design to ingratiate the author with Mr. Pope, who soon after introduced him to Lord Bolingbroke.

Thomson and Mallet were recommended to the patronage of Frederick Prince of Wales, who appointed them both his secretaries. The politicks of St. James's and of Leicester House being very opposite, these writers were employed by the friends of the prince to justify his conduct, and vindicate his cause, by attacking the administration of Sir Robert Walpole.

It must be confessed that no prince was ever surrounded with men of more extensive abilities and greater worth than Frederick Prince of Wales, who, I am well informed, sometimes condescended to take up the pen in vindication of his own cause; but so diffident was his royal highness of his abilities, that he generally destroyed what he had written, though he might sometimes permit Dr. D—, or some other able writer, to make use of his ideas. The two poets, Thomson and Mallet, did not pretend to understand political argument, but were supposed capable of interesting the publick in favour of their master's cause by the art of working up a fable in a tragedy, and in the drawing characters, and giving them such language, as an audience could not fail properly to apply. Thomson, under the auspices of his great patron, brought his Agamemnon on Drury-lane stage. I remember the following speech of the principal character in the play, which was spoken to Ægisthus, was greatly applauded:

——— But the most fruitful source,
Of every evil—O! that I in thunder
Could sound it o'er the list'ning world to kings,
Is delegating power to wicked hands.

Agamemnon, though well acted, for Mrs. Porter in advanced age and lame, was prevailed on to perform Clytemnestra, was not written agreeably to the taste of the criticks, who very justly observed, that he had not entirely preserved ancient manners and characters; Clytemnestra did not resemble the portrait drawn of her by Æschylus, which is more consistent and agreeable to history. The displeasure of the audience shown to certain scenes produced a whimsical effect upon the author; he had promised to meet some friends at a tavern as soon as the play was ended, but he was obliged to defer his attending them to a very late hour. When he came they asked him the reason of his stay; he told them, that the criticks had sweated him so terribly, by their severe treatment of certain parts of his tragedy, that the perspiration was so violent, as to render his wig unfit to wear; and that he had spent a great deal of time amongst the peruke-makers in procuring a proper cover for his head.

Though Thomson's Edward and Eleonora was excluded the stage, because the licenser saw, as he imagined, a formidable attack upon the minister; Mallet's Mustapha, which was said to glance at the king and Sir Robert Walpole, in the characters of Solyman the Magnificent and Rustan his visier, was acted with great applause.

On the first night of its exhibition were assembled all the chiefs in opposition to the court; and many speeches were applied by the audience to the supposed grievances of the times, and to persons and characters. The play was in general well acted;

more particularly the parts of Solyman and Mustapha, by Quin and Milward. Mr. Pope was present, in the boxes; and at the end of the play went behind the scenes, a place which he had not visited for some years. He expressed himself to be well pleased with his entertainment; and particularly addressed himself to Quin, who was greatly flattered with the distinction paid him by so great a man; and when Pope's servant brought his master's scarlet cloak, Quin insisted upon the honour of putting it on him.

The language of Mustapha differs widely from that of Eurydice, which abounds in turgid expression; the former is more flowing and genuine, as well as more easy and natural. In all probability Mr. Pope contributed not a little to this visible alteration of style. The characters of Solyman, Mustapha, Zanger, Rustan, and Roxalana, are drawn with skill; and the conduct of the fable is managed with some degree of probability. The play is founded on the jealousy of power, which cannot bear a rival in a successor. The author has in several places made good use of Tacitus, particularly in a speech of Rustan, where he describes the tumultuous behaviour of the janizaries at the appearance of the emperour; which is nearly a translation of an admirable passage in that writer, where he describes the struggle of contending passions in the equally terrified and terrifying Roman legions in Pannonia, when, in the presence of their general Drusus, the emperour's son.—Illi quoties oculos ad multitudinem retulerant, vocibus truculentis strepere, rursum

viso Cæsare, trepidare, murmur incertum, atrox clamor, et repente quies, diversis animorum motibus pavebant, terrebantque :

> ———When they cast their eyes abroad
> On their own gather'd strength, rekindled rage
> Spoke loud their madness in tempestuous shouts,
> And mingled uproar !—I beheld from far
> The various horrour ; how at once they rag'd,
> At once kept silence ; and as thwarting passions
> By turns prevail'd, were dreadful and dismay'd.

Thomson and Mallet were soon after commanded by the Prince of Wales to write the masque of Alfred, to celebrate the birth day of Lady Augusta, his eldest daughter, which was twice acted, in the gardens of Clifden, by Quin, Milward, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Horton, and other players. The accomodations for the company, I was told, were but scanty, and ill managed; and the players were not treated as persons ought to be who are employed by a prince. Quin, I believe, was admitted among those of the higher order; and Mrs. Clive might be safely trusted to take care of herself any where.

Mr. Mallet's reputation was now so highly advanced, that the Duchess of Marlborough left 1000*l.* by legacy to him and Mr. Glover, as a reward for writing the life of the Duke of Marlborough. The latter declining the task, the whole sum became the property of the former.

Mr. Mallet, after the death of his friend Thomson, which happened in 1748, resumed the story of Alfred, on which they had written in conjunction. He observed that in the first sketch, Alfred was but

the second character in his own piece; and this, I imagine, was owing to the influence of Quin, whose manner of speaking and figure were better adapted to the part of the hermit than Alfred. He found himself obliged to make great alterations, more agreeable to the dignity of the principal part, and more suited to Mr. Garrick's powers, who undertook to act it. Abundance of songs, and some odes, were added, and many new incidents and characters; so that little of the old masque remained. In decorations of magnificent triumphal arches, dances of furies, various harmony of musick, and incantations, fine scenes and dresses, this masque exceeded every thing which had before made its appearance on the English stage.

The subject was noble, and well worthy the pen of the most sublime genius. I scarce know any character in history so truly great and venerable as that of Alfred;* and we may defy all the writers from his days to our own, to furnish one equal in every princely virtue to this renowned king. That Mallet's genius could not rise to the idea of this great and accomplished man, is not to be wondered at; but at the same time we must grant that his attempt was generous. He has laid hold of a circumstance in his history truly dramatical, his disguising himself in a mean habit, to preserve himself for occasions to deliver his people from the ty-

* Swift, in his list of six great men, to whom no seventh (in his opinion) could be added, might have very safely made a septemvirate with Alfred, who deserved a better title to renown than Aristides; a man who, after having robbed the common treasury of Greece deposited at Delphi, confessed, indeed, that the action was not just, but very profitable.

ranny of the Danes, and to restore their liberty; and it must be owned too, that the principles of government which he inculcates throughout the piece are liberal, and fit for the instruction of a prince who is to govern a free people.

This masque was, I believe, written under the influence, and by the encouragement, of Lord Bolingbroke; nor do the political maxims insisted upon in it differ from those laid down so copiously in his idea of the Patriot King. More than this, and what the reader will perhaps think worthy his attention, Lord Bolingbroke wrote the three following stanzas in the celebrated song of Rule Britannia, in the year 1751, a few months before his death, and which, I suppose, he intended to be prophetical of the glories of his present Majesty's reign.

Should war, should faction, shake the isle,
And sink to poverty and shame,
Heaven still shall on Britannia smile,
Restore her wealth, and raise her name.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:
Britons never will be slaves.

How blest the prince reserv'd by fate,
In adverse days to mount thy throne,
Renew thy once triumphant state,
And on thy grandeur build his own.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

His race shall long, in times to come,
(So Heaven ordains) thy sceptre wield;
Rever'd abroad, belov'd at home,
And be at once thy sword and shield.
Rule, Britannia, &c. &c.

Mr. Mallet in the end of the year 1748 was employed by his patron, Bolingbroke, in a business

which, if he had any feeling, must have been very disagreeable to him, the writing the preface to an edition of the Patriot King, in which he was obliged to censure the conduct of his friend Mr. Pope. This great man had been entrusted with several printed copies of the book, and enjoined to communicate the knowledge of it to a few select persons only; but he had, unknown to the author, printed an edition privately of 1500 copies.

To undertake the defence of Mr. Pope would argue either folly or disingenuousness: where pardon is wanted, apology is presumption. But, after all, did he deserve to be exposed so publickly, and so severely, by the man whom he loved, nay adored, and whose praises in his admirable verses will live to all posterity? No surely! he that could confer immortality might well be forgiven the intended publication of a work, which did honour to him who was intentionally deprived of the right to publish it.

The Hermit, or Amyntor and Theodora, a poem, Mr. Mallet published in the year 1747. Some criticks have been very warm in their censures of it; and particularly Dr. Warton, in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope: "The nauseous affectation of expressing every thing pompously and poetically, is no where more visible than in a poem, lately published, called Amyntor and Theodora."

Dr. Warton is said to have as much candour as learning, and I am inclined to believe it; but he

must have read the poem very superficially to have pronounced so uncandid a sentence upon it.

It is, of all Mallet's poems, the most affecting and pathetick; and which, if he had worked it up into a play, as he once intended, would have produced a very fine effect. What glorious parts would Garrick and Barry have made of Aurelius and Amyntor! and how much would the publick have been charmed with Mrs. Cibber's Theodora!

There are in this poem two interviews between Aurelius and Amyntor, and Amyntor and Theodora, which will draw tears from the most unfeeling.

The Hermit has, besides these pathetick scenes, great poetical merit. The descriptions of wild and savage nature are striking and picturesque; the storm and shipwreck are worked up with all the images natural to the tremendous scene: it abounds with many excellent moral precepts, which receive weight and energy from the sanction of religion: despair and suicide are discountenanced, and mentioned with horrour and detestation; an awful submission to the divine will is strongly inculcated throughout the whole poem. So far from censuring Mr. Mallet's poem of the Hermit, Dr. Warton should rather have exclaimed, with every friend of truth and virtue,

O! si sic omnia dixisset!

Lord Bolingbroke died in December 1751, and left all his writings, published and unpublished, to Mr. Mallet; but with respect to those political works printed in his lifetime, he expressed himself cautiously, as if he foresaw that somebody would lay claim to them; and therefore he left them to his legatee, as far as he lawfully could.

When Mallet had prepared Lord Bolingbroke's works for the press, he was surprised with a claim of Mr. Richard Francklin, the printer, who had, in 1726, published Lord Bolingbroke's Political Tracts; and in 1735-6 retailed in the Craftsman his Remarks upon the History of England, and his Dissertation on Parties; and afterwards, by the consent, or at least connivance, of the author, printed them in separate volumes. And, indeed, the printer and publisher of the Craftsman had a claim, from his sufferings at least, to all that the heads of the then country party could do for him. He was prosecuted by the Crown several times, and had been confined several years in the prison of the King's Bench, for a letter written from the Hague, which, at this time, would have passed unnoticed. 'Tis true, several noblemen and gentlemen subscribed, each of them, a sum of 50*l.* to Francklin, as a compensation for his losses; and it is as true, that no more than three of them paid their money. Lord Bath was one. Mr. Francklin was printer to Drury-lane theatre. He and Mr. Mallet were advised, by Mr. Garrick and other friends, to leave the matter in dispute to the arbitration of two persons who were supposed by them to be competent judges of the question. Mal-

let named Mr. Garrick's friend, Mr. Draper, a partner of Jacob Tonson; and Francklin chose Mr. Thomas Wotton, an eminent bookseller, who had retired from business. A writing was drawn, wherein the question was stated, and a power given to the umpires to decide upon it, signed by the parties.

After mature deliberation, the arbitrators gave their decree in writing, as follows: That Mr. Mallet should pay Mr. Francklin the sum of two hundred pounds for leave to print the political works of Lord Bolingbroke, which had been published in his lordship's lifetime, in a complete collection of the said nobleman's writings, and in any form which he thought proper, and as often as he pleased; with this proviso, that Mr. Francklin should be at liberty to print the books in question in separate volumes, as usual.

Mr. Mallet did by no means approve the decision; and Francklin, by trusting to his honour, in not having insisted upon bonds of arbitration, was deprived of the benefit of the award.

The sum of two hundred pounds, for leave to print two or three old volumes, will doubtless appear at present too large a gratification; but, at that time, the right of copy was esteemed a valuable perpetuity; and we cannot now condemn two very intelligent and honest men for a decision in favour of that property which was so differently rated above six and twenty years ago. Mr. Mallet's conduct will not bear justification. But though we cannot defend his behaviour, we may perhaps allege some-

thing by way of excuse. Mr. Mallet and his lady appeared to all the world to be the happiest couple in it, and I desire to have no doubt that they really were what they wished the world should think them. However, Mrs. Mallet, to her excessive love, joined the most consummate prudence. Every shilling of her fortune, which amounted to seven or eight thousand pounds, she settled upon herself; but then she took all imaginable care that Mr. Mallet should appear like a gentleman of distinction, and, from her great kindness, she always purchased every thing that he wore; hat, stockings, coat, waistcoat, &c. were all of her own choice, as well as at her own cost, and such was the warmth of her fondness, that she took care all the world should know the pains she bestowed on her husband's dress.*

Mallet dreamt of getting golden mountains by Bolingbroke's legacy; he was so sanguine in his expectations, that he rejected the offer of three thousand pounds, tendered to him by Mr. Millar the bookseller, for the copy-right of that nobleman's works; at the same time he was so distressed for cash, that he was forced to borrow money of the same Mr. Millar, to pay his stationer and printer.

Mallet heartily repented his refusal of the Bookseller's offer, for the first impression of his edition of Bolingbroke's works was not sold off in twenty years.

The whole affair may seem foreign to a stage history, and perhaps be termed an idle digression; but

* Mr. Mallet's favourite dress was a suit of black velvet.

it will not altogether appear so very unconnected with the narrative I proposed to write, when the reader is told that Mr. Garrick, who was an acquaintance of Mr. Pelham, and a firm friend to our establishment in church and state, published an ode, which is to be seen in Mr. Dodsley's Collection of Poems, and well deserves a place in that valuable miscellany; in which he laments very pathetically two things, the death of Mr. Pelham, and the publication of Bolingbroke's works, which fell out on the same day, March 6, 1754.

A few quotations from this little poem will give the reader a taste of Mr. Garrick's genius in this species of writing, a proof of his unalterable regard for Mr. Pelham, and his detestation of the philosophical and religious principles of St. John.

In the first and second stanzas he insists upon the generous and disinterested motives which inspire his muse to lament the death of Mr. Pelham.

Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose course is run,
Which sets in endless night;
Whose rays benignant bless'd the isle,
Made peaceful nature round it smile
With calm, but cheerful light.

No bounty past provokes my praise,
No future prospects prompt my lays,
From real grief they flow.
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears,
My sorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a nation's wo.

After describing the lamentations and distress of a grateful people for the loss of so patriotick a min-

ister, and the more affectionate sorrow of his intimate friends, his family and relations, he addresses the poetical tribe, reproaching them for their silence on such a melancholy occasion, and so publick a calamity.

What, mute, ye bards? no mournful verse,
No chaplets to adorn his hearse,
To crown the good and just?
Your flowers in warmer regions bloom;
You seek no pensions from the tomb,
No laurels from the dust.

He supposes that some crime of the deepest dye had provoked the hand of Heaven to snatch from Britain its greatest ornament and defence; and to punish our wickedness, by calling off our guardian angel, and permitting our evil genius to stalk at large. He then explains his meaning, by pointing out two dreadful events of one unpropitious day.

The same sad morn to church and state
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double stroke was giv'n:
Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. John's fell genius issued forth;
And Pelham fled to heaven.

In the true spirit of poetry, he addresses the divine part of his deceased friend, and begs him still to watch over Britain.

Look down, much honoured shade, below,
Still let thy pity aid our wo,
Stretch out thy healing hand;

Resume those feelings which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
And save a sinking land.

The next stanza seems to imply that Pelham had misplaced his confidence, and cherished men unworthy of his friendship.

Search, with thy more than mortal eye,
The breast of all thy friends; descry
What there has got possession:
See, if thy unsuspected heart
In some, for truth, mistook not art;
For principle, profession.

He then exhorts him to guard the king, on whom the nation's welfare depends, from such disguised traitors.

From these the pests of human kind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
Protect our parent king;
Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
And crush them ere they sting.

He concludes with a warm invitation to the patriotick band to unite in the cause of their country, and to imitate the virtues of Pelham.

Unite, ye kindred sons of worth,
Strangle bold faction in its birth,
Be Britain's weal your view;
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue link each fair design,
And Pelham live in you.

Mr. Mallet's masque of Britannia was acted in 1755. Mr. Garrick spoke a humorous epilogue to it

in the character of a drunken sailor, part of which he composed himself.

The masque has little variety in it, nor does it charm either with power of imagination or energy of sentiment. The Britons were called bold and brave in one place, rough and honest in another. The plainest is the truest heart—Let not Punick art amuse thee—Let not Punick oaths abuse thee, &c. With such trite thoughts and hackneyed metre does the Britannia abound. However, Mallet gained what he wanted by it; it was acted a few nights, and played for the benefit of the author.

There was indeed something in this masque that deserves our remembrance. Britannia was represented by Mrs. Jefferson, the most complete figure in beauty of countenance and symmetry of form I ever beheld. This good woman (for she was as virtuous as fair) was so unaffected and simple in her behaviour, that she knew not her power of charming. Her beautiful figure and majestick step in the character of Anna Bullen, drew the admiration of all who saw her. She was very tall; and, had she been happy in abilities to act characters of consequence, she would have been an excellent partner in tragedy for Mr. Barry. In the vicissitudes of itinerant acting, she had been often reduced, from the small number of players in the company she belonged to, to disguise her lovely form, and to assume parts very unsuitable to so delicate a creature.

When she was asked what characters she excelled in most, she innocently replied, *Old men in comedy;* meaning such parts as Fondlewife in the

Old Bachelor, and Sir Jealous Traffick in the Busy Body. She died suddenly at Plymouth, as she was looking at a dance that was practising for the night's representation. In the midst of a hearty laugh, she was seized with a sudden pain, and expired in the arms of Mr. Moody, who happened to stand by, and saved her from falling on the ground.

Mr. Mallet obtained a pension from the ministry in 1757, and was employed to write a vindication of their measures, and more particularly respecting their sending a fleet into the Mediterranean under Byng: this he effected in a letter, written, as it is said, in the title, by a plain man, which was published in a large sheet of paper; the ministers were soon after changed: however, his old friends had the interest to procure him a very considerable place in the customs, which he enjoyed till his death.

Till the year 1763, we hear nothing of Mallet, except a dedication of his poems to the late Duke of Marlborough, in which he promises himself speedily the honour of dedicating to him the life of his great relation. In the preface to his Alfred, published with his other works in 1759, he had there suppressed what he had said in a former advertisement to that masque, published 1751, that it was written to amuse himself, amidst the fatigues of his great work, the life of the Duke of Marlborough.

However, this life, of which he never wrote one line, served him as a kind of stalking-horse, to reach at any game which he had in prospect.

When he had finished his Elvira, he cast about in what manner he could best prevail upon Mr. Garrick to act it. He knew that his revived Eurydice, and his masque of Britannia, had done nothing for the managers, though he had gained something by them himself. He waited on Mr. Garrick, in the usual intercourse of friendship, with Elvira in his pocket.

After the common salute, Mr. Garrick asked him what it was that employed his studies. "Why, upon my word, said Mallet, I am eternally fatigued with preparing and arranging materials for the life of the great Duke of Marlborough; all my nights and days are occupied with that history; and you know, Mr. Garrick, that it is a very bright and interesting period in the British annals. But hark you, my friend! do you know that I have found out a pretty snug niche in it for you?"—"Heh! how's that! a niche for me! (said the manager, turning quickly upon him, his eyes sparkling with unusual fire.) How the devil could you bring me into the history of John Churchill duke of Marlborough?"—"That's my business, my dear friend (rejoined Mallet;) but I tell you, I have done it."—"Well, faith, Mallet, you have the art of surprising your friends in the most unexpected and the politest manner: but why won't you, now, who are so well qualified, write something for the stage? You should relax. *Interpone tuis*—ha?

you know! for I am sure the theatre is a mere matter of diversion, a pleasure to you."

"Why faith said the other, to tell you the truth, I have, whenever I could rob the duke of an hour or so, employed myself in adapting La Motte's Ines de Castro to the English stage, and here it is." The manager embraced Elvira with rapture, and brought it forward with all expedition.*

A gentleman of the law, who could not miss such an opportunity of laughing at Mr. Garrick's vanity, met him one day, and told him he had been applied to by the booksellers to publish an edition of the Statutes at Large, and he hoped he should find a snug niche in them to introduce him.

The story of Elvira is exceedingly affecting, and Mrs. Cibber would excite tears, if possible, from insensibility; but the style of Mallet is not dramatick; it is laboured and affected, void of nature and simplicity. The play was well acted, but I believe it was stopped at the ninth night. Some application made by the pit to an unpopular nobleman did no manner of service to it. Mallet, alarmed at the discontinuing the run of his last and favourite offspring, acquainted Mr. Garrick by a note, that he had received forty cards from persons of distinction, all of whom desired to know the reason why his play was stopped; and for answer, he had referred them to him, the proper judge.

Mr. Garrick had no stomach to repeat the acting of a tragedy that was not approved by the publick,

* Dr. Johnson, in his life of Mallet, places this anecdote to the Masque of Alfred.

and in which he had received such signal mortification. The part of Don Pedro in Elvira was the last new character he ever acted.

I have said a great deal of this gentleman, and yet there was a striking peculiarity in his conduct, that I ought not to omit, as it may very probably convey some useful advice to others. He was a great free-thinker, and a very free-speaker of his free-thoughts; he made no scruple to disseminate his skeptical opinions wherever he could with any propriety introduce them.

At his own table, indeed, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say "*Sir, we deists.*"

She once made use of this expression in a mixed company to David Hume, who refused the intended compliment, by asserting that he was a very good Christian; for the truth of which he appealed to a worthy clergyman present; and this occasioned a laugh, which a little disconcerted the lady and Mr. Mallet.

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the free-thinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferiour domesticks became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back

with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first, the man was sullen, and would answer no questions put to him; but being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, "Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well; but you rascal (replied Mallet) had you no fear of the gallows?" "Sir, said the fellow (looking sternly at his master) what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? you had removed my greatest terrour; why should I fear the lesser?" Mr. Mallet died April 21, 1765.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Reflections upon the ill success of Drury-lane theatre in 1763....Mr. Garrick sets out for Italy....Causes of his journey.

The profits of Drury-lane theatre, in 1763, fell very short in their amount to those of preceding years. This was owing to one of those revolutions in the publick taste, which we cannot well be surprised at, because it so frequently happens, and is so fairly deducible from the love of novelty and variety. Mr. John Beard, a man universally beloved for his many amiable qualities, had, in 1761, succeeded his father-in-law, Mr. Rich, in the management of Covent-garden theatre. Mr. Beard was a joint sharer in the patent with several other near relations of Mr. Rich, and was with great propriety chosen to manage the interest of the several legatees.

He applied himself with great care to the task assigned him; as he was an excellent singer, and a complete judge of all musical pieces, he was determined to promote, amongst other entertainments of the stage, that which he understood best. He, in a very short time, presented to the publick English operas and ballad operas, burlesque operas and dramatick operas, &c. particularly Artaxerxes, Thomas and Sally, Love in a Village, Midas, and The Maid of the Mill; all which were played successively and so accommodated by musick, as well as acting, to the reigning taste, that they met with uncommon

approbation. By his engaging a new singer, rejected by the manager of Drury-lane, he absolutely turned the scale of publick approbation, in spite of all the skill and various abilities of Mr. Garrick, in favour of Covent-garden.

Miss Brent, a scholar of Dr. Arne, had been employed in an oratorio performed at Drury-lane in the spring of 1759: her voice had not then reached that full strength and melody, to which, by frequent practice, it afterwards attained. However, it was then clear, pleasing, and harmonious, and gave a very fair promise of its arriving to great perfection: Arne made a tender of her abilities to Mr. Garrick, at a very moderate income. A taste for musick, or even a tolerable ear for a song, was not amongst Mr. Garrick's endowments.

Notwithstanding he was strongly pressed by several of his friends to employ Miss Brent, he persisted in refusing. It was one of his failings to reject frequently propositions from others, though apparently for his advantage. He would always seem at least to be the first mover himself of every undertaking; as if he thought listening to the advice of his friends implied a degradation of his understanding.

Soon after he had full leisure to repent his obstinacy; for Mr. Beard made Miss Brent his most powerful engine to demolish the success and humble the pride of Drury-lane.

Of all the entertainments of the stage, none has been so perpetually serviceable to the players as Gay's Beggar's Opera. A new Polly, or a new

Macheath, has successively given such a spirit and lustre to that humorous dramatick satire, that the publick has often run in crowds to see it, for twenty or thirty nights successively.

Miss Brent was deficient in beauty, as well as form, to represent the amiable simplicity of Polly Peachum; but such were the powers of her voice, though in her songs she was absolutely wide of the author's original design (who intended no more than the giving a common ballad tune, in the simplest manner) that London seemed to be more enamoured with the Beggar's Opera, than when the principal parts were originally acted by Tom Walker and Miss Fenton, afterwards the Duchess of Bolton.

In vain did Garrick oppose his prime characters in comedy and tragedy, such as Ranger and Benedick, Hamlet and Lear, to Polly Peachum. That bewitching Syren charmed all the world; and, like another Orpheus, drew crowds perpetually after her. Beard followed his blow with the opera of Artaxerxes, in which the songs were set to most delightful musick by Arne. In short, the people were allured by nothing but the power of sound and sing-song; Shakspeare and Garrick were obliged to quit the field to Beard and Brent.

Mr. Garrick had long meditated a journey to the continent; and I cannot but suppose, that the several disagreeable occurrences which attended the last year of his management had contributed to quicken his resolution of leaving for a time his native country. His own and Mrs. Garrick's health were not so firm as their friends and the publick wished. The

baths of Padua were celebrated for their healing power in certain disorders, and pronounced efficacious in Mrs. Garrick's case. Exercise, amusement, and change of air, were what he seemed principally to want. To a mind active and inquisitive, such as Mr. Garrick's, the knowledge of foreign customs would afford instruction as well as entertainment. The theatres on the continent, with their multifarious exhibitions, might, in all probability, furnish him with proper materials to enrich his own dominions on his return home. His inclination to travel might gain additional strength from two other motives very incidental to the human breast—the desire of increasing his importance, by not being so often seen; and convincing the publick, that the success and splendour of the stage depended solely on himself. He set out for Dover, in his way to Calais, the 15th of September, 1763, accompanied by Mrs. Garrick, who, from the day of her marriage till the death of her husband, had never been separated from him for twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

State of the stage during Mr. Garrick's absence on his tour to the continent....Mr. Powell, a young actor, favoured by Mr. Lacy and Mr. Colman.....Greatly applauded and followed.....His fondness for the profession of acting.....Consequence of the dispute between him and a low comedian.....His merit rewarded.

When Mr. Garrick set out on his travels, he did not leave his theatre unprovided of some support during his absence: he engaged Pompeio, an Italian singer; and he recommended to his partner, and Mr. George Garrick his brother, whom he had appointed his substitute in his absence, the performing of some musical pieces, and such sort of stage entertainment chiefly as would please the sight and charm the ear.

The joint labours of the machinist, the painter, and the musician, with a very small portion of the poet's art, he knew would produce a considerable effect upon an audience such as the English, which is composed of all ranks and degrees of people.

He had, besides the giving this important advice, during the summer months, instructed a young gentleman, whose name was Powell, in several characters, and particularly the Philaster of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Posthumus in Shakspeare's Cymbeline. But notwithstanding these helps, he had so just an opinion of his own personal strength, and the great chasm which his absence must create in the opera-

tions of the theatre, that he assured his partner he would write to him from every stage of his journey; and if his presence should be found to be absolutely necessary, he would be in London at a very short warning.

Powell had the good sense, by a most obliging manner and polite address, to recommend himself to Mr. Lacy and Mr. Colman. The latter was induced, either by desire of Mr. Garrick, or his own opinion of the merit of the play, to make Philaster a proper entertainment for a modern audience, by retrenching superfluous scenes, as well as licentious expressions; and with the addition of new matter to connect the story more dramatically.

The young actor had not only the advantage of Mr. Garrick's instructions, but of Mr. Colman's advice, who constantly attended the rehearsal of Philaster, and was of great service to the performers, from his perfect acquaintance with the drama.

Mr. Lacy, as well as Mr. Colman, had formed a high opinion of Powell's merit; and indeed he did not disappoint their expectations; for to a very brilliant and critical audience, he gave very great satisfaction and pleasure; they crowned his first endeavours, repeatedly, with loud and universal approbation. Foote was in the boxes, and was the only snarler in the house; he endeavoured to laugh those who sat near him out of their feelings, but the power of nature was too strong for the efforts of wit.

We must not forget that Powell had a very able second in the play of Philaster: Mrs. Yates, in the character of Bellario, a lady dressed in the apparel of

a youth, displayed such an example of chaste and simple excellence in acting, by the just representation of that character, as the stage had scarce ever seen before. She was dressed with the greatest elegance, as well as propriety, and appeared to be a young innocent shepherd of about seventeen. She preserved through the part a puerile softness and effeminacy, joined to the greatest expression of sensibility.

Powell was particularly happy to have so excellent an assistant in his first effort to gain the good will of the town. This young actor became the favourite of the publick to such a degree, that no player, except Mr. Barry, had, since Mr. Garrick's first eclat, so captivated the affections of all ranks of people. Powell was an enthusiast in acting; he loved the practice of his profession to that extent, that he cared not what number of parts, however different from each other, he was called upon to represent. To the surprise of every body, he acquitted himself handsomely, though not equally, in every character which he attempted. Had he restrained his impetuosity, he certainly might have been twice the actor he was.

Holland, who was the friend of Powell, a young actor of much the same age, but who had been upon the stage for five or six years, and had been trained up by the same master, could not help feeling a little jealousy on the great success of his acquaintance. He was so injudicious at first, as to decline acting in plays where Powell had a principal part; but was advised by a friend not to make himself useless by

such peevish and inconsiderate conduct, but rather to embrace every opportunity to act an equal, and sometimes an inferiour part in the same play; this behaviour (besides the advantage of being in continual practice) would convince the publick of his diligence and readiness to please them, and of his not being mortified at Powell's good fortune. Holland had the judgment to pursue this counsel, and reaped advantage from it.

The great and unexpected profits, arising from the merit of the young actor's performance, were equal, as I was then informed by Mr. Lacy, to those of the most successful era during the joint management of himself and Mr. Garrick. Powell was too fond of acting, to be troubled with theatrical fevers, or feigned sickness; no play was idle where his assistance was wanted; and it is really, astonishing, that a raw young man, taken from Sir Robert Ladbroke's comptinghouse, could throw out such natural fire and spirt and be touched with such true feeling, accompanied with propriety of action and deportment, in a great variety of parts; in Philaster, Jaffier, Orestes, Othello, Alexander the Great, Lear, Oroonoko, and many others of almost equal consequence and difficulty.

Mr. Lacy took no small pleasure in giving information to his brother manager (then on his travels) of his great tide of success and unexpected good fortune; he assured him that he need not abandon any pleasure or amusement which he enjoyed abroad, from any anxiety which he might possibly feel on account of the theatre at home, for that all things

went on smoothly and happily; the new actor had attracted such uncommon crowds of people, that even Mr. Garrick's most principal parts, he said, had not acquired a larger amount of money than the other's acting had produced. He begged him therefore, to indulge in all the delights which travelling could afford, for his share of gain would not be diminished during his absence.

When Mr. Garrick was at Paris, he corresponded with this phenomenon of the theatre, Powell. I have seen a letter of the manager's to him, replete with excellent advice. He politely congratulated him on his great reputation and success in acting; he put him in mind, that diligence and assiduity could alone establish that fame which he had acquired; that the falling into low and mean company, and being attached to it, would dissipate his faculties, and lessen his consequence with the publick. He quoted a remarkable saying of Baron, the French Roscius, "That actors should be educated on the knees of princes;" intimating, that they could not possibly personate great and elevated characters, without the acquaintance and countenance of persons of superiour rank. Powell's answer, which I likewise saw, was modest, and expressive of the deepest gratitude, with an assurance of his obeying such friendly and reasonable advice.

But indeed Powell was more particularly obliged to Mr. Lacy for the advancement of his fortune. It was a practice with Mr. Garrick to give to raw and unexperienced stage adventurers a small salary the first year of their noviciate, and to raise their

income gradually, by some little advance every year after; and this method he pursued with Holland. The manager did, besides this, give some assistance to these rising players at their benefits, either by playing a part himself, or giving them such other advantages as might make up any deficiency of stipend. However, it must be granted, that after the novelty of a few nights' performance, such actors as Holland did not much increase the receipts of the treasury.

But with respect to Powell, the case was widely different; he was the great pillar of the theatre for near two years, during which time he maintained by his merit a superiour rank and importance in it. An accidental contest, which he had with a celebrated low comedian, about the priority of rank in a benefit produced a very happy consequence to Powell. The comedian contended (and I believe with truth) that the young actor had no right to precedence of benefit, for that he was sure his income was far below his own. Mr. Lacy who was present at the dispute, interposed, and declared that Powell had, and deserved to have, as much as any actor; and if you will, said he, (turning to the comedian) go to the treasurer's office next week, you may there learn your mistake.

Mr. George Garrick consented, in the name of his brother, to this generous reward of merit; for he was sure, he said, that he would not object to it. Holland, I believe, owed likewise a large advance of salary to this happy incident.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Mr. Garrick's entertainment in France and Italy....The baths of Padua serviceable to Mrs. Garrick....The duke of Parma invites Mr. Garrick to give some proof of his theatrical talents....His friendly contest with La Clairon....Surprising effect of his skill in dumb exhibition....His partiality to La Clairon....His opinion of foreign stages.

I SHALL now, for a time, leave Mr. Lacy to the full enjoyment of a most agreeable flow of success during the absence of Mr. Garrick, and take a view of the latter in his travels on the continent. The baths of Padua had proved medicinal to Mrs. Garrick; and he too, from the pleasure which so many new objects continually presented to his mind, was full of that spirit and gayety with which he was sure to enliven every company he came into.

From the travels of a private gentleman and his wife much entertainment cannot be expected, especially when health and amusement were the principal objects of their peregrination.

From his countrymen, whom he saw in France and Italy, Mr. Garrick was sure to meet with that respect and friendship which were due to a man of his genius, consequence, and character. He was very happy to meet with them, and they rejoiced in having an opportunity to show him every mark of respect and kindness in their power. His access to persons of high and distinguished rank on the continent, was, by his acquaintance with the no-

bility of England then abroad, rendered as easy and as frequent as his own station in life would admit. The princes of Italy, some of them the descendants and successors of the Roman patricians, affect a grandeur and magnificence, and a state of reserve unknown to their ancestors. A Cæsar, and a Cicero, would have conversed freely with Roscius and Æsopus in the Roman forum, and admitted them to the most familiar converse in their houses and villas. An Italian Marchese would with some difficulty admit a Garrick at his levee, much less would he invite him to a conversatione. Ostentatious pride and distant ceremony supply the place of real grandeur and substantial power.

However, Mr. Garrick's manner was so engaging and attractive, that his company was desired by many foreigners of high birth and great merit. He was sometimes invited to give the company a taste of that art in which he was known so greatly to excel. Such a request he very readily consented to, for indeed his compliance cost him nothing. He could, without the least preparation, transform himself into any character, tragick or comick, and seize instantaneously upon any passion of the human mind. He could make a sudden transition from violent rage, and even madness, to the extremes of levity and humour, and go through the whole circle of theatrick evolution with the most surprising velocity.

One of the illustrious princes* of Italy requested he would favour him with some very striking or

* The Duke of Parma.

affecting scene in one of the most admired English tragedies. Mr. Garrick immediately recited a soliloquy of Macbeth, which is spoken during the instant of time when a dagger is presented to the disturbed imagination of a man ready to perpetrate a horrid murther. His ardent look, expressive tones, and impassioned action, convinced the nobleman of his great theatrick excellence. But the most remarkable instance which I ever heard of our Roscius's great power to raise the attention, and fix the admiration, of an intelligent and very polite assembly, was told me by a gentleman of unquestioned veracity, and who related the occurrence to me, from the mouth of one who was present when it fell out.

Not long before Mr. Garrick left Paris, in 1765, several persons of the first distinction of both sexes, English and French, met by appointment at the hotel de ——. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and Mademoiselle Clairon, were of the party. The conversation turned for some time on the belles lettres, in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed with equal judgment and candour. Many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the French and English theatres; and, at the request of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their theatrical talents, which produced great entertainment. This friendly contest lasted for a considerable time, with great animation on both sides; the company loudly declared their appro-

bation, in the strongest terms, of the two exhibitors.

It was remarked, that the French gave the preference to Mr. Garrick; and that the English, with equal politeness, adjudged the victory to Mademoiselle Clairon. But as the greater part of the former were but little acquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a certain fact, and afterwards to exhibit it by action, which happened in one of the provinces of France at the time he was there, and of which he had been an eye witness. A father, he said, was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the street; by one unlucky effort, the child sprang from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the spot: what followed, he said, was a language which every body understood, for it was the language of nature; he immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped from his arms.

The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced on the company, exhibited by this darling son of Nature, in the silent, but expressive language of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than expressed; let it suffice to say, that the greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundant tears.

As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiselle Clairon catched Mr. Garrick in her arms, and kissed him; then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologized for her conduct, by saying, it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

Mademoiselle Clairon was always a favourite actress of Mr. Garrick; he saw her when she was in the dawn of her reputation, when he paid his first visit to Paris in 1752; and though Mademoiselle Dumesnil was then the favourite actress of the French theatre, and justly admired by foreigners as well as her own countrymen, he ventured to pronounce, that Clairon would excel all competitors. When he was last at Paris, she had, in the opinion of the publick, fulfilled his prediction; on which he published a print, from a drawing of Gravelot, called La Prophetiè Accompli.

Mr. Garrick's residing for a considerable time in France and Italy afforded him an opportunity to compare the English stage with the theatres on the continent; and it cannot be doubted, that he noticed with accuracy the form of their buildings, their several ornaments and decorations, the performances of the actors, and all the various compositions of authors which were worthy of observation.

Notwithstanding the learned of France, and some other countries on the continent, pretend, in their stage exhibitions, to a most accurate imitation of the ancient Greek and Roman dramatick authors, Mr. Garrick was soon convinced that every country, in its theatrical representations, has a taste peculiar to itself, derived from the genius of the people. He saw very plainly, that the characters of Corneille, Voltaire, Crebillon, and Racine, were very different from those of the Greek tragedians; and that the French comedies and Italian burlettas

were far from perfect imitations of Aristophanes, Plautus, and Terence. He saw too, that the nearest resemblance of the Greek tragedies is to be found in the present Italian operas; they represent some great action in a simple fable; one eminent character generally is the object of the poet, with a strict observation of the unities; the musick in the overture, the recitative and the airs, bear some correspondence to the ancient chorus. The accomplished Metastasio, by the force of an excellent genius, brought the Greek and Roman heroes to enrich and dignify the Italian opera. His Alexander, Regulus, Cato, and Themistocles, are as truly, though not so strongly, delineated, as the masterly characters of Shakspeare himself.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

State of the stage during Mr. Garrick's absence continued....His advice pursued....Several musical pieces....Royal Shepherd....Almena, Pharnaces....Platonick Wife unexpectedly saved from the fury of the criticks....Folly of two young actors....Powell and Holland characterized.

MR. LACY did not neglect the advice of his partner, who had very seriously recommended to him the acting of musical pieces in his absence. The Royal Shepherd, Almena, and Pharnaces, three English operas, were played in succession, with little or no profit to the manager, the poet, or the musician. The author of Pharnaces probably succeeded best.—He received 70 guineas from Mr. Tonson for his manuscript—besides what he gained by his agreement with the composer, Mr. Wm. Bates, whose compositions and assiduity deserve commendation and encouragement. But such serious and pompous entertainments in our own language, though accompanied with excellent musick, vocal and instrumental, with fine scenes, magnificent habits, and other beautiful decorations, will never become the favourite amusement of an English audience. The serious and comick, happily blended, as in the Duenna and Love in a Village; or the entirely comick, as in the Beggar's Opera; the burlesque, as in Midas; or even a simple fable, elegantly told, such as the Oracle of Mrs. Cibber, altered afterwards to Daphne and Amyntor; such dramatick pieces as

these are just representations of nature, humour, and passion, and will forever charm.

The fortune of the Platonick Wife, written by Mrs. Griffith, merits our remembrance, on account of some whimsical and absurd circumstances which fell out during its representation.

The audience, under the influence of a few tremendous criticks (though not very formidable persons, except on account of their extreme want of candour) who took upon themselves the trouble of judging for all the rest of the spectators, treated this comedy, on the first night of acting it, with uncommon severity, though the play had a just claim to attention, from sentiment, character, and moral tendency. The greatest fault of the writer, perhaps, consisted in the title of the play, which was certainly a misnomer, for the lady is so far from a Platonick, that her resentment to her husband proceeds from his neglect of her after marriage; nor did the management of the principal incident in the play, the portraits, produce on the first night the effect which the author, who wrote perhaps with too much precipitation, intended. The criticks were so exceedingly clamorous, that the writer gave up her play for lost. Holland and Powell, who acted the principal parts in it, and had not been used to the noise of cat-calls, hisses, groans, and horse-laughs, the most powerful instruments in the exploding of a play, were so much intimidated, and so forgetful of their duty, as to thrust their heads on the stage from behind the curtain, and to entreat these merciful gentlemen, called the Town, to put an end to the play

that very night, that they might be no longer exposed to such terrible mortifications. But the absurd counsel of these actors did not prevail; the good natured part of the audience, esteeming this opposition and uproar to be a kind of cruel interlude, acted by these very gay gentlemen at the expense of the author, managers, and actors, insisted upon the play having the chance of a new trial. Against the next representation it was altered, to the general satisfaction of the publick, and the author had the good fortune to obtain two benefits.

The principal parts in tragedy, during Mr. Garrick's absence, fell to the lot of Holland and Powell: had their judgment and taste been equal to their inclination to please, and, indeed, to their industry, they must have attained to a great degree of excellence. As these actors, who were inseparable friends, were confessedly the principal supports of the theatre, as well as ornaments of it, and their loss considerably felt and lamented, it will, I hope, give some entertainment to the general reader, as well as afford matter of instruction and caution to future candidates for theatrical fame, to compare their several talents, to do justice to their merits, and to mark with candour their mistakes.

In person, they were both rather strongly than elegantly formed; nor had they, by an early acquaintance with polite accomplishments, such as dancing and fencing, acquired an easy and disengaged deportment. Powell, though he was round shouldered, was not altogether ungraceful or awkward in his behaviour; his countenance was open and manly, and strongly

marked with an expressive brow. Holland, to speak in a familiar phrase, was what we call a good looking man; he had an affectation of carrying his head either stiffly erect, or leaning towards one shoulder, which gave an awkwardness to his person, which was not otherwise ungenteel. They were both scholars of the same great master, and under his instruction both made considerable proficiency. One seldom merited more praise than being a tolerable copy of a fine original: the other seemed always to act from his own instruction. Powell was endowed with great sensibility, and on the stage indulged all the tender feelings of the soul to excess; if ever he displeased, it was from a defect of that critical judgment, which is never the companion of a warm imagination.

Holland's ear was perfectly good; he had a moderate share of sensibility. By a constant attention to the voice, manner, and action of Mr. Garrick, he did not displease when he represented some of his most favourite characters; particularly Hamlet, Chamont, Hastings, and Tancred. In the last he manifested an uncommon degree of spirit.

Powell's Philaster greatly prepossessed the publick in his favour; the passions were touched by him in their genuine and native force unattended with laborious art or theatrical trick, which so often diminish that power which they are employed to invigorate. Few actors have for these twenty years displayed such talents for tragick passion as Powell. It is less to be admired that he did not succeed in some parts, than that he should come off triumphant-

ly in so many. Among his worst failings we may reckon an inclination sometimes to rant and bluster, and sometimes a propensity to whine and blubber. There is no part of acting so difficult as that sort of feeling which is expressed by loud sorrow; the tragick tear, if too wantonly shed, becomes ridiculous, and is apter to excite laughter in an audience than to awaken sensibility.

But to return to Holland: he was always most correct when in his tramels: and under the immediate eye and direction of his master, he was then scrupulously exact; and if he never rose to excellence, his endeavours to attain it merited approbation. It was his misfortune to be too much elated by applause, and he too soon thought he was able to walk alone; in consequence of this, he became tumid in speech, and extravagant in action. He cried out at the top of the question, as our great poet expresses it; instead of attending to the real situations of his character, he stretched his voice to an insufferable degrée of loudness: but to Holland's praise it must be allowed that he represented some parts invariably well; these were characters of art. His Iago and his Jachimo will be remembered with great pleasure. It will perhaps be expected, after having written so largely on their theatrical abilities, that I should speak of Powell and Holland as members of society.

Mr. Colman, who honoured Powell with his friendship, has told the world, that the goodness of his heart exceeded his professional talents. It can truly be said, that both these players were extremely illiterate; they were either too attentive to the business

of acting, or too negligent to bestow a reasonable time upon the cultivation of their minds. Had they followed the example of their teacher, they would have known that an acquintance with the best authors, and the conversation of learned and polite men, was absolutely necessary to improve their faculties for representation, and to render their converse agreeable to their superiours. For want of this, the affability of Powell often sunk into insipid civility; and the spirit of Holland degenerated into vulgarity. A boisterous laugh, and the courage to say any thing to any body, with him too often supplied the place of humour and pleasantry. His two admired patrons, Foote and Garrick, were men justly celebrated for genius; but when he retailed their bon mots, he made wild work; he rendered that pert vivacity, which was originally sterling wit. But though Holland was by nature denied that shining talent which he aimed at, he had something to boast of which was more valuable; he had a mind exempt from all bad meaning, and was ever disposed to do acts of kindness. To sum up his character in a few words, he was an indefatigable, decent actor, and an honest, good natured man.

Holland introduced Powell to Mr. Garrick. Though rivals in fame, these actors were friends through life. Powell purchased a share in the patent of Covent-garden theatre, and died at Bristol, July 3, 1769, of a raging fever. Holland did not survive him above a few months; he died December 7th following of the small-pox.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. Garrick's return to England....The Sick Monkey....Address to the publick in a humorous prologue....Publick opinion of his improvement in acting.....Fortune of several new plays.....Plain Dealer, Clandestine Marriage, Falstaff's Wedding, &c.

AFTER Mr. Garrick had been abroad about a year and an half; satiated with the amusements and pleasures of the continent, he turned his thoughts towards his native country. But before he would set out for Calais, he was resolved to put in practice his usual method of preventing censure, and blunting the edge of ridicule by anticipation. For this purpose, before he left Paris, he sat down very seriously to write a kind of satirical poem on himself; it was called the Sick Monkey, and the plan of it was, the talk or censure of other animals and reptiles on him and his travels, &c. This poem he sent from Paris to a friend, with a request that he would get it printed, to prepare his reception in London. There is almost in every thing which Mr. Garrick has written, some mark of genius, some display of humour, or some strokes of satire, some effusions of gay fancy, something which rewards the reader for the time spent in perusing it. But the Sick Monkey is amongst the few things he wrote, which one would wish not to remember; I believe it scarce ever urged the publick curiosity to read it, for it died almost still-born. In short, he missed his aim; for having no enemies to fight with, his shafts spent themselves

idly in the air; or, if any persons were really hurt by them, they were careful to conceal their wounds.

He arrived in London about the latter end of April, 1765. The pleasure of the publick for his return was universal. The king honoured his first appearance by commanding the play of Much Ado about Nothing. As soon as he was seen by the spectators, such loud and repeated applauses were given him as perhaps no actor ever before was welcomed with. The joy of the audience was expressed, not in the usual methods of clapping of hands and clattering of sticks, but in loud shouts and huzzas. He had prepared a facetious and well-timed introduction by way of prologue; it was so well adapted to his situation, and so full of that humour which was peculiar to himself, that it will be no improper entertainment in this place.

With doubt—joy—apprehension—almost dumb,
To face this awful court once more I come;
Lest Benedick should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.
I'm told (what flattery to my heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me, nay, have press'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another Much Ado.
I, like a boy who long had truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On bloody Monday takes his fatal stand,
And often eyes the birchen scepter'd hand.
'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critick's rod.
A very nine-pin I, my stage-life through,
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
In four and twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?

To prove it, let me but repeat
What late I heard in passing through the street:
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and through it shot my pride;
'Tis he! by Jove, grown quite a clumsy fellow,
He's fit for nothing but a Punchinello.
O yes! for comick scenes, Sir John—no further;
He's much too fat for battles, rapes, and murther.
Worn with the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelsea pensioner, who rich in scars,
Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars,
Though past the service, may the young ones teach
To march, present, to fire, and mount the breach.
Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve;
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest
'Tis for my king! and, zounds, I'll do my best.

Whatever defects the critical eye may discover in reading this composition, they were all amply supplied by the speaker. The archness of his look, the propriety of his action, and the general touch of humour and pleasantry which accompanied every line he spoke, drew from the audience loud and involuntary mirth, with the greatest applause which had ever been known in a theatre. Mr. Garrick was obliged to repeat this prologue for more than ten successive nights.

It was remarked by the most discerning judges, that our Roscius had, by visiting foreign theatres, greatly profited in his mode of representation: they observed, that his action, though always spirited and proper, was become easier and less restrained, that his deportment was more graceful, and his manner more elegant; that he did not now appear so solicitous for applause, as to disturb his own feelings

and lessen the pleasure of the audience; that he had entirely dropped that anxious exertion at the close of a speech, both in look and behaviour, which is called by the comedians a clap-trap. That there was certainly some alteration as well as improvement in his style of acting, was noticed by the spectators in general.

A history of Mr. Garrick and his theatre will unavoidably comprehend an account of the most remarkable dramatick pieces acted under his auspices. The first comedy that was brought on the stage after he had resumed the management of it, was an alteration of Wycherley's Plain Dealer. The play, as it originally stood, was greatly celebrated for wit, character and satire. James the Second was so delighted with it, that on seeing it acted, he was determined to make the author happy by paying his debts; but Wycherley's modesty prevented the king's generous intention, for he presented him with a schedule which did not contain one half of what he owed.

The licentious manners of Charles the Second's reign are so incorporated in this play, from the beginning to the end, that it was impossible to separate them from the ground plot, without pulling down the whole fabrick. A man may as well expect to walk the streets in the dress of that merry monarch's time without being stared at or ridiculed, as to think of mixing the language of these times with that of a hundred years past. Bickerstaff, the reviver, found the task of adapting the Plain Dealer's old wit to modern delicacy so difficult, that half the comedy was curtailed in the acting; however, the charac-

ters were so properly distributed, that the play had good success. Mrs. Clive, in the Widow Blackacre, found a proper subject to display her rich vein of humour; and Mrs. Yates, in the constant and tender Fidelio, acted with that modest diffidence and sweet simplicity, which are the chief characteristicks of that amiable part. Mr. Yates is always sure to please; but neither his age nor his look were suited to Jerry Blackacre a stripling of seventeen; an old woman of sixty might with equal propriety have attempted to represent a Miss in her Teens. But this impropriety I attribute rather to the managers than the player; they are unwilling to lose the name of an established actor in their bills. I have seen Hippisley, when near sixty, act Daniel in Oroonoko, another boy about the age of Jerry Blackacre; the galleries it is true laughed, but the rest of the house gave such ridiculous misrepresentations a smile of contempt.

The Clandestine Marriage, acted soon after the Plain Dealer, was the joint labour of Mr. Colman and Mr. Garrick. It has been observed, and I believe justly, that there has been no dramatick piece, since the days of Beaumont and Fletcher, written by two authors, in which wit, fancy, character, and humour, are so happily blended, that the texture of the whole might well be supposed to be woven by one hand, as in this comedy. The part of Lord Ogleby is a finished portrait; an enervated debauchée, affecting all the warmth and gayety of youth, and making love to a fine young lady, is a character, if not odious, at least contemptible; but the

skilful hand of the authors by giving him humane and generous principles, has not only saved him from our hatred, but has dignified him with a degree of approbation which the man of a benevolent mind will always be sure to obtain.

This part Mr. Garrick intended to have acted himself; but apprehending, from his frequent attacks of the gout and stone and his advanced age, too much fatigue from the playing such an important character several nights successively, he resigned all thoughts of it. Mr. Colman was not pleased with losing the performance of so great a master as Mr. Garrick in the play, but his ideas of Ogleby were faithfully transcribed by Mr. King, who in that difficult part exceeded all that was hoped for or expected from a man of his great industry and merit. King's Ogleby is as singularly meritorious, as the part is happily discriminated from any other libertine of rank.

The great run of the comedy, which was acted excellently in all its parts, soon reconciled Mr. Colman to his disappointment. Mrs. Clive almost closed her long list of comick characters in Mrs. Heidelberg; for this was her last new character except one; Lady Fuzz, in the Peep behind the Curtain.

Falstaff's Wedding, approved by the audience, and commended by all persons of taste as the only good imitation of Shakspeare's richest vein of humour, did not continue long upon the stage. Whether the acting of Falstaff by Love, a good general actor, was superiour to the performer's abilities, or

from what other cause the neglect of Falstaff's Wedding proceeded, I am not a judge; but as we have in Mr. Henderson an admirable representer of the jolly knight, I hope Falstaff's Wedding will be restored to the publick.

Mrs. Griffith's School for Rakes was condemned by the actors, but greatly applauded by the publick. This too was the case with Mr. Colman's English Merchant, a very successful comedy: two principal players were greatly disappointed in meeting with the applause, when they expected the hisses, of the audience. Le Sage, in his Gil Blas, has deservedly censured the actors of Madrid (by whom he certainly meant those of Paris) for circulating unfavourable reports respecting the merits of dramatick pieces whilst in rehearsal: this conduct is not only absurd, but unjust. What should we say of a lawyer, who, after having been retained in a cause, should contrive to do all the mischief in his power to his client? The conduct of these actors is exactly similar. The frequent proofs of mistaken judgment which the comedians have passed on the merit of plays before they were acted, should teach them to be more cautious, as well as more candid.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Death of Mrs. Cibber....Of Mr. Quin....Some material transactions of their lives.

Not long after Mr. Garrick's return to England from his travels, the lovers of theatrical entertainment felt a very sensible diminution of their pleasure by the loss of Mrs. Cibber, who died in January 1766; and Mr. Quin, who had retired from the stage about sixteen years and had chiefly resided at Bath, where he was greatly respected, and lived very jovially upon a large annuity, paid the great debt of nature in March following.

Mrs. Cibber had been for a long time so subject to a disorder which was unfortunately unknown to her physician, and consequently treated improperly, that she was often prevented from giving the publick that exquisite pleasure which she was sure to impart whenever she acted. Her health was so precarious, and she was so subject to frequent relapses, that the newspapers ranked her amongst the dead almost three months before her decease. About a month before her death the king commanded the comedy of the Provoked Wife; she was then indisposed, but was supposed to be recovering some degree of health; nothing could prevent her paying her duty to the king and queen by playing the part of Lady Brute, a character for which she had always discovered a most remarkable fond-

ness. The acting this part when her health was so infirm, some people believed to be the immediate cause of her death; but the truth is, she had been strongly pressed to bathe in sea water, to which she had a most fixed aversion: however she complied with the advice of a very eminent and shilful physician, and that compliance precipitated her death. Her indisposition was supposed to be a bilious colick; but, on her body being opened, it proved that her disorder arose from stomach-worms.

Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber, was daughter to Mr. Arne, an upholsterer, who lived in King-street, Covent-garden, and was born much about the time the Indian kings, mentioned by the Spectator, were lodged in her father's house. When very young, her voice was so melodious, that her friends entertained great hopes of her becoming a very excellent singer; and I believe she acted, when she was about fourteen years of age, the part of Tom Thumb in the opera of that name, which was set to musick by her brother, the celebrated Dr. Arne, and performed at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market. She certainly made some considerable progress in musick, and was occasionally employed to sing at concerts. When she was married to Theophilus Cibber, his father, Colley Cibber, observed to his son, that though his wife's voice was very pleasing, and she had a good taste in musick, yet, as she could never arrive at more than the rank of a second-rate singer, her income would be extremely limited. The old man added, that he had overheard her repeat a speech from a tragedy, and he judged by her man-

ner that her ear was good. Upon this she became a pupil to her father-in-law, and he publickly declared, that he took infinite pleasure in the instruction of so promising a genius. She was likewise greatly indebted to the instruction of Aaron Hill for great part of her success in Zara; he gave her critical lessons upon every line of the character.

To what I have already said of Mrs. Cibber's inimitable power of acting, I have little more to add. Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity which needed no ornament; in that sensibility which despised all art: there was in her person little or no elegance; in her countenance a small share of beauty; but nature had given her such symmetry of form and fine expression of feature, that she preserved all the appearance of youth long after she had reached to middle life. The harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look. In grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears; in rage and despair they seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action and a grace in her step.

In conversation Mrs. Cibber wes extremely agreeable; she was civil without constraint, and polite without affectation. She was not the mere actress; her accomplishments rendered her dear to persons of the first quality of her own sex. There was ever such an engaging decency in her manner, that notwithstanding a peculiarity of situation, she charmed and obliged all who approached her. So various and delightful were the arts of pleasing in Mrs. Cibber,

that what Œnobarbus said of Cleopatra might be applied to her:

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety.
>
> ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, Act 2.

She was a perfect judge of musick, vocal and instrumental; and though she was not mistress of a voice requisite to a capital singer, yet her fine taste was sure to gain her the applause and admiration of the best judges. Though I do not vouch for the following story, yet it will serve to prove the publick opinion of her musical expression: it has been said, that many years since, when she sung in the oratorio of the Messiah at Dublin, a certain bishop was so affected with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, *Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!* Mrs. Cibber was buried privately in Westminster-abbey.

To Mr. Quin's various excellencies in acting I have endeavoured to do equal justice; and in general we have authority to say, that to his various parts in comedy may be added no mean list of dignified characters in tragedy, where sentiment and gravity of action, and not passion, predominated. He had so happy an ear for musick, and was so famous for singing with ease a common ballad or catch, that Gay was persuaded to offer him the part of Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera; but after a short trial of his abilities, Quin gave it up, from a despair of acquitting himself with that dissolute gayety and bold vigour of deportment necessary to the man who mixes with all sorts of company.

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tude of taking away the life of Charles, Quin was asked by what law the judges deprived him of his life? By all the laws, he replied, which he had left them.

An author, whose absurd malignity could not obscure the brightness of his genius,* has, in his Life of Beau Nash, inserted a letter, attributed by some unknown hand to Quin; but it is so full of bad spelling, as well as vulgar phrases, that it was impossible that a man, who was honoured with a command to teach the royal children to read the English language with propriety, could write such stuff. All the world was charmed with the elegant and powerful manner in which his Majesty pronounced his first speech from the throne. Quin was told of it; he heard of the accomplishments of his royal pupil with pleasure, and said exultingly, I knew he would speak well, *for I taught the boy.*

He was celebrated for his great skill in reading the Paradise Lost, and once a subscription was talked of for his reciting passages of that book to a select number of gentlemen; but this project his love of ease and good fellowship rendered abortive. Quin's company was sought after upon many accounts. In providing excellent and choice dishes for dinner, and high flavoured wines, he was esteemed a perfect *arbiter elegantiarum.* He was the inventor of a particularly poignant sauce, called blood sauce. But let me observe, that the pleasure he took in catering, and more especially in talking over

* Goldsmith.

the various excellencies of his provisions, with some premeditated conceits, whimsically imagined and quaintly expressed, fixed on him the character of an epicure. The mere indulgence of his palate, it must be confessed, he enjoyed in common with many others of his bottle companions; if it appeared more flagrant in him than them, it was owing to his love of drawing the notice of all companies to it, by omitting no opportunity of introducing the subject.

If ever he saw a fishing-rod or heard any mention of angling, he would say it was a barbarous diversion! Suppose now any being that was as much my superiour as I am to these poor fish, was to say,—*This is a fine evening; I'll go a Quinning;* if he were to bait with a haunch of venison, I should gorge; and how should I like to be dragged from Richmond to Kingston, floundering and flouncing with a hook in my gullet? To such discourse as this, which was very usual with him, we owe the following epigram, published about a year before his death:

Says Epicure Quin, should the Devil in Hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son; I love it so well,
By G—d, I am sure I should bite.

In entertaining his friends with sharp and poignant wit, he had few equals. His remarks upon persons and things were very acute, and often sarcastical: but his great power of pleasing in mixed company consisted in a variety of apposite allusions,

short stories, and diverting moralities; in all which he abounded. He loved Thomson, and generously relieved him in his necessities. In conferring his kindness, he contrived, that the persons obliged should not feel any uneasiness from the manner of bestowing it.

In his conversation with women of fashion and character, he was not only guarded in his expressions, but polite in his address, and elegant in his compliments. He once told Lady Berkley that she looked blooming as the spring, but recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, I would to God! the spring would look like your ladyship!

He once dined at the house of a lady of fashion, where his usual attention to good manners suddenly failed him. When the soup was brought on the table he very eagerly put his spoon into the turene, and having tasted the soup he dropped his spoon into it. The lady immediately ordered a servant to take it away and bring more soup. Quin was so abashed at his want of recollection that a tear stole down his cheeks.

His acquaintance with Ryan was of fifty years standing, and his friendship to him steady and inviolable. They had often been engaged, in their younger years, in adventurous frolicks and dangerous hairbreadth scrapes. Ryan had born Quin on his back a hundred times triumphantly, from many a drunken fray and noisy riot. The former never spoke of the latter without the honest warmth of friendship. It was Quin's custom to act Falstaff for

Ryan's benefit every year; and this practice he continued, till the loss of his teeth rendered his speech inarticulate; he then swore he would never whistle Falstaff; and, to make up the loss of his annual performance, he made his friend a present of five hundred pounds.

A close intimacy between Garrick and Quin could not be expected during the time their rivalship lasted; I believe the latter very severely felt the superiority of the former. Before Mr. Garrick snatched the laurel from the brow of Quin, he was accounted sole monarch of the stage, nor could he bear the dethronement very patiently. But when all competition for preeminence had ceased by Quin's retiring from the stage, it was no difficult matter for them to unite in the bonds of friendship, because they could not but have an esteem for each other. The commencement of a warm profession of friendship between them, and which lasted till the death of Quin, as I was informed by an intimate acquaintance of both, began at Chatsworth, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, about twenty years since. They were his grace's old acquaintance and welcome guests, and were invited to fill up the large cup of social happiness, which the noble owner of the house proposed to enjoy in the company of his friends during some part of the summer season.

One evening Mr. Garrick and Mr. Quin were by chance left by themselves. After some overtures to conversation on both sides, Mr. Quin kindly asked after Mrs. Garrick's health, for which he expressed a very solicitous regard. Nothing could

give the other greater pleasure than such interrogatories concerning one whom he so affectionately loved; they spent the remainder of the evening with mutual satisfaction.

Quin's visits at Hampton soon became as frequent as they were welcome: here he poured out willing and large libations at the shrine of Shakspeare; here he indulged in the dear delights of high seasoned venison, delicious turtle, and excellent claret. Mr. Garrick would sometimes honour him with the title of his butler, and send him on a most agreeable errand, to search for bottles of choice Burgundy.

Quin was an honest voluptuary, who openly professed his enjoyment of the good things of this world; and Mr. Garrick, in the following happy lines, has celebrated his epicurism.

A Soliloquy by Mr. Quin, upon surveying the body of Duke Humphry, in the Abbey Church of St. Albans.

I.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say;
Embalm the dead! on senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste!
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
Which I can never taste!

II.

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle fat and Bourdeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade;

Than good duke Humphry happier I,
Embalm'd alive; old Quin shall die
A mummy ready made.

Epitaph on Mr. Quin by Mr. Garrick, engraved upon his monument in the Abbey Church at Bath.

That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the publick ear, is heard no more:
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue what Shakspeare writ:
Cold is that hand, which, living, was stretch'd forth
At Friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought;
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Mr. Garrick's Country Girl....Unhappy in the subject, and choice of the actress....His Cymon, and Christmas Tale....Earl of Warwick.....Mrs. Yates's Margaret of Anjou.....Dido.....Widowed Wife....Zenobia.

After his return from his foreign tour, Mr. Garrick was not so constantly employed as formerly in the fatigues of acting; he had now full leisure to apply himself to writing, and in a few months his muse produced The Country Girl, a comedy, and the dramatick romance of Cymon.

The Country Girl was borrowed from the most licentious play in the English language, the Country Wife of Wycherley; in which there is to be found a more genuine representation of the loose manners, obscene language, and dissolute practices of Charles the Second's reign, than in any other play whatsoever. The comedy, notwithstanding, is not deficient in wit, humour, and character. The decency of the French stage, and the profligacy of our own, may be marked out in this era; for the Country Wife was evidently taken from the L'Ecole-des Femmes of Moliere, a comedy written upon the most simple plan, and worked up with wonderful skill by that excellent comedian.

Great part of the Country Girl is entirely new, written by Mr. Garrick, who preserved some of the most interesting scenes of the old play, but he absolutely changed the plot, and new modelled the

dialogue; to the characters he also gave a more modern gloss. Notwithstanding he took infinite pains to adapt the whole of his play to the present taste, he could not entirely please the palate of the audience; he was unhappy in the choice of his actress to personate the Country Girl; Miss Reynolds, though not deficient in merit, neither in age, person, nor look, could be the innocent and simple lass of sixteen. The last scene of the play was an improvement on the original; the rage and disappointment of an old debauchée, who finds himself outwitted by a raw country girl, were well conceived by the writer, and very naturally felt by the actor. Mr. Holland, in the part of Moody, rose above his usual style in playing.

Cymon was termed by the author a dramatick romance, a title unknown to our stage. I do not mean to question its propriety; it seems an attempt to reconcile two things very opposite, pastoral life and magical enchantment; it is the story of Cymon and Iphigenia greatly extended, and heightened by incantation.

Shakspeare was the first dramatick writer who perfectly understood the force of theatrical effect: he knew that the eye must be fed, as well as the ear and the understanding: many of his plays might be represented in pantomime. He saw that show and magnificence were essential requisites; and, where ever his plot would bear it, he has taken effectual care to make his exhibition of dress, machinery, dance, and every decoration, as striking to the sight as the then mean state of our theatres would

permit. Of this great art of combining fable, character, passion, and sentiment, with splendour and show, Ben Jonson was either entirely ignorant, or disdained the use; we find him continually, in his prologues and inductions, upbraiding Shakspeare with stealing the applause of an audience by such low artifices.

Mr. Garrick, in his Cymon and the Christmas Tale, embraced every occasion to treat the audience with fine scenes, splendid dresses, brisk musick, lively dances, and all the ornaments which his plot would admit. The scene of the several orders of chivalry in Cymon was new, and finely imagined; and the whole piece is happily varied, very lively, and entertaining. The Christmas Tale was fit only to be exhibited to a holiday audience. However, he gained his ends by both these pieces; they were acted frequently to crowded houses: Cymon continues a favourite of the publick; but the ChristmasTale is almost forgotten.

The Earl of Warwick, a tragedy, taken from a play of Monsieur De le Harpe, was acted much about the same time.

The original author has led his translator into one capital errour. An event, of which every reader of history is well informed, should not be altered for the sake of any purpose whatsoever; it is a glaring errour, for which all the beauties of style and character cannot compensate. That the famous Earl of Warwick, *the raiser up and puller down of kings*, as Shakspeare styles him, died in the battle of Barnet, fighting for King Henry the Sixth against Ed-

ward the Fourth, is a fact as well known as that Richard the Third was killed in Bosworth Field, or that Henry the Eighth was our first king who threw off the papal yoke. Setting aside this fault, the play deserves much commendation: the characters of Edward and Warwick are justly and powerfully delineated; and that unhappy, but great woman, Margaret of Anjou, in this tragedy, deserves our pity, and commands our admiration. The scenes between the sovereign and subject, Edward and Warwick, are managed with that accuracy and skill which such interviews demand; and the arguments for prerogative and privilege are discussed with a knowledge and propriety, which manifest the author's full acquaintance with so difficult a subject.

In the preparing this play for the stage something fell out worthy of notice. Powell was at first extremely well satisfied with his part of Edward; and Holland thought he should bear away the palm from every actor in the tragedy, in the part of Warwick.

Mrs. Yates had well weighed, and knew perfectly the value of Queen Margaret; but seemed to be extremely diffident of its power to attract the regard of an audience, when opposed to the splendour of Edward, or the popularity of Warwick. The heroes, at rehearsal, threw out all their force of elocution; Mrs. Yates, like an experienced general, concealed her powers till the time of employing them; she so far deceived these gentlemen, that they affected to pity her in being obliged to act a part of such small importance.

But when the play was acted, notwithstanding all the dazzling show of Edward's grandeur, and Warwick's popular speeches, Mrs. Yates acted so characteristically, displayed such grandeur of mind, pride of behaviour, resentment of injury, and dignity of action, that the other characters seemed to be totally eclipsed; the audience was full of admiration of the unfortunate queen, who, in her last scene, seemed to triumph over all her enemies.

Dido, a tragedy, written by Mr. Reed, a rope-maker, was acted for the benefit of Mr. Holland. It was thought an unusual favour to give the first night of a play to an actor; nor does the publick know why Dido was not played more than three nights. If the managers pleaded that the season was too far advanced to act it successively, as was usual in other new pieces, it might have been resumed the next winter; and that it merited such favour, if it really was a favour, may be presumed from the applause bestowed upon it. The author is certainly a man of genius; his farce of the Register Office contains a variety of characters aptly drawn; and it has accordingly met with great and deserved approbation.

The Widowed Wife, a comedy, by Dr. Kenrick, was acted with applause fourteen nights, and resumed the season following. The merit of the piece was considerable, from a variety of new characters, as well as much pointed satire, and several just observations on the many fashionable vices of the times. The part of the Widowed Wife, excellently performed by Mrs. Pritchard, was the last new character which she acted.

To no author has the stage, for almost thirty years, been more obliged, than to Mr. Murphy. Equally happy in a rich and pleasant vein for comedy, and a pathetick and noble style for tragedy, he has alternately, and indeed successfully, delighted the publick with his Melpomene and Thalia; with his All in the Wrong, the Citizen, the Way to Keep Him, Know Your Own Mind; with the Orphan of China, Zenobia, Alzuma, and the Grecian Daughter.

His Zenobia was acted soon after the False Delicacy of Hugh Kelly. The author emancipated himself from the slavish and hackneyed custom of dedicating a play to persons of high rank, "to wealthy merchants or rich commissaries." He surprised Mrs. Barry, then Mrs. Dancer, who acted Zenobia, with a very handsome address; and inscribed to her a play which, by her inimitable action, he says, was saved from the criticks. He, however, in the same epistle, contrives to show his gratitude to Mr. Garrick for his politeness and assiduity in preparing his tragedy for the stage, and his taste in the decoration of it; to Mr. Barry, the fine exertion of his powers; but Mrs. Dancer's powerful address to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, and her multiplied beauties of representation, he compares to Rinaldo's sword in Tasso's Jerusalem, which to a whole army appears to be three swords.

Zenobia is, in my opinion, the most affecting in story, as well as the most judicious in its plan, of all our author's tragedies. He had rivals to encounter, and difficulties to overcome, which were not easily

surmounted. The Rhadamiste of Crebillon is universally said to be his masterpiece; and the harmonious, pathetick, and moral Metastasio has treated the same subject with his usual grace and dignity.

Notwithstanding this, the English Zenobia claims all the praise which the most judicious, as well as severe critick can give; the language never soars above that proper elevation of style which the subject and characters require; the situations are the most dramatick of any modern tragedy, and the passions are all derived from those eternal ties which connect human nature; from affections which spring from connubial and parental bonds, and involve the dearest interests of father, mother, son, brother, lover, and friend. The catastrophe is not a trick of the stage; no, it is truly striking and formed on the distress of the principal character, who nobly exerts herself to save her husband and child by her own certain death.

In the strong expression of conflicting passions, and in the feeling of complicated distress, no actor can be named with Barry. Rhadamistus died with him.

However prodigal of praise the author was in his address to Mrs. Dancer, every spectator of Zenobia must confess, that it was not possible to say too much of her inimitable performance. Mrs. Barry knows perfectly well the ready avenues to the heart, and can rouse every latent spring of human feeling; she, if any actress can, will force lamentations from the obdurate, and sensibility from the brutal. But if no author was ever more indebted to an actress than

Mr. Murphy to Mrs. Barry, it must be allowed, that no actress could be well more obliged to a writer for situations to display her abilities than she was to him in Zenobia.

There is no character so odious to an audience as the dignified villain, the bloody and remorseless tyrant. Pharsamenes scarce receives any impressions of softness from that passion, which, of all others, contributes most to humanize the most savage breast; love has no other effect on him than to render him more cruel and boisterous.

Mr. Aikin in drawing his Pharsamenes, very judiciously threw part of his fierceness into shade: he was deservedly praised for supporting the spirit of the [redacted], without rendering it glaringly disgustful.

CHAPTER XL.

Hugh Kelly....An author who writes against the players....Supposed the first English Writer of sentimental comedy....His False Delicacy....Word to the Wise....Clementina, and School for Lovers....His death.

FALSE Delicacy, a play of Mr. Kelly, was acted, in order of time, before Zenobia; but as I shall confine what I have to say of this writer to one chapter, I was unwilling to interrupt the narrative by keeping too closely to chronology.

From Mr. Kelly's first literary essays so little of entertainment was promised, that his rapid [redacted] in fame and great success in dramatick poetry, [redacted] be deemed almost incredible.

Mr. Hugh Kelly served his apprenticeship in Dublin to a staymaker; but finding no sufficient encouragement to continue in that trade, and having no inclination to tie himself down to so mean an occupation, he arrived in London about the year 1763, in very low circumstances. He conceived that the surest method to get employment as an author, would be to signalize himself, by writing short essays and paragraphs in newspapers. He constantly paid attendance at a publick house within a few doors of Drury-lane theatre; in this place he learned from the lowest retainers of the stage the characters of the actors, or rather, he gleaned the idle and insignificant remarks which were made on their conduct in private life, as well as their professional merit. From

what he gained in such company, and from such information, he treated the players with great and unexampled severity in the publick prints; he seemed indeed to think himself under no restraint, when he attacked either their morals as men, or their abilities as actors; he rather loaded them with reproaches than criticised their errours: in short, he descended to the lowest abuse of language. Some of them smiled at his attacks, and treated him as one below their notice; others threatened loudly to chastise him; and Kelly was at last reduced to the necessity of wearing a sword, to protect himself from the resentment which he apprehended, and had provoked. In imitation of Churchill's Rosciad, he wrote a poem, called Thespis; in the first part of which he outrageously attacked Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Dancer, and Mr. Moody; at the same time, from the bias of his connexions, he poured forth lavish encomiums upon others, and recorded the merits of Ackman, and the lowest of the comedians.

He was now become the scourge of the theatre; and his face in the pit was supposed to be as terrible to the players as Churchill's had been formerly.

But, at the time he was prosecuting this illiberal practice of stage scandal, he was busy in preparing a new comedy upon the sentimental plan, and of this species of dramatick poetry he was said to be the first English writer. As soon as he had brought it into form, he presented it to Mr. Garrick. The manager perused it; and observing in it some marks

of genius, he kindly pointed out to him such parts of the play as stood in need of retouching or heightening; he besides helped him to curtail all such superfluous scenes as an author, unacquainted with the stage, would insensibly, in the warmth of his fancy, produce.

When the play was ready for rehearsal, he consulted Mr. Garrick about distributing the parts: he now to his great regret, found his errour in making so free with those persons whose assistance was absolutely necessary to him, and without whose consent his play could not be acted. Here too Mr. Garrick befriended him; he prevailed upon Mrs. Dancer to sacrifice her resentment to the interest of the community. To Mrs. Clive, I fancy, he had not the courage to make any application; and indeed Kelly had treated this great actress with such rudeness, and affectation of contempt, that it was impossible to hope she could be brought into any temper with him. No intreaty of the manager, or submission of the author, could, I believe prevail on Moody to be reconciled to any terms of accommodation.

False Delicacy was acted with much applause, and continued to draw the publick to the theatre near twenty nights successively. Mr. Garrick supplied the author with the prologue and epilogue, which were spoken with great humour by Mr. King and Mrs. Dancer. The criticks attacked the play as a dull sentimental sermon, but surely not altogether with reason. The plot contains a variety of interesting action; and though many of the sentiments have in them a grave cast, the dialogue in general is gay

and sprightly; some of the characters are marked with passion, others distinguished by humour. The piece is interesting, moral, and entertaining, and deserved encouragement.

The author, who had thus emerged from obscurity into sunshine, felt uncommon pleasure at this sudden reverse of his circumstances. When he went to the playhouse treasury to receive the profits of his first third night, which amounted to 150*l.* not having ever seen so much money of his own before, he was all astonishment; he put the money into his pocket as fast as he could, and ran home to his wife in a rapture, to communicate to her the pleasure he had enjoyed.

The mind of Kelly was naturally active, and turned to industry. His great success in his first stage attempt did not prevent his thinking of more serious business; after having applied himself for some time closely to the study of the law, he was called to the bar, and pleaded causes. He likewise undertook the care of a newspaper, and stood forth a very staunch vindicator of publick measures. Not content with that proof of his zeal for administration, he attacked with great warmth, and keenness of satire, some say indeed with illiberal abuse, several gentlemen who had distinguished themselves as leading patriots.

The consequence of his espousing the ministerial cause, though I believe it passed not unrewarded by government, was very disagreeable to him in his capacity of a dramatick writer.

His next comedy, called A Word to the Wise, not all the friendship and skill of the manager, with the assistance of a numerous acquaintance, could support against an enraged popular party, who were determined, at all events to crush it. This catastrophe is the more to be lamented, as this comedy is one of his most judicious compositions. He was soon after reduced to the necessity of sheltering himself under the patronage of friends, by begging others to adopt his dramatick productions. His tragedy of Clementina Mr. Colman, with great good-nature, took under his protection, and pushed its acting as far as the merit of the piece would possibly admit. The plot of that play is wild and romantick; and the language, though sometimes impressed with sentiment, and raised by passion, is generally tame and prosaick. The tragedy owed its success to the animated action of Mrs. Yates.

The School for Wives was brought on the stage by Mr. Addington, who kindly lent his name to this offspring of Kelly: he as generously renounced any pretensions to the merit of writing that comedy, when it was no longer necessary to conceal the name of the real author.

It may be justly said of Kelly, that no man ever profited more by a sudden change of fortune in his favour; prosperity caused an immediate and remarkable alteration in his whole conduct; from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer, he was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man. His conversation in general was lively and agreeable; he had an uncommon stock of ready

language; and though not deeply read, what he said was generally worthy of attention. He sometimes, indeed, from an attempt to assume uncommon politeness, and a superabundance of benevolence, became rather tiresome and luscious in his compliments.

The fate of his comedies was as uncommon as his sudden elevation from distress to affluence was surprising.

False Delicacy was the favourite comedy of the times, and continued, for a few years, to draw multitudes to its representation. An unexpected dash of Foote's satire laid that play, and all sentimental comedy, in the dust.

Piety in Pattens was a charm as powerful in demolishing that species of comedy which the French term *larmoyante*, as the Rehearsal was in banishing the rants and bombast of Dryden and other writers.

Mr. Kelly died, in the 38th year of his age, of an abscess formed in his side, which was said to be owing to his constant application to business, and to a sedentary life; perhaps too it might proceed, in some measure, from too great indulgence in his manner of living.

CHAPTER XLI.

Dr. Goldsmith....Solicits Mr. Garrick for his vote and interest.... offers him the play of The Good-Natured Man....Their contest about it....Some further account of the Doctor....His Envy, Malice, Absurdity, Good-nature, Generosity, Benevolence....Dies.

DR. GOLDSMITH having tried his genius in several modes of writing, in essays, descriptive poetry, and history, was advised to apply himself to that species of composition which is said to have been long the most fruitful in the courts of Parnassus. The writer of plays has been ever supposed to pursue the quickest road to the temple of Plutus.

The doctor was a perfect heteroclite, an inexplicable existence in creation; such a compound of absurdity, envy, and malice, contrasted with the opposite virtues of kindness, generosity, and benevolence, that he might be said to consist of two distinct souls, and influenced by the agency of a good and bad spirit.

The first knowledge Mr. Garrick had of his abilities was from an attack upon him by Goldsmith, when he was but a very young author, in a book called The Present State of Learning. Amongst other abuses of the times (for the doctor loved to dwell upon grievances) he took notice of the behaviour of managers to authors; this must surely have proceeded from the most generous principles of reforming what was amiss for the benefit of others, for the doctor at that time had not the most distant view of commencing dramatick author.

Little did Goldsmith imagine he should one day be obliged to ask a favour from the director of a playhouse: however, when the office of secretary to the Society of Arts and Sciences became vacant, the doctor was persuaded to offer himself a candidate. He was told that Mr. Garrick was a leading member of that learned body, and his interest and recommendation would be of consequence to enforce his pretensions.

He waited upon the manager, and, in few words, requested his vote and interest. Mr. Garrick could not avoid observing to him, that it was impossible he could lay claim to any recommendation from him, as he had taken pains to deprive himself of his assistance by an unprovoked attack upon his management of the theatre, in his State of Learning. Goldsmith, instead of making an apology for his conduct either from misinformation or misconception, bluntly replied, In truth he had spoken his mind, and believed what he said was very right. The manager dismissed him with civility; and Goldsmith lost the office by a very great majority, who voted in favour of Dr. Templeman.

The doctor's reputation, which was daily increasing from a variety of successful labours. was at length lifted so high that he escaped from indigence and obscurity to competence and fame.

The first man of the age, one who, from the extensiveness of his genius and benevolence of his mind, is superiour to the little envy and mean jealousy which adhere so closely to most authors, and especially to those of equivocal merit, took pleasure

in introducing Dr. Goldsmith to his intimate friends, persons of eminent rank and distinguished abilities. The doctor's conversation by no means corresponded with the idea formed of him from his writings.

The Dutchess of Rambouillet, who was charmed with the tragedies of Corneille, wished to have so great an author amongst her constant visitors, expecting infinite entertainment from the writer of the Cid, the Horace, and Cinna. But the poet lost himself in society: he held no rank with the beaux esprits who met at the hotel of this celebrated lady; his conversation was dry, unpleasant, and what the French call *distrait*. So Dr. Goldsmith appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his writings; his address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished, his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation, and he was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself.

To manifest his intrepidity in argument, he would generously espouse the worst side of the question, and almost always left it weaker than he found it. His jealousy fixed a perpetual ridicule on his character, for he was emulous of every thing and every body. He went with some friends to see the entertainment of the Fantoccini, whose uncommon agility and quick evolutions were much celebrated. The doctor was asked how he liked those automatons. He replied, he was surprised at the applause bestowed on the little insignificant crea-

tures, for he could have performed their exercises much better himself. When his great literary friend was commended in his hearing, he could not restrain his uneasiness, but exclaimed, in a kind of agony, "No more, I desire you; you harrow up my soul!" More absurd stories may be recorded of Goldsmith than of any man; his absence of mind would not permit him to attend to time, place, or company. When at the table of a nobleman, of high rank and great accomplishments, one to whom England stands indebted in many obligations, and it is hoped that he will more and more increase the debt by his continual and vigorous efforts to secure her happiness; to this great man Goldsmith observed, that he was called by the name of Malagrida; "but I protest and vow to your lordship, I can't conceive for what reason, *for Malagrida was an honest man!*"

In short, his absurdities were so glaring, and his whole conduct so contradictory to common sense, and so opposite to what was expected from a man of his admirable genius, that a gentleman of strong discernment characterized him by the name of the Inspired Ideot.*

When the doctor had finished his comedy of The Good-natured Man, he was advised to offer it to Mr. Garrick. The manager was fully conscious of his merit, and perhaps more ostentatious of his abilities to serve a dramatick author, than became a man of his prudence: Goldsmith was, on his side,

* Horace Walpole.

as fully persuaded of his own importance and independent greatness. Mr. Garrick, who had been so long treated with the complimentary language paid to a successful patentee and admired actor, expected that the writer would esteem the patronage of his play as a favour: Goldsmith rejected all ideas of kindness in a bargain that was intended to be of mutual advantage to both parties; and in this he was certainly justifiable: Mr. Garrick could reasonably expect no thanks for the acting a new play, which he would have rejected, if he had not been convinced it would have amply rewarded his pains and expense. I believe the manager was willing to accept the play, but he wished to be courted to it; and the doctor was not disposed to purchase his friendship by the resignation of his sincerity. He then applied to Mr. Colman, who accepted his comedy without any hesitation.

The Good-natured Man bears strong marks of that happy originality which distinguishes the writings of Dr. Goldsmith. Two characters in this comedy were absolutely unknown before to the English stage; a man who boasts an intimacy with persons of high rank whom he never saw, and another who is almost always lamenting misfortunes he never knew. Croaker is as strongly designed, and as highly finished a portrait of a discontented man; of one who disturbs every happiness he possesses, from apprehension of distant evil, as any character of Congreve, or any other of our English dramatists. Shuter acted Croaker with that warm glee of fancy, and genuine flow of humour, that always accompanied his best and most

animated performances. The great applause and profit which attended the acting of this comedy, contributed to render the author more important in his own eyes, and in the opinion of the publick. But no good fortune could make Goldsmith discreet, nor any increase of fame diminish his envy, or cure the intractability of his temper. John Home was taught by experience, that his connexions with the great were of no avail with the publick; and that courtly approbation was no protection from popular dislike; he therefore veiled himself in obscurity, and prevailed upon a young gentleman, his friend, to adopt his play of the The Fatal Discovery; but the foster-father performed his assumed character so awkwardly at the rehearsal of this tragedy, that it was soon discovered that the child was not his own; for he submitted to have the piece altered, lopped, and corrected, with such tranquillity of temper, as the real parent could not have assumed. Of the true author Goldsmith by chance found out the knowledge; and when the play was announced to the publick, it will hardly be credited, that this man of benevolence, for such he really was, endeavoured to muster a party to condemn it; alleging this cogent reason for the proceeding, that such fellows ought not to be encouraged.

> Wits are game-cocks to one another:
> No author ever lov'd a brother.

The tragedy of The Countess of Salisbury, a play in which Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer display-

ed great powers of acting, was in a good degree of favour with the town. This was a crime sufficient to rouse the indignation of Goldsmith, who issued forth to see it, and with a determined resolution to consign the play to perdition. He sat out four acts of The Countess of Salisbury with great calmness and seeming temper; but as the plot thickened, and his apprehension began to be terrified with the ideas of blood and slaughter, he got up in a great hurry, saying, loud enough to be heard, *Brownrig! Brownrig! by G—.*

Goldsmith never wanted literary employment; the booksellers understood the value of his name, and did all they could to excite his industry; and it cannot be denied that they rewarded his labours generously: in a few years he wrote three histories of England; the first in two pocket volumes in letters, and another in four volumes octavo; the first an elegant summary of British transactions; and the other an excellent abridgment of Hume, and other copious historians. These books are in every body's hands. The last is a short contraction of 4 vols. into one duodecimo. For writing these books he obtained 750 or 800*l.*

His squabbles with booksellers and publishers were innumerable; his appetites and passions were craving and violent; he loved variety of pleasures, but could not devote himself to industry long enough to purchase them by his writings; upon every emergency half a dozen projects would present themselves to his mind; these he communicated to the men who were to advance money on the reputa-

tion of the author; but the money was generally spent long before the new work was half finished, or perhaps before it was commenced. This circumstance naturally produced expostulation and reproach from one side, which was often returned with anger and vehemence on the other. After much and disagreeable altercation, one bookseller desired to refer the matter in dispute to the doctor's learned friend, a man of known integrity, and one who would favour no cause but that of justice and truth. Goldsmith consented, and was enraged to find that one author should have so little feeling for another, as to determine a dispute to his disadvantage, in favour of a tradesman.

His love of play involved him in many perplexing difficulties, and a thousand anxieties; and yet he had not the resolution to abandon a practice for which his impatience of temper and great unskilfulness rendered him totally unqualified.

Though Mr. Garrick did not act his comedy of She Stoops to Conquer; yet, as he was then upon very friendly terms with the author, he presented him with a very humorous prologue, well accommodated to the author's intention of reviving fancy, wit, gayety, humour, incident and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.

Woodward spoke this whimsical address in mourning, and lamented pathetically over poor dying Comedy. To her he says,

——A mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in *sentimentals*, will succeed.

In the close of the prologue, the doctor is recommended as a fit person to revive poor drooping Thalia, with a compliment which hinted, I imagine, at some publick transaction, of not dealing in poisonous drugs.

She Stoops to Conquer, notwithstanding many improbabilities in the economy of the plot, several farcical situations, and some characters which are rather exaggerated, is a lively and faithful representation of nature; genius presides over every scene of this play; the characters are either new, or varied improvements from other plays.

Marlow has a slight resemblance of Charles in the Fop's Fortune, and something more of Lord Hardy in Steel's Funeral; and yet, with a few shades of these parts, he is discriminated from both. Tony Lumpkin is a vigorous improvement of Humphry Gubbins, and a most diverting portrait of ignorance, rusticity, low cunning, and obstinacy. Hardcastle, his wife and daughter, I think, are absolutely new; the language is easy and characteristical; the manners of the times are slightly, but faithfully, represented; the satire is not ostentatiously displayed, but incidentally involved in the business of the play; and the suspense of the audience is artfully kept up to the last. This comedy was very well acted; Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin were supported in a masterly style by Shuter and Quick; so was Miss Hardcastle, by Mrs. Bulkely. Mrs. Green, in Mrs. Hardcastle, maintained her just title to one of the best comick actresses of the age.

Though the money gained by this play amounted to a considerable sum, more especially so to a man who had been educated in straits and trained in adversity; yet his necessities soon became as craving as ever: to relieve them, he undertook a new History of Greece; and a book of animals, called The History of Animated Nature. The first was to him an easy task; but as he was entirely unacquainted with the world of animals, his friends were anxious for the success of his undertaking. Notwithstanding his utter ignorance of the subject, he has compiled one of the pleasantest and most instructive books in our language; I mean, that it is not only useful to young minds, but entertaining to those who understand the animal creation.

(Every thing of Goldsmith seems to bear the magical touch of an enchanter: no man took less pains, and yet produced so powerful an effect: the great beauty of his composition consists in a clear, copious, and expressive style.)

Goldsmith's last work was his poem, called Retaliation, which the historian of his life says was written for his own amusement, and that of his friends, who were the subject of it. That he did not live to finish it, is to be lamented, for it is supposed he would have introduced more characters. What he has left is so perfect in its kind, that it stands not in need of a revisal.

In no part of his works has this author discovered a more nice and critical discernment, or a more perfect knowledge of human nature, than in this poem; with wonderful art he has traced all the lead-

ing features of his several portraits, and given with truth the characteristical peculiarities of each; no man is lampooned, and no man is flattered.

The occasion, we are told, to which we owe this admirable poem, was a circumstance of festivity. The literary society to which he belonged proposed to write epitaphs on the doctor. Mr. Garrick, one of the members, wrote the following fable of Jupiter and Mercury, to provoke Goldsmith to a retaliation.

Jupiter and Mercury. A Fable.

Here, Hermes! says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross'd:
Be sure as I work to throw in contradictions;
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion, and raking;
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail.
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, christian, cupe, gamester, and poet.
Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here.

There never was surely a more finished picture at full length, given to the world, than this warm character of the incomprehensible and heterogeneous doctor.

And here Dr. Goldsmith's portrait of Mr. Garrick will be introduced with propriety.

Here lies David Garrick. Describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And be-plaster'd with rouge his own natural red:
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting:
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
He cast off his friends like a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies;
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

The sum of all that can be said for and against Mr. Garrick, some people think, may be found in these lines of Goldsmith. That the person upon

whom they were written was displeased with some strokes of this character, may be gathered from the following lines, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the Retaliation soon after it had been produced to the society:

Are these the choice dishes the doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Candour must own, that Mr. Garrick, in his verses on Goldsmith, was gentle in describing the subject, as well as delicate in the choice of his expressions; but that Garrick's features in the Retaliation are somewhat exaggerated.

Not long before his death, he had formed a design of publishing an Encyclopedia, or an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences; a prospectus of which he printed and sent to his friends, many of whom had promised to furnish him with articles on different subjects; and amongst the rest, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick. His expectations from any new conceived projects were generally very sanguine; but from so extensive a plan his hopes of gain had lifted up his thoughts to an extraordinary height.

The booksellers, notwithstanding they had a very good opinion of his abilities, yet were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense, of so great an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon the industry of a man with whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been

acquainted: the coldness with which they met his proposal was lamented by the doctor to the hour of his death, which seems to have been accelerated by a neglect of his health, occasioned by continual vexation, of mind, arising from his involved circumstances. Death, I really believe, was welcome to a man of his great sensibility.

The chief materials which compose Goldsmith's character are before the reader; but, as I have with great freedom exposed his faults, I should not have dwelt so minutely upon them, if I had not been conscious, that, upon a just balance of his good and bad qualities, the former would far outweigh the latter.

Goldsmith was so sincere a man, that he could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind: so far from desiring to appear in the eye of the world to the best advantage, he took more pains to be esteemed worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are. His envy was so childish, and so absurd,* that it was easily pardoned, for every body laughed at it; and no man was ever very mischievous whose errours excited mirth: he never formed any scheme, or joined in any combination, to hurt any man living.

His inviting persons to condemn Mr. Home's tragedy, at first sight wears an ill face; but this was a transient thought of a giddy man, who, upon the least check, would have immediately renounced it

* At a dinner of the Royal Academicians, one of the company, by some lively jests, excited the mirth of the society: the doctor was uneasy, and desired those who sat next him not to laugh, for he thought in truth it would make the man vain.

and as heartily joined with a party to support the piece he had before devoted to destruction. It cannot be controverted, that he was but a bad economist, nor in the least acquainted with that punctuality which regular people exact. He was more generous than just; like honest Charles, in the School for Scandal, he could not, for the soul of him, make justice keep pace with generosity. His disposition of mind was tender and compassionate; no unhappy person ever sued to him for relief, without obtaining it, if he had any thing to give, and, rather than not relieve the distressed, he would borrow. The poor woman, with whom he had lodged during his obscurity several years in Green-Arbour Court, by his death lost an excellent friend; for the doctor often supplied her with food from his table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her. He had his dislike, as most men have, to particular people, but unmixed with rancour. He, least of all mankind, approved Baretti's conversation; he considered him as an insolent, overbearing foreigner; as Baretti, in his turn, thought him an unpolished man, and an absurd companion; but when this unhappy Italian was charged with murther, and afterwards sent by Sir John Fielding to Newgate, Goldsmith opened his purse, and would have given him every shilling it contained; he, at the same time, insisted upon going in the coach with him to the place of his confinement.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Padlock....Mr. Dibdin.....Mungo....Mrs. Arne....The Hypocrite, taken from Cibber's Non-Juror....French Manners and English....Maria and Charlotte.....Mrs. Abington....Her various Talents in Acting....Her Accomplishments, and Behaviour in private Life.

THE Padlock is a very pleasing ballad farce, which more engaged the liking of the publick than any little piece of the kind that has been acted these twenty years. The plot is taken from a Spanish novel.* The musick was composed by Mr. Dibdin, who played the part of Mungo with much satisfaction to the audience. Bannister acted Diego, and sung some very difficult songs with great skill. Bannister is, in many parts, a judicious actor, as well as an agreeable singer of such songs as will always please an English audience.

Mrs. Arne, who died about nine or ten years since, charmed every body in Leonora; she was universally cried up as the most pleasing of all our English singers; the melody, fullness, and flexibility of her tones, have not been equalled on our stage, by any body except Mrs. Kennedy, who, to a most perfect harmony of voice, joins a consummate skill in musick. Mrs. Arne fell a sacrifice, it is thought, to her intense application to singing; the weakness of her constitution could not sustain the perpetual

* The 12th of the exemplary morals of Cervantes.

exercise of the theatre. The great desire of the publick to hear her incessantly, deprived them of a most harmonious singer, who was termed the nightingale of the stage, in the seventeenth or eighteenth year of her age.

The Hypocrite, a comedy, is an unimproved and slovenly alteration of Cibber's Non-Juror, and was acted with more applause and profit to the alterer than could have been expected; but, I believe, he owed the greatest part of its success to the admirable performance of Mrs. Abington, in Charlotte.

Cibber's Non-Juror was certainly a party play, if a comedy may be called so, which was professedly written in defence of those principles, and that constitution, upon which the government was established, and against those men who were its avowed enemies; for Jacobites, in the reign of George the First, were certainly not esteemed friends to the House of Brunswick.

Cibber understood English manners too well, to adopt all the characters and plot of Moliere's Tartuffe; the frequent interposition of a chambermaid, her influence over her young mistress, and pertness to her master, would not suit the economy of an English fable, however agreeable to French customs. The lovers in Moliere are generally insipid, and the Valere and Mariane of the Impostor are of no farther importance than that of being agents in the play. The quarrelling scene between them, in the third act, is a mere farcical altercation: Cibber, in the Non-Juror, has finely improved this incident by a most interesting scene of jealous love,

and has besides drawn such an amiable character of a gay, good-natured, sensible and generous coquette in his Maria, that we may challenge any of our own, or foreign stages to produce an equal; but this author has not been altogether so attentive through his play to that discrimination of French and English customs, as might have been expected from a man of his great judgment and experience.

In the French play, the lady is engaged to make two discoveries of Tartuffe's passion for her; and this the manners of France would justify. The scene in the third act would have been a sufficient proof of the Impostor's villany to an Englishman. The language of love every French lady expects to hear from the gravest of characters, and we find Elmire apologizing to Tartuffe, an infamous hypocrite, for the part she had acted in the discovery of his passion for her, by assuring him that it was contrary to her own inclination, and that she was engaged in it by the desire of others.

C'est contre mon humeur que j'ai fait tout ceci;
Mais on m'a mise au point de vous traiter ainsi.

In the Non-Juror the case is different; an elderly gentleman marries a young lady of five and twenty, for love; the serious remonstrances of such a woman as Lady Woodville must have got the better of her husband's bigotry; therefore Cibber should have reserved the detection of Wolfe to the last act.

The alterer has injudiciously introduced into the play an old Lady Lambert, borrowed from the Madame Pernelle of Moliere, which Cibber very judiciously threw out, as of no service to his plot. Maw-worm, a new character, was supported by the irresistible power of Weston's acting—the cheapest way to gain applause is to make a character speak false English; and in this the greatest part of Maw-worm's merit consists. Cantwell, the methodist, the genuine offspring of the Antinomian saints in the days of Oliver Cromwell, bears no mark of discrimination.

It is with the greatest pleasure I speak of Mrs. Abington's action in Charlotte: though the part had been most excellently performed by Mrs. Oldfield, and since her time with great applause and approbation by Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Pritchard; yet it is impossible to conceive that more gayety, ease, humour, elegance, and grace, could have been assumed by any actress, than by Mrs. Abington in this part; her ideas of it were entirely her own, for she had seen no pattern.

But the various talents of Mrs. Abington will demand from a stage historian particular attention, and a more accurate description of them: her person is formed with great elegance, her address is graceful, her look animated and expressive. To the goodness of her understanding, and the superiority of her taste, she is indebted principally for her power of pleasing; the tones of her voice are not naturally charming to the ear, but her incomparable skill in modulation renders them perfectly agreeable: her

articulation is so exact, that every syllable she utters is conveyed distinctly, and even harmoniously. Congreve's Millamant of past times she has skilfully modelled and adapted to the admired coquette and the lovely tyrant of the present day. All ages have their particular colours and variations of follies and fashions; these she understands perfectly, and dresses them to the taste of the present hour. In Shakspeare's Beatrice she had difficulties to encounter, and prejudices to conquer: remembrance of Mrs. Pritchard's excellence in that favourite part had stamped a decisive mark on the mode of representing it; notwithstanding this, Mrs. Abington, knowing her own particular powers of expression, would not submit to an imitation of that great actress, but exhibited the part according to her own ideas; nor did she fail of gaining great applause wherever her judgment directed her to point out the wit, sentiment, or humour of Beatrice.

In the Widow Bellmour of Murphy's Way to Keep Him, her disengaged and easy manner, familiar to one who had been used to the company of persons distinguished by high rank and graceful behaviour, rendered her the delight of a brilliant circle of admirers. In Lady Bab Lardoon, the author of the Maid of the Oaks has, in a very delicate strain of panegyrick, paid a lasting tribute to her merit. When this lady of high life, to impose on Dupely, a young travelled coxcomb, assumes a character of great simplicity, and tries her skill at a little naiveté; she says to one who is a witness of the diversion, "You shall see what an excellent actress

I should have made, if Fortune had not unluckily brought me into the world an earl's daughter." This elegant compliment needs no comment.*

Though the theatre would have been almost deprived of the accomplished and well-bred woman of fashion, without the assistance of Mrs. Abington; yet so various and unlimitted are her talents that she is not confined to females of a superiour class; she can descend occasionally to the country girl, the romp, the hoyden, and the chambermaid, and put on the various humours, airs, and whimsical peculiarities, of these under parts; she thinks nothing low that is in nature; nothing mean, or beneath her skill, which is characteristical.

The decency of her behaviour in private life has attracted the notice and gained her the esteem of many persons of quality of her own sex. Like another Oldfield, or Cibber, she receives visits from, and returns them to ladies of the most distinguished worth, and the highest rank. Her taste in dress is allowed to be superiour, and she is often consulted in the choice of fashionable ornaments by her female friends in high life; but as it would be absurd to confine her merit to so trifling an accomplishment, she cannot be denied the praise of engaging and fixing the regard of all her acquaintance, by her good sense, elegance of manner, and propriety of conduct.

* For this character the writer drew the portrait of a young lady of high rank and fine accomplishments. A more lively representative of her inimitable powers of charming than Mrs. Abington, could not have been chosen.

The following little poem, written by a gentleman of fashion, and considerable eminence in literature, will, I hope, be esteemed no unwelcome present to the reader, though it has already been once published.

On Mrs. Abington's appearance in the character of Charlotte in the Hypocrite; occasioned by the report of her quitting the stage.

Scarce had our tears forgot to flow,
By Garrick's loss inspir'd,
When Fame, to mortalize the blow,
Said, Abington's retir'd.

Sad with the news, THALIA mourn'd,
The Graces join'd her train;
And nought but sighs for sighs return'd,
Were heard at Drury-Lane.

But see—'Tis false! in Nature's style
She comes, by Fancy dress'd;
Again gives Comedy her smile,
And Fashion all her taste.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Mrs. Pritchard retires from the stage....Reason for it assigned.... Account of her introduction to and progress in the Theatre....Her singular talents in acting....Object of the publick care....Her death....Mrs. Clive leaves the theatre....Her interview with Mr. Garrick on the occasion....Her stage abilities described at large.... Her love of characters in high life, &c.

Mrs. Pritchard, who for near thirty-six years, had been admired for her superiour merit in her profession, and beloved for her many virtues in private life, in 1768 resolved to withdraw into retirement, and spend the remainder of her life at Bath. To this she was tempted by the prospect of great advantages which were to accrue to her from a legacy of one Mr. Leonard, an attorney of Lion's Inn, a distant relation; of whose will her brother, Mr. Vaughan, was the executor. But, whatever might have been the intention of the testator, by his will the bulk of his estate fell to the heirs at law, who were his nearest relations. Mr. Vaughan's conduct in this affair was publickly censured, and legally questioned. Mrs. Pritchard was unhappily led into a gross errour.

She was, when very young, recommended to the notice of Mr. Booth, who was exceedingly pleased with her manner of reciting several scenes of parts in tragedy and comedy: he was then so great a valetudinarian, and so little connected with the management of the theatre, that it is thought he advised

her to apply to Mr. Cibber, or some other governing person of the stage.

Her first appearance was, it is said, in one of Fielding's pieces at the little theatre in the Hay-market. Her second stage trial was in Lady Diana Talbot in Anna Bullen, at the playhouse in Goodman's-fields; and soon after that she acted at Bartholomew Fair, where she gained the notice and applause of the publick by her easy, unaffected manner of speaking; and was greatly caressed and admired for singing, in some farce or droll, a favourite air, which began with

Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn—

Mrs. Pritchard was a candidate for theatrical fame in 1733, at the time when Mr. Highmore, patentee of Drury-lane theatre, quarrelled with his principal actors who revolted from him, and opened the playhouse in the Hay-market. To the seceders she applied for employment; they very gladly embraced so promising an addition of strength to their company.

One of the first parts she acted in this theatre was Belina, in a play called the Mother-in-Law, translated by Miller from Moliere's Malade Imaginaire, and adapted to the English stage. Her genteel person for she was then young and slender; her attractive countenance, which, in the phrase of Shakspeare, "beat an alarm to love" her expressive, yet simple manner; her unembarrassed deportment and proper action, charmed all the spectators, who looked at one another with surprise and

pleasure, as if congratulating themselves on seeing a rising genius, capable, perhaps, one day of consoling them for the loss of their favourite Oldfield, who was then lately deceased.

When Mr. Fleetwood united the two companies of Drury-lane and the Hay-market, Mrs. Pritchard was of too much consequence to be neglected; but notwithstanding her just claim to encouragement, the manager for some time omitted to bring her forward to publick notice, by not giving her a proper opportunity to display her talents: she was often, from pique or prejudice, thrust into characters unworthy of so great a genius; such as Lady Loverule in The Wives Metamorphosed: and I remember, when Mrs. Cibber made her first essay in Zara, in the tragedy of that name, Mrs Pritchard was cast into the inferiour part of Selima, her friend and confident. But it was impossible to obscure the lustre of so bright a diamond as Pritchard; by degrees she convinced the patentee, that it was his interest to have her often seen in parts of importance; Rosalind, in As You Like It, at once established her theatrical character: her delivery of dialogue, whether of humour, wit, or mere sprightliness, was never, I believe, surpassed, or, perhaps, equalled: her fame was now enlarging every day by the eagerness which the town expressed to see her in various attitudes. Not confined to any one walk in acting, she ranged through them all; and what is singular, she discovered a large degree of merit in every distinct class of it: her tragick power was eminent,

but particularly in characters which required force of expression and dignity of figure.

She excelled in the Queen Mother of Hamlet, Zara in The Mourning Bride, Merope, Creusa, and more especially in Queen Catharine, the wife of Henry VIII. She gave to all these parts importance by her action, as well as speaking; her few defects in tragedy proceeded from a too loud and profuse expression of grief, and want of grace in her manner; her natural ease of deportment and grandeur of person generally hid the defect of this last requisite from the common spectator. Her great force in comedy lay in a middle path, between parts of superiour life, and those of humour in a lower class; Cibber's Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modish, and Maria in the Non-Juror, she conceived accurately, and acted pleasingly, and with applause; but neither her person nor manner were sufficiently elegant and graceful for the high-bred woman of fashion. In Shakspeare's Beatrice, Vanbrugh's Berinthia, Farquhar's Mrs. Sullen, and all such parts as are thrown into situations of intrigue, gayety, and mirth, with diversity of humour, wit, and pleasantry, she was inimitably, charming, and has left no equal; she could descend to the affectations of a Lady Dainty, and the Scrivener's Wife, in The Confederacy; but her powers seemed to be checked by such inanimate parts of assumed delicacy.

Notwithstanding the fullness of her person, and her advanced age, the town was charmed to the last with her representation of Congreve's delightful portrait of wit, affectation, and good-nature, in Milla-

mant. Her disengaged and easy manner in speaking and action supplied the want of an elegant form and a youthful countenance. In the course of conversation, upon the most trifling topicks, she had an unaccountable method of charming the ear; she uttered her words, as the great poet advises the actor, smoothly and trippingly from the tongue; and however voluble in enunciation her part might require her to be, not a syllable of articulation was lost. Might I be allowed the expression, I should say that she was a mistress of dramatick eloquence in familiar dialogue.

Though Mrs. Clive, amongst many other stage accomplishments, was famous for scolds and viragos; Mrs. Pritchard, in such characters, was not her inferiour: her Mrs. Termagant in The 'Squire of Alsatia, and Mrs. Oakly in The Jealous Wife, were finished pictures of female violence.

Her unblemished conduct in private life justly rendered her the great favourite of the people; few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved, and powerfully patronised, as Mrs. Pritchard.

A remarkable instance of publick regard was shown to this comedian when she first brought her daughter on the stage. Mrs. Pritchard stooped to play Lady Capulet in Romeo and Juliet, in order to introduce Miss Pritchard, in her attempt to act Juliet; the daughter's timidity was contrasted by the mother's apprehensions, which were strongly painted in their looks, and these were incessantly interchanged by stolen glances at each other. This scene of mutual sensibility was so affecting, that many of

the audience could not refrain from involuntary tears.

This young actress was extremely agreeable, and, in many parts suited to her youth and beauty, was a favourite of the audience. But she did not continue long an actress: a daughter of Mrs. Pritchard might be excused for quitting the stage, when she recollected, that, however indulgent the people were to her performance, she put them in mind of her mother's great superiority.

Miss Pritchard married Mr. John Palmer, a respectable player in a variety of parts, and a man esteemed for his integrity. Since his death she was married to Mr. Lloyd, a man, who, after having gone through many vicissitudes of fortune, became a great jobber in the stocks.

Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the publick in an epilogue written by Mr. Garrick. The tragedy of Macbeth was acted for her benefit. Mr. Garrick, out of respect to this very valuable woman, gave the publick, and, I believe, for the last time, one of his principal and most masterly performances, in the character of Macbeth. Lady Macbeth is the chief agent of the poet to carry on his plot; a woman of unbounded ambition, divested of all human feelings, to gain a crown, urges her reluctant husband to the murther of the king. Mrs. Pritchard's action, before and after the commission of the horrid deed, was strongly characteristical; it presented an image of a mind insensible to compunction, and inflexibly bent to gain its purpose. When

she snatched the daggers from the remorseful and irresolute Macbeth, despising the agitations of a mind unaccustomed to guilt, and alarmed at the terrours of conscience, she presented to the audience a picture of the most consummate intrepidity in mischief. When she seized the instruments of death, and said,

GIVE ME THE DAGGERS! ——

her look and action cannot be described, and will not soon be forgotten by the surviving spectators. At the banquet scene, in the third act of the play, she still discovered more characteristical skill, if possible, than in the preceding act. The guilty king, whose mind is full of horrours resulting from the murther of Banquo, by his alarming terrours betrays himself to his guests. Pritchard's art in endeavouring to engage the attention of the company, and draw them from the observation of Macbeth's feelings, equalled any thing that was ever seen in the art of acting.

In exhibiting the last scene of Lady Macbeth, in which the terrours of a guilty conscience keep the mind broad awake while the body sleeps, Mrs. Pritchard's acting resembled those sudden flashes of lightning which more accurately discover the horrours of surrounding darkness.

She spoke her farewell epilogue with many sobs and tears, which were increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience. She retired to Bath and died there about four months after, of a mortification in her foot.

About a year after Mrs. Pritchard had withdrawn from the theatre, her constant companion and friend, Mrs. Clive, determined to follow her example; had she thought proper, she could have continued several years longer to delight the publick in various characters adapted to her figure and time of life; for to the last she was admirable and unrivalled.

Mr. Garrick sent Mr. Hopkins, the prompter, to her, to know whether she was in earnest in her intention of leaving the stage. To such a messenger Mrs. Clive disdained to give an answer. To Mr. George Garrick, whom he afterwards deputed to wait on her upon the same errand, this high-spirited actress was not much more civil; however, she condescended to tell him, that, if his brother wished to know her mind, he should have called upon her himself. When the manager and Mrs. Clive met, their interview was short, and their discourse curious. After some compliments on her great merit, Mr. Garrick wished, he said, that she would continue, for her own sake, some years longer on the stage. This civil suggestion she answered by a look of contempt, and a decisive negative. He asked how much she was worth; she replied briskly as much as himself. Upon his smiling at her supposed ignorance or misinformation, she explained herself, by telling him, that *she* knew when she had enough, though *he* never would. He then entreated her to renew her agreement for three or four years; she peremptorily refused. Upon repeating his regret at her leaving the stage, she abruptly told him, that she hated hypocrisy; for she was sure that he would

light up candles for joy of her leaving him, but that it would be attended with some expense.—Every body will see there was an unnecessary smartness in the lady's language, approaching to rudeness; but however it was her way, as her friend Mrs. Pritchard used to express it.

Mrs. Clive, when very young, had a strong propensity to acting. Her first theatrical engagement to Booth, Wilkes, and Cibber, in 1727, was principally owing to the goodness of her voice, and to some proficiency which she had made in singing; nor, till her merit as an actress showed itself in Nell the cobbler's wife, was she considered in any other light than as one qualified to entertain the audience with a song between the acts of a play, or to act some innocent country girl, such as Phillida in Damon and Phillida; an engraving of her in that character is still to be seen in the printshops. The comick abilities of this actress have not been excelled, nor indeed scarce equalled, by any performer, male or female, these fifty years: she was so formed by nature to represent a variety of lively, laughing, droll, humorous, affected, and absurd characters, that what Colley Cibber said of Nokes may with equal truth be applied to her; for Clive had such a stock of comick force about her, that she, like Nokes, had little more to do than to perfect herself in the words of a part, and to leave the rest to nature! and if he, by the mere power of his action, kept alive several comedies, which after his death became obsolete, it may justly be said of her, that she created several parts in plays of which the poet scarce furnished an

outline; and that many dramatick pieces are now lost to the stage, for want of her animating spirit to preserve them.

A more extensive walk in comedy than that of Mrs. Clive cannot be imagined; the chambermaid, in every varied shape which art or nature could lend her; characters of caprice and affectation, from the high bred Lady Fanciful to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg; country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragos, and humourists. To a strong and melodious voice, with an ear for musick, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces.

She had an inimitable talent in ridiculing the extravagant action, impertinent consequence, and insignificant parade, of the female opera-singer; she snatched an opportunity to shew her excellence in this stage-mimicry in the Lady of Fashion in Lethe.

Her mirth was so genuine, that, whether it was restrained to the arch sneer and the suppressed half-laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her; he must have been more or less than man, who could be grave when Clive was disposed to be merry.

But the whole empire of laughter, large as it is, was too confined to satisfy the ambition of a Clive: this daughter of mirth aspired to what nature had denied her; she wished to shine in those parts of high life where elegance of form and graceful deportment give dignity to the female character. Not

content with this deviation from her own style in acting, she would fain try her abilities in the more lofty tread of the buskin.

If Hogarth had never delighted the world with a genuine history of nature, in his Harlot's Progress, his Marriage à-lamode, and other admirable works of humour, his Sigismunda and his Pharaoh's Daughter might have passed for tolerable pictures; so Clive's attempts in the higher comedy and tragedy might have been unnoticed and uncensured, had not her exquisite comick vein thrown a comparative contempt upon them.

Nature has seldom given to the same person the power to raise admiration, and to excite mirth; to unite the faculties of Milton and Butler is a happiness superiour to the common lot of humanity.

The art of expressing with equal force the effusion of comick gayety and tragick terrour was a talent peculiar, in its fullest extent, to Garrick, and to him alone; for even Mrs. Pritchard enjoyed these different powers of excelling in an inferiour degree.

The uncommon applause, which Mrs. Clive obtained in Shakspeare's Portia, was owing to her misrepresentation of the character: mimicry in a pleader, when a client's life is in danger, is but misplaced buffoonery.

This inclination to a figure in parts, ill adapted, not only to her genius, but her age and person, accompanied this great actress to the last; and sometimes involved her in disagreeable disputes, from

which she had the good fortune to extricate herself by her undaunted spirit.

Mr. Garrick dreaded an altercation with her as much as a quarrel with an author whose play he had rejected: whenever he had a difference with Mrs. Clive, he was happy to make a drawn battle of it. At a time of life when she was utterly unfit to represent a girl of sixteen, he prevailed upon her to surrender Miss Prue, in Love for Love, by making her a present of Mrs. Frail, in the same play, a part almost as improper for Mrs. Clive as the other.

It was the wish of her life to act female characters of importance with Mr. Garrick: wherever she could thrust herself into a play with him, she always exerted her utmost skill to excel, and particularly in Bizarre, in the Inconstant, when he acted Duretete. He seems to have studiously avoided a struggle for victory with her, which, I believe, she attributed to his dread of her getting the better of him. She certainly was true game, as her friend, Mr. Lacy, the manager, expressed it; and would have died upon the spot rather than have yielded the field of battle to any body. Mr. Garrick complained that she disconcerted him, by not looking at him in the time of action, and neglecting to watch the motion of his eye, a practice he was sure to observe to others. I am afraid this accusation is partly true: for Mrs. Clive would suffer her eyes sometimes to wander from the stage into the boxes in search of her great acquaintance, and now and then give them a comedy-nod or half-curt'sy; she

was in this guilty of the very fault which she ridiculed so archly in Mingotti, and other Italian ladies of the opera. But yet it must not be denied, that, though she seemed absent by her look, she was present by her spirit; the soul of humour was active on the stage, though the bodily organs seemed to be elsewhere employed.

Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, though of characters extremely different, were closely united in the bonds of friendship for almost forty years.

No actress ever laboured more assiduously to make her family affluent and happy than Mrs. Pritchard. In this Mrs. Clive followed her example, and more effectually; but, whilst one seemed to confine all her attention to her relations, which indeed were very numerous, the other occasionally exerted her interest in the service of others. Clive resigned the part of Polly, which was no trifling sacrifice, in favour of Miss Edwards, afterwards Mrs. Mozeen, whom she instructed and encouraged; and, to promote the general interest of the community, she undertook the part of Lucy, a character so truly played by her, that it has never been since equalled; unless we should except Miss Catley, who, in that and many other characters, has gained a power over an audience of which scarcely any other actress could boast. To Mrs. Clive's lessons, care, and countenance, as well as to her own industry and abilities, we owe the proficiency of that very valuable actress, Miss Pope.

Mrs. Clive, in private life, was so far above censure, that her conduct, in every relation of it, was

not only laudable, but exemplary. Her company was always courted by women of high rank and character, to whom she rendered herself very agreeable. She is still visited by many distinguished persons of both sexes. Her conversation is a mixture of uncommon vivacity, droll mirth, and honest bluntness. The polite and learned Horace Walpole wrote Mrs. Clive's farewell epilogue, in which she took leave of an audience who parted with so bright an ornament of the stage with much regret.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr. Havard leaves the stage.....His respectable character.....Employed by Mr. Giffard.....His Scanderberg.....Charles the First ....Some observations on that tragedy....Inquiry into the reasons of contempt thrown on player-authors....Mr. Gray censured.... Story of the Golden Rump....Mr. Havard engaged to Fleetwood ....His Regulus....Employed by Mr. Garrick....His death.

HAVARD, who for almost forty years had been the approved servant of the publick in a variety of characters, and always acceptable to the various managers of theatres who had employed him, being now advanced towards the sixtieth year of his age, resolved to imitate the example of his old acquaintance, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, and exchange the bustle of the stage for ease and retirement.

This player deserves to be remembered, not so much for his stage abilities, which were indeed far from contemptible, as for his probity, the gentleness of his manners, and the benevolence of his disposition.

Mr. Havard's father was a vintner, and a citizen of Dublin: he gave his son, who was born there in July 1710, a liberal education. He for some time applied himself to surgery; but a strong and early inclination for the stage prevented his making any great proficiency in that science.

In 1730 Mr. Havard left Dublin, and arrived at London. Mr. Giffard, then master of the theatre in Goodman's-Fields, pleased with his agreeable ad-

dress, engaged him as an actor at a moderate salary. His good sense and polite manner soon won so far upon the manager, that he took his tragedy of Scanderberg under his care, and acted it with all the strength of his company. Scanderberg is a juvenile performance not destitute of merit: in many scenes of it there is a deficiency of judgment, with language somewhat too swelling and boisterous; but many passages of it are vigorous and pathetick.

When Giffard, in 1736, hired the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, Havard was esteemed one of his principal supports, in the double capacity of actor and author.

In the progress of the winter season, this manager was reduced to great straits; and, in order to retrieve his affairs, the story of Charles the First was proposed to him as a proper subject to engage the publick attention. Havard undertook the office of writing an historical play which should comprehend the trial and death of that unhappy prince. But Havard's desire of ease was known to be superiour to his thirst for fame or love of money; and Giffard insisted upon the power of locking him up till the work was finished. To this he, with his usual good nature, consented; and Giffard actually turned the key upon him, and let him out at his pleasure till the play was completed. This circumstance Havard would often relate amongst his friends, and laugh at.

Charles the First was acted with great emolument to the manager, and with some degree of reputation, as well as gain, to the author. The subject

was thought by many improper for the stage: the trial and beheading of a king, it was said, would revive republican notions of government: besides, it was alleged the fact was too recent for representation.

This is a point which I have not abilities to discuss, nor is it necessary in a book of this kind. But, in a free country, like ours, why such a great historical event as the death of Charles the First should not be brought on the stage, for a warning and instruction to the king and people, I cannot see any good reason. In a limited monarchy, the mischiefs arising from the encroachments of prerogative on privilege, and the turbulence of the people, who in their turn may invade the rights of the crown, will ever furnish matter for the historian, and I believe also subjects for the dramatick writer. Shakspeare's historical plays must be admitted good evidence in this case. I shall neither justify nor condemn the beheading of Charles the First; but the act itself, whether just or unjust, was certainly great, and at this day throws a tremendous dignity on those men who had the courage to put it in execution.

The diction of the play is stiff and metaphorical, resembling the nervous but pedantick language of the times. The characters of Charles and Cromwell are drawn in conformity to history. Fairfax, a presbyterian and a warriour, is honest and weak, and the dupe of Cromwell, a man of superiour understanding, who had either no religion or such as he could mould to his purposes. The scene of the

trial was a faithful picture of an historical fact. The king's parting with his children cannot be read in the historian without great emotion: what effect must it then have on the stage! Never were tears so plentifully shed as at the mournful separation of Charles and the young princes.

This popular subject drew large crowds to Lincoln's-inn-fields theatre. Curiosity was for a long time much excited with respect to the author; that was a secret to be kept from the people; but Havard's love of fame would not suffer it to be concealed longer than the tenth or twelfth night of acting the play.

The moment Havard put on the sword and tie-wig, the genteel dress of the times, and professed himself to be the writer of Charles the First, the audiences were thinned, and the play was supposed to be inferiour to what its real merit had a right to claim. The people thought they had been grossly imposed upon; nay, old John Watts, the printer, who was then the general purchaser of dramatick pieces, was so staggered at the discovery of the author, that he refused to give for Charles the First the usual fee of 100*l.* The anecdotes of that time tell us there was a long contest between Watts and Havard: the latter insisted upon the usual price given to authors for plays which met with uncommon success; the former declared he would retrench 20*l.* if the author insisted upon having his name in the title-page. How this contest was decided I know not; but Havard's name is not in the front of the play, nor at the bottom of the dedica-

tion. I cannot help smiling at the absurdity of appreciating a play, applauded by ten or twelve audiences, merely for the name or profession of the author.

Why the name of a player should be so obnoxious in a candidate for dramatick fame in authorship I cannot conceive. The best writer of plays is acknowledged to have been Shakspeare, who was a player. Ben Jonson tried his abilities in stage representation, and failed; and his gross abuse of the actors, more especially in his Poetaster, is not improbably said to have taken its rise from his being expelled their community, as one incapable. Otway, Lee, and Farquhar, though good writers, were all unsuccessful attempters in the art of acting. The profession itself was not therefore deemed degrading by these eminent men. Moliere, the glory and boast of the French stage, was as much admired for his talents in acting as his skill in writing; so was Dancourt, another writer of plays, and an excellent comedian: both of them were dear to Louis XIV., a man of taste, and one of the greatest monarchs in Europe.

The dainty Mr. Gray was extremely offended that Colley Cibber, a player, should presume to write an essay on the Character and Conduct of Cicero. He seems to think it very unhappy, that *reason* and *truth* should be bedizened in the tattered fringe, dirty furbelows, false jewels, and frippery, of a stroller's wardrobe. Seriously this was a terrible misfortune, and I hope the distressed writer called for his lavender drops to relieve him in his exquisite feelings.

A player daring to write upon a known subject, without a college permission, was a shocking offence: and yet Dr. Middleton, to whom the Conduct of Cicero was addressed, spoke of it with respect; and Mr. Hooke, the writer of the best Roman History in our language, has quoted Cibber's arguments in this pamphlet against the murderers of Julius Cæsar, and speaks of them not only with honour, but insists upon them as cogent and unanswerable.

All lovers of genius and friends of learning will pay due homage to the criticisms of Mr. Gray; but will his remains, though embalmed by his friend, the elegant Mason, be longer admired than some of the comedies of Colley Cibber? The Apology of the same author for his Life is one of those original performances that scarcely ever was excelled, and will last as long as our language.

Pope's implacable malevolence to Cibber will be ever recorded to his dispraise. When Cibber was preparing his Letter to Pope, which afterwards made so much noise, the latter was extremely anxious to know the contents of it. When Mr. Richardson, the painter, and his son, paid an accidental visit to Pope at Twickenham, he had just received the pamphlet from the press. To shew his intrepidity, he would read it to his guests. Mr. Richardson observed, that, notwithstanding all his endeavours to hide his uneasiness, he never saw a man under a greater agony and distress of mind. The consequence was, that he devoted his time so incessantly to the alteration of his Dunciad, in order to throw out Theobald, the old King Log, and introduce King

Colley into the throne, that he hurt his health, and spoiled several admired passages of that poem.

When Mr. Giffard understood, that, notwithstanding the success of Charles I., the general receipts of the treasury fell short of the money which he expended, he began to be alarmed, lest he should be obliged to shut his doors, and put an end to the season before the proper time.

During this distress and anxiety of mind, a certain unknown writer brought to him a dramatick piece, called The Golden Rump. This was no less than a most outrageous satire against the king, the royal family, and many of the highest and most respected persons in the kingdom.

Giffard imagined that this piece would excite the curiosity of the publick; and, as the people in general are fond of seeing their superiours treated with impertinence and insolence, he did not question that this high seasoned satire would be much followed, and bring him crowded houses; but he had likewise the discernment to know, that the author of the Golden Rump had wantonly exceeded every limit of decency, and even loyalty, and put to defiance the laws of the land. The piece was replete with Jacobite principles, at a time when they were much more offensive to the people than the persons of Jacobites. Upon reflection, Mr. Giffard thought it would be most proper to make a merit of laying this farce before the minister. He waited upon Sir Robert Walpole; he acquainted him with his unhappy situation; he was reduced, he said, to the necessity

of acting a dramatick piece, which would certainly fill his house, at a time when he was greatly distressed; but, though he wished to mend his fortune, he could not have any inclination to act against his conscience, for he abhorred the principles and the slander with which it abounded. Sir Robert desired he would leave the MS. with him, and promised to make no use of it that should be to his disadvantage. The minister had no sooner perused this curious drama, than he formed the plan of limiting the number of theatres, and of suffering no plays, farces, or any entertainment of the stage, to be acted without the permission of a person appointed to license them.

Sir Robert was the best natured gentleman that ever lived; but he had received such provocations from Mr. Fielding, in his plays and farces, just before that time, acted at the little theatre in the Haymarket, that he was not displeased to have it in his power to stop the current of stage abuse against him, which then ran very high.

Fielding, in his Eurydice hissed, had brought the minister upon the theatre in a levee-scene; and, in his Historical Register, he had introduced him as a fiddler playing on his fiddle, and followed by the members of parliament, who danced to the tune played by the premier.

Sir Robert watched the proper time, when he imagined the House of Commons would be in a humour to receive the impression which he intended to make. He informed the House, that he had something to lay before them of great importance, which he should submit entirely to their wisdom and deter-

mination. He then desired that the Golden Rump might be read. The infamous scurrility contained in this piece alarmed every body; they were shocked at the scandalous and treasonable abuse of which the stage was intended to be made the vehicle; and leave was immediately given to bring in a bill to license all entertainments of the theatre. Much opposition was made to this statute in every stage of its progress through both the houses; and the Earl of Chesterfield signalized himself by a very eloquent speech in favour of the liberty of the stage. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the country party, the act passed both the lower and upper house, and received the royal assent in April or May, 1737.

We are told that Sir Robert Walpole presented Mr. Giffard with the sum of one thousand pounds. Thus, at a very cheap rate, the ministry gained the power of hindering the stage from speaking any language that was displeasing to them: and it has been said, that the whole matter was a contrivance of Sir Robert Walpole.

When Giffard, in consequence of an act of parliament to restrain the number of playhouses, was obliged to shut the doors of his theatre in Goodman's-fields, Havard's merit recommended him to Mr. Fleetwood. His tragedy of Regulus was, not long after, accepted; and by the friendship of Mr. Garrick, and his excellent performance of the principal character, it was supported on the stage for several nights successively. The story is very noble, and highly interesting; and Havard gave some proofs of his abilities in his management of the

plot, and drawing the outline of Regulus. But no author has written with sufficient force and dignity on that subject, except Metastasio: in this writer we acknowledge the Regulus of old Rome, attended with that savage patriotick spirit which dignified the barbarous heroes of that state in its struggle for the empire of the world.

When Mr. Garrick purchased a share of the Drury-lane patent, Havard was in the service of Mr. Rich; but he was soon prevailed upon, as his articles were then expired, to embrace the kind offer of his old friend, the new patentee, to engage with him on very liberal terms, superiour to what he had hitherto enjoyed; and indeed no performer of his assiduity deserved encouragement more than he did; he acted a variety of characters both in tragedy and comedy, and was constantly before the eyes of a critical audience. Such was the soundness of his judgment, and so respectable his character, that he never met with any marks of displeasure from the publick; on the contrary, he was constantly favoured with their countenance and approbation.

Nothing can better prove his interest with the people, than his being encouraged to act parts to which neither his voice nor his manner was adapted. Remorseless tyrants, savage conquerors, and state-villains, undignified by any generous passion or splendour of action, have in a theatre been always esteemed very hazardous to the persons who have undertaken to represent them; and several actors, from their superiour situation, have rejected them,

though Nature seemed to have formed them to act such boisterous characters.

Notwithstanding the inadequate powers of Havard, the author of a new tragedy always thought himself most secure when a sceptred ruffian or a hateful minister of state was undertaken by him: he knew the audience would favour the actor for the sake of the man.

In private life he was an acceptable member of society: Havard was always the companion of gentlemen distinguished for their worth and amiable qualities; his conversation was liberal and easy, and such as became the well bred man, unmixed with sarcasm, spleen, petulance, or ill nature.

But the gentleness of his temper, and the softness of his demeanor, did not partake either of meanness or weakness; for he wanted not spirit to resent any perverse attempt to provoke his anger. Foote more than once experienced and acknowledged the power of his wit in conversation.

To conclude this amiable man's character, which I have dwelt upon the longer for the sake of his successors on the stage: he was greatly esteemed by the publick, and beloved by a very numerous and respectable acquaintance.

He retired from the stage in May, 1769, and spoke a farewell epilogue, partly written by Mr. Garrick and partly by himself.

He died of a gentle decay, at his lodgings in Tavistock-street, in January, 1778.

Verses inscribed on Mr. Havard's tomb-stone, written by Paul Whitehead, Esq.

Views of ambition ne'er his hopes employ'd,
Yet honest fame he courted and enjoy'd;
Fair peace he cherish'd as he hated strife,
And lov'd and liv'd an inoffensive life.
Not unaccomplish'd in the scenick art,
He grac'd the stage, and often reach'd the heart:
From his own scenes he taught distress to flow,
And manly virtue wept for civil wo.
Malevolence and envy he ne'er knew;
He never felt their darts, and never threw.
With his best care he form'd into his plan
The moral duties of the social man.
* He honour'd virtue, and he lov'd his friend;
Oft from his little to the poor would lend;
And prais'd his great Creator at his end.

* The three last lines were not written by Mr. Whitehead, who died about three years before Mr. Havard.

CHAPTER XLV.

The Jubilee, at Stratford, in honour of Shakspeare....The fate of a clergyman who cut down Shakspeare's mulberry-tree....The use made of it....Various entertainments at the Jubilee....Account of the company....The Ode....Remarks upon it....A gentleman turns the whole festival into ridicule....A macaroni pleads the cause of insensibility against Shakspeare....Answer to him by the steward ....Strange stupidity of the inhabitants of Stratford...Harmony between Mr. Garrick's generosity and economy.

If any author ever merited the celebration of a periodical festival, Shakspeare certainly called for that distinguished honour. Many persons of high rank and approved taste had admired him; many excellent criticks and commentators on this divine bard had exerted their talents in the illustration of his text, and bestowed upon his writings a profusion of just panegyrick; but the idea of a Jubilee, or grand festival, in his honour, was reserved to David Garrick.

Remarkable events have been indebted for their origin to very unpromising incidents.

Not many years since, a wealthy clergyman purchased the house and gardens of Shakspeare, at Stratford upon Avon. A man of taste, in such a situation, and master of so enchanting a spot, would have congratulated himself on his good fortune. and have deemed himself the happiest of mortals: but the luckless and ignorant owner trod the ground, which had been cultivated by the first genius of the world,

without feeling those warm emotions which arise in the breast of the generous enthusiast.

The mulberry-tree, planted by the poet's own hand, became an object of dislike to this tasteless possessor of it, because it over-shadowed his window, and rendered the house, as he thought, subject to damps and moisture. In an evil hour the unhappy priest ordered it to be cut down.

The people of Stratford, who had been taught to venerate every thing which had belonged to the immortal Shakspeare, were seized with grief and astonishment when they were informed of the sacrilegious deed; and nothing less than the destruction of the offender, in the first transports of their rage, would satisfy them. The miserable culprit was forced to skulk up and down, to save himself from the rage of the Stratfordians; he was obliged at last to leave the town, amidst the curses of the populace, who solemnly vowed never to suffer one of the same name to reside in Stratford.

The mulberry-tree, thus cut down, was purchased by a carpenter; who, knowing the value which all the world professed for any thing which belonged to Shakspeare, very ingeniously cut it into various shapes of small trunks, snuff-boxes, tea-chests, standishes, tobacco stoppers, &c. The corporation of Stratford bought several of this man's curious manufacture of the mulberry-tree; and, enfluenced by good sense and superiour taste, they inclosed the freedom of Stratford in a box made of this sacred wood, and sent it to Mr. Garrick; at the same time they requested of him, in very polite terms, a bust,

statue, or picture, of his admired Shakspeare, which they informed him they intended to place in their town-hall. In the same letter, with equal politeness they assured him, that they should be no less pleased if he would oblige them with his own picture, to be placed near to that of his favourite author, in perpetual remembrance of both.

This judicious and well-timed compliment gave rise to the Jubilee of Shakspeare. In September, 1769, an amphitheatre was erected at Stratford, upon the plan of Ranelagh, decorated with various devices. Transparencies were invented for the town house, through which the poet's most striking characters were seen. A small old house, where Shakspeare was born, was covered over with curious emblematical transparency; the subject was the sun struggling through clouds to enlighten the world, a figurative representation of the fate and fortunes of the much beloved bard.

The Jubilee lasted three days; during which time, entertainments of oratorios, concerts, pageants, fire-works, &c. were presented to a very brilliant and numerous company, assembled from all parts of the kingdom. Many persons of the highest quality and rank, of both sexes, some of the most celebrated beauties of the age, and men distinguished for their genius and love of the elegant arts, thought themselves happy to fill the grand chorus at this high festival.

Mr. Foote indulged in the sallies of that wi which seemed to please every body by sparing n body. Mr. Colman, by a cheerful vivacity a

ready urbanity, engaged the attention of all about him. The historian of Corsica, the admirer of Paoli, and the friend of Dr. Johnson,—Mr. Boswell, a man as much celebrated for his humanity as his romantick turn of mind,—appeared in the dress of a Corsican chief, armed; and on his cap was inscribed, in gold embroidered letters, *Viva la Liberta!* He also distributed verses, in the character of a Corsican, in which he paid a very polite compliment to Mr. Garrick.

No company, so various in character, temper, and condition, ever formed, at least in appearance, such an agreeable groupe of happy and congenial souls.

Mr. Garrick's ode on Shakspeare was that part of the general exhibition which most excited the regard, and gained the applause, of the candid and judicious part of the company.

The Shakspeare-Ode is a composition which I am persuaded none but fastidious hypercriticks can affect to despise. It was written by a man warm with the sentiments and full of the imagery of the great poet; Mr. Garrick has happily blended, in almost every stanza, some peculiar or striking expression of Shakspeare, which serves as a text to that part of the ode. It is impossible not to be pleased with, nay, not to admire, many parts of this poetical nosegay. I cannot forbear transcribing the following animated lines:

Oh! from his muse of fire
Could but one spark be caught!
Then might these humble strains aspire
To tell the wonders he has wrought:

To tell how, sitting on his throne,
Unaided and alone,
In dreadful state,
The subject passions round him wait;
Whom, though unchain'd, and raging there,
He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career,
With that superiour skill
Which winds the fiery steed at will;
He gives the awful word,
And they, all foaming, trembling, own him for their lord!

The birth of Falstaff, that great unrivalled original of wit and humour, is finely conceived and happily delivered. Allusions to the great and various excellencies of Shakspeare are, through the whole ode, constantly kept in view: his tragick and comick vein, his magical powers of enchantment, his passions and characters, are all as faithfully, warmly, and even critically, described, I had almost said, as by the excellent pen of the learned and judicious Mrs. Montague.

The airs were set to musick by Dr. Arne, who combined all the powers of harmony to do justice to the subject.

The recitative was spoken by Mr. Garrick with such grace, energy, and propriety, that musick was, for the first time, compelled to yield the palm to the superiour force and harmony of speaking.

There was one whimsical incident, which fell out during the Jubilee, which he, who pretends to give an account of this festival, cannot omit.

A gentleman, supposed to be an intimate friend of Mr. Garrick, and a professed admirer of Shakspeare; one who, by a careful perusal of all the old dramatick

writers, and other authors who lived in the days of Elizabeth and James the First, has very happily restored, in numberless places, the genuine text of the admired poet; even this is not doing justice to his merit; for, by uncommon sagacity of discernment, and quickness of apprehension, he has explained some of the most obscure and desperate passages in the same writer; this commentator is second only to Dr. Johnson; he, indeed, by the force of his genius, and without the assistance of old writers and old plays, has given a fuller and better interpretation of his author, and rendered his text more beneficial to the common reader, than all the interpreters of Shakspeare put together.*

This gentleman took it into his head to turn the whole business of the Jubilee into ridicule.

While the company at Stratford were indulging themselves in a generous and enthusiastick admiration of the greatest and noblest genius

"That ever lived in the tide of times,"

one of his best commentators was employing himself in throwing out abusive strictures, sarcasms, and witticisms, in the form of letters, short poems, odes, epigrams, paragraphs, &c. upon the folly of those people who could devote their time to such a ridiculous amusement as a Stratford Jubilee. The wit which was spent by the writer on this occasion might have been more happily diverted another way, and turned upon properer subjects, and persons more ob-

* For a proof of what is here advanced, let any man of candour take a view of Dr. Johnson's labours on the play of Hamlet alone.

noxious, as well as less familiar and intimate with himself: but the man of wit, from his impatience to shew the keenness of it, often wounds with this dangerous weapon his best friends, and not seldom himself.

A very diverting and humorous mock ode, which was a parody of Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, was the most remarkable, as well as happiest, effort of the satirist's wit.*

This unexpected and unfriendly attack upon his favourite scheme Mr. Garrick combated, by exhibiting that exotick character, called a Macaroni, in the amphitheatre of Stratford. This person tried the force of his ingenuity to decry and ridicule Shakspeare and his writings, together with the Jubilee in his honour.

Mr. King was called upon to personate this whimsical offspring of spleen and ill nature.

The macaroni's chief objection to Shakspeare arose from his being a vulgar author, who excites those common emotions of laughing and crying, which were entirely indecent and unbecoming in polite assemblies; that the criterion of a fine gentleman was to be moved at nothing,—to feel nothing,—to admire nothing. He wished to civilize the barbarous manner of his country; and the first step to it was, never to suffer such an execrable fellow as Shak-

* The gentleman and Mr. Garrick, from that time, though they now and then conversed with familiarity, and seeming cordiality, were never afterwards on real terms of friendship. The resentment of Mr. Garrick was very unequivocal. The whole process of the quarrel is in the hands of Mr. Garrick's friends, which they are now willing to forget, unless provoked to revive it.

speare, with his things called comedies and tragedies, to debauch their minds and understanding, and to disturb that ennui which was the sole pleasure of a gentleman. He concluded with a string of sarcasms against the Jubilee, the steward, the corporation and the whole company, to their great mirth and diversion.

To this speech of the macaroni the steward answered, by appealing to the judgment of the ladies: he put them in mind of the great veneration which they had always manifested for his favourite poet,* by their large contributions for the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster-abbey. After some pertinent and severe reflections on those persons who had refined away their feelings, he addressed the fair spectators in verse: a few select passages are here inserted.

In Shakspeare's name I invocate the fair,
Whilst on my breast their patron saint I wear.†
He lov'd the sex; not like your men of prose,
Or common bards, whose blood but ebbs and flows;
His love was rapture of superiour note,
Shakspeare could only love as Shakspeare wrote.

Whate'er of wit, of grace, or fancy, flow'd,
Shakspeare on you, his best belov'd, bestow'd.

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* About six or seven years before Mr. Garrick appeared on the stage, several ladies, of the first rank and the most distinguished taste, formed themselves into a society, to support, by their presence and encouragement, all the best plays of Shakspeare. They were called The Shakspeare Club. Alluding to this institution, Fielding, in the conclusion of his Historical Register, thus addresses the ladies present at his play: "Now, ladies, whether you be Shakspeare ladies or Beaumont and Fletcher ladies," &c.

† The medal of Shakspeare.

'Twas you engross'd his first, his fond, regard ;
And you, to nature just, revere the bard.
Spite of all malice, here I glorying stand,
That Shakspeare's tree produc'd this little wand ;*
From this to me such heart-felt transport springs,
As staffs to gen'rals, sceptres give to kings:
The parent-tree, from whence its life it drew,
Beneath his care its earliest culture knew;
And with his fame its spreading branches grew.

The name of Shakspeare ever will be dear,
While joy shall smile and sorrow drop the tear.
While beauty charms he charms ;—not only you,
Whom now the glory of this isle we view ;
Your daughters' daughters shall confess his pow'r,
Till language fail, or time shall be no more;
Shall, on his cause, enraptur'd judges sit,
And beauty ever prove the patroness of wit.

Though the wealthy and liberal part of the inhabitants of Stratford were truly sensible of the honour conferred upon them by this magnificent festival in commemoration of their townsman, the lower and more ignorant class of the people entertained the most preposterous and absurd notions of the Jubilee. They viewed Mr. Garrick with some degree of apprehension and terrour; they considered him as a magician, and dreaded the effects of his wand as strongly as the deluded populace did formerly, in the darkest days of ignorance, the power of witchcraft.

Yet one thing must not be forgotten: though these sordid wretches were so stupid as to impute

* His steward's wand, made of the mulberry-tree.

the violent rains, which fell during the Jubilee, to the judgment and vengeance of Heaven, which was by them supposed to be angry with the exhibition of fire-works, balls, assemblies, masquerades, and other publick diversions, they took the advantage of the vast crowds of people, who flocked to Stratford from all parts of the kingdom, to exact the most exorbitant prices for lodgings, provisions, and every necessary article of accommodation.

In this rude and uncivilized spot was Shakspeare born; where, in his infant years, he imbibed the elements of poetical rapture, and fed his young fancy with the awful dreams of magick and superstition. Here he first learned to prattle of elves and fairies; of wizards, witches, and enchantments; and of the unseen wonders of the lower and upper regions. Here too his mind was enriched with that beautiful imagery and enthusiastick vision, which afterwards impelled him to create new worlds, and to people them with inhabitants of his own formation.

Mr. Garrick, who always joined the strictest economy to the most liberal expenditure, brought Shakspeare's Jubilee from Stratford to Drury-lane. The publick was so charmed with this uncommon pageant, which was ingeniously contrived and judiciously managed, that the representation of it was repeated near one hundred times.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Mr. Mossop quits the service of Mr. Garrick....Goes to Ireland, and articles with Barry and Woodward....Leaves them, and opens the theatre of Smock-Alley....His ill fortune....Comes back to England....Goes abroad with a friend....Returns to London....Offers his service to the managers of Covent-garden....Dies.

Mr. Mossop was an actor of so established a reputation, and of such eminent merit, that his history and misfortunes deserve to be recorded. They will afford matter of reflection to every man, and especially to the young actor: it will give him an example of an eminent player's imprudent conduct and boundless ambition, followed by scenes of uncommon distress, and which ended in his inevitable ruin.

In the first volume of this narrative I endeavoured to delineate the most striking features of Mossop's character as an actor. Notwithstanding he was utterly void of grace in deportment and dignity in action, that he was awkward in his whole behaviour, and hard sometimes in his expression, I observed that he was, in degree of stage excellence, the third actor; a Garrick and a Barry only were his superiours; in parts of vehemence and rage he was almost unequalled; and in sentimental gravity, from the power of his voice and the justness of his elocution, he was a very commanding speaker. It is not to be wondered that Mossop wished to act the lover and the hero; to aim at general excellence is lauda-

ble; but repeated unsuccessful trials could not convince him that he was utterly unfit for tenderness or joy, for gayety and vivacity: Caled, in the Siege of Damascus, the wild savage and enthusiastick Arabian, he acted with that force, fury, and fire, which the character demanded, but he would much rather have risked the displeasure of the audience, by attempting Phocyas, the lover and the hero, in the same play. He was always best where he could conceal, by the disguise of age or dress, his shambling walk and ungain action. Of his lively and spirited characters, Pierre was the principal; in Richard the Third he was inferiour only to Mr. Garrick; in the Duke, in Measure for Measure, he would have been excellent if he had not dragged out his words to a length immeasurable; in cardinal Wolsey he was haughty and artful, and in the last scene of that part very pathetick; in the Ambitious Step-mother of Rowe, his Memnon was venerable and intrepid; his scene with the Priest of the Sun, in the first act, he spoke with tempered warmth, and demolished the frauds and trumpery of priestcraft with vigorous indignation.

Mr. Garrick knew his worth, and endeavoured to set him right, by encouraging him to represent such characters as nature had pointed out to him; but it was his great misfortune to be governed by flattering and injudicious acquaintance.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who exposed his want of judgment and candour by his wretched criticisms on the action and elocution of Mr. Garrick, professed himself the friend and admirer of Mossop. This actor

was honest and well-meaning, but open to the insinuating address of those about him, who continually instilled into his mind, that Mr. Garrick kept him in a state of inferiority. In 1756 he took a trip to Ireland and acted there with much applause. He returned about a year or two afterwards, and was entertained by Mr. Garrick in a most friendly manner, who again employed him in many principal parts. In 1760 he left the service of Mr. Garrick, to try his fortune once more in Dublin. Barry and Woodward very wisely hired him at a very considerable income. He was extremely beneficial to his employers, in strengthening those tragedies in which two parts, of almost equal consequence, are skilfully contradistinguished from each other: Mark Antony and Ventidius, Pierre and Jaffier, Castalio and Chamont, Tamerlane and Bajazet, Lothario and Horatio, Phocyas and Caled, acted by Barry and Mossop, will serve to exemplify what I have asserted.

After Mossop had finished one successful campaign with his new masters, he was unhappily smitten with a strong inclination to become the manager of a theatre. Barry and Woodward, who foresaw the consequences which must follow the opening of a theatre against them with Mossop at the head of it, made him the large offer of a thousand pounds per annum, to prevail on him to relinquish his scheme. This proposal, unhappily for himself, he rejected; he was it seems, encouraged by certain ladies of quality to draw together a company, and to act at the theatre in Smock-Alley.

For some short time novelty and variety of entertainment brought much company to his house: but, notwithstanding his great application to business, and his most laboured endeavours, his audiences visibly declined; nor could he, by inviting actors of eminence from England, support his theatre.

After struggling in vain, for seven or eight years, with a variety of difficulties, and being reduced at last to a state of absolute bankruptcy, he left Dublin, and arrived in London not a little impaired in his health. However, he had still enough of youth and vigour left to have gained a competent income, with reputation to himself and profit to any manager who should have employed him: but here his obstinacy and haughtiness prevented his gaining that situation in life to which his merit entitled him. Mossop had a dry reserved manner, and wanted the art of conciliating the minds of such as could befriend him: notwithstanding this, his simplicity of mind and rectitude of intention induced many to wish him well. He was advised to make application to Mr. Garrick: this he peremptorily refused; saying, with some conscious dignity, at the same time, that Mr. Garrick knew that he was in London; by which he would plainly insinuate, that a proposal ought to come first from the manager. But, as nothing offered of that kind, he accepted the invitation of a friend to accompany him in a tour through several parts of Europe. He returned in about a year after to London, much emaciated in person and lowered in spirits.

It was the misfortune of this actor to be continually hurt by the improper interposition and wrong advice of men who called themselves his friends. Some very indiscreet measures were pursued to force him on Mr. Garrick: a pamphlet was written by a gentleman of abilities, who set forth Mr. Mossop's powers in acting in a very striking manner; though I think the author was extremely injudicious in one part of his essay; for, at the same time that he displayed with all his might the excellence of Mossop, he took infinite pains to degrade the man who was most capable of serving him, by an invidious delineation of the decayed faculties of our admirable Roscius: the lustre of his eye, he said, was greatly diminished, and the strong expression of his countenance was every day wearing out; his voice, too, was broken and inarticulate; in short, he was so reduced in all his powers, that he could not now tread that stage with any vigour, of which it was owned that he had formerly been the great ornament. This was not surely a proper method of paving the way for Mossop's acting at Drury-lane, or of conciliating the mind of Mr. Garrick. This attempt failing, Mossop was soon after in treaty with the managers of Covent-garden, who seemed very willing to employ a man of his merit, and one who could act in many plays with Mr. Barry, and by his weight give new force to a variety of tragedies.

It has been peremptorily said, that a very celebrated actress refused to act in any play with the unfortunate man. This was an unexpected blow to one so greatly depressed and in such unhappy

cumstances: nevertheless he endeavoured to recover his spirits, and sent word to the managers, that he was ready and willing to go on the stage with any actress they thought proper to cast into their plays: they returned for answer, that their business was now so settled that it was not in their power to employ him. He died in a few days after of a broken heart, and in great poverty, Nov. 1773. Mr. Garrick proposed to bury him at his own expense, but Mr. Mossop's uncle prevented that offer from taking place.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mr. Barry visits London.....He acts at the opera-house, and at Mr. Foote's theatre, with Mrs. Dancer....His and Mrs. Dancer's engagement at Drury-lane....They quit that theatre, and are hired by the managers of Covent-garden....Mr. Barry afflicted with the gout and other disorders....Dies....His character.

MR. BARRY, after having experienced many vicissitudes of fortune in Dublin,—where he sometimes had a large tide of good fortune and carried all before him, and was at other times obliged to give way to the temporay success of a rival theatre,—at length turned a wishful look to London, the place where he had such valuable connexions, where he had been so greatly admired, and where his merit had been rewarded with a greater income than had fallen to the lot of any other actor. In the summer of 1766 he arrived in London, and brought over with him Mrs. Dancer, who was afterwards Mrs. Barry; she was then gradually rising to that excellence in her profession which has since happily ranked her amongst our most celebrated actresses. As the theatres of Drury-lane and Covent-garden were then shut up, and Mr. Foote was in full possession of that part of the publick which preferred his pieces to the round of Ranelagh or the walks of Vauxhall, Mr. Barry hired the king's theatre in the Hay-market for a few nights, where he exhibited two or three of his most shining characters in tragedy, such as Othello and Jaffier. His Desdemona and Belvidera Mrs. Dancer acted

with general approbation, but not with that full applause which afterwards a better acquaintance with her merit drew from the audience. Lee's Iago and Pierre, at the same time, were said, by all that were present, to be critically and skilfully represented.

In the ensuing winter Mr. Barry went back to Dublin to fulfil his engagements there. He returned to England the summer following; and soon after made an agreement with Foote, to act several nights at his theatre in the Hay-market, for his own emolument, upon paying a stated sum.

His great and established reputation, and Mrs. Dancer's merit, which every day became more and more conspicuous, drew together crowded audiences in the hottest days of July and August.

The managers of Drury-lane, who had lately felt the loss of Mrs. Cibber, and were deprived, almost at the same juncture, of Mr. Powell, on his purchasing a share in the patent of Covent-garden, thought it advisable to come to terms of agreement with Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer: their salary was at first about 1300*l.* per annum, which was advanced afterwards, as Mr. Lacy informed me, to 1500*l.*

Mr. Garrick, who then acted but seldom, endeavoured to make Barry well pleased with his situation, by giving him his choice of parts, and never calling upon him to do any thing which would either degrade or displease him, and by all methods consulting his ease as much as the business of the theatre would permit.

Mr. Barry expressed a seeming satisfaction at the generous income, as well as ease, which he enjoyed under the direction of his old master and competitor, Mr. Garrick; and indeed his stipend was accounted the more considerable from his being so subject to chronical disorders, and more especially the gout; however, when his health permitted him to exert his powers, he communicated his admirable feelings to the best company that London could produce.

In Murphy's Grecian Daughter, he and Mrs. Barry shone with unrivalled lustre: the feeble and affecting part of Evander was well adapted to the venerable figure and fine pathos of this declining great actor; and the filial piety and ardent spirit of the Grecian Daughter could not have been more happily displayed, in all their force, than by Mrs. Barry.

Mr. Barry, in the comedy of the Duel,* which, in the opinion of good judges, deserved a much better fate than it met with, (for it was condemned on the first night of representation,) gave the publick an unexpected proof of his various excellencies, in a part where he maintained the authority of the father with tenderness, and the honour of the trader with dignity. Mr. Garrick was present during the whole play, and spoke of Barry's unexpected exertions, in this new character, with candour and warmth.

* The comedy of the Duel was written by Mr. Obrien. The same author wrote a comedy, in two acts, called The Cross Purposes, which was acted with great applause at Covent garden, and is still a very favourite piece.

Miss Young greatly delighted the audience with a very good picture of family pride, in the character of Lady Margaret Sinclair, a Scotch woman.

Notwithstanding that Mr. and Mrs. Barry had appeared to be perfectly satisfied with their station at Drury-lane, where both managers did all in their power to keep them in good humour; yet, upon some pretended affront, trifling in itself, or, what is most probable, from the hopes of gaining a still larger income, overtures were made by them to the patentees of Covent-garden; who, after carefully canvassing their proposals, signed articles with Mr. and Mrs. Barry, by which they obtained, what we may suppose they most wished, an addition of at least 200*l.* per annum. This happened in 1774.

One of the plays acted at Covent garden with the greatest success, after the engagement of this eminent couple, was the Distressed Mother: Mrs. Barry's Hermione was supposed to be inferiour in dignity of deportment to Mrs. Fitzhenry's in that character, nor was she quite equal to her in the expression of grief and rage which distinguished the last scenes of that impassioned princess; but the Orestes of Barry was a masterpiece; from the first scene of the play to the last he interested the hearts of the audience; in the mad scene he at once terrified their imaginations and roused all their tenderest emotions.

But this actor's infirmities increased upon him continually; and such were the encroachments which time and sickness were daily making upon his powers of acting, that his defects became too

visible to the audience. In the intervals of pain, he seemed occasionally to recover his wonted vigour, and to shine forth with redoubled splendour; but these unusual exertions were but like the last gleams of the departing sun. He died January the 10th, 1777: a complication of disorders put an end to a constitution which had long been shattered by violent fits of the gout.

Of all the tragick actors, who have trod the English stage for these last fifty years, Mr. Barry was unquestionably the most pleasing. Since Booth and Wilkes, no actor had shewn the publick a just idea of the hero and the lover: Barry gave dignity to the one and passion to the other. In his person he was tall, without awkwardness; in his countenance handsome, without effeminacy;* in his uttering of passion, the language of nature alone was communicated to the feelings of an audience.

If any player deserved the character of an unique, he certainly had a just claim to it. Many of the principal characters in our best plays must now be either suffered to lie dormant till another genius like him shall rouse them into life and spirit, or the publick must be content to see them imperfectly represented. It has been said, that Colley Cibber preferred his Othello to the performances of Betterton and Booth in that part; and I should not wonder at it; for they, I believe, though most excellent actors, owed a great deal of their applause to art. Every word which Barry spoke, in this the greatest

* Foote on the Passions.

character of the greatest poet, seemed to come from the heart; and I well remember, that I saw Colley Cibber in the boxes, on the first night of Barry's Othello, loudly applauding him by frequent clapping of his hands, a practice by no means usual to the old man, even when he was very well pleased with an actor. But indeed the same heart-rending feelings, which charmed the audience in Othello, diffused themselves through all Barry's acting when the softer passions predominated: in Jaffier, Castalio, Romeo, Varanes, Phocyas, Orestes. Richard the Third and Macbeth he never should have attempted; for he was deficient in representing the violent emotions of the soul, nor could a countenance so placid as his ever wear the strong impressions of despair and horrour. His Lear, (though not equal to Garrick's perfect exhibition of that part,) from the dignity of his figure and his tenderness of expression, perfectly adapted to some scenes of the part, was very respectable. Booth, from a too classical taste, had no relish for the rants of Alexander, and could never be prevailed upon to act that part, which Montfort and Betterton had so highly graced. But Barry gave new vigour to the wild flights of the mad hero; he charmed the ladies repeatedly, by the soft melody of his love complaints and the noble ardour of his courtship.

Booth was certainly too squeamish in his judgment, for Alexander's situations are admirably suited to a powerful actor. The play itself has many beauties, notwithstanding it contains several speeches which more than border on bombast: no less a man

than Mr. Addison has given his opinion in favour of it. It should be observed too, that the author has contrived to crowd into his play the most material transactions of Alexander's life.

There was no passion of the tender kind so truly pathetick and forcible in any player as Barry, except in Mrs. Cibber; who indeed excelled, in the expression of love, grief, tenderness, and jealous rage, all I ever knew. Happy it was for the frequenters of the theatre, when these two genuine children of nature united their efforts to charm an attentive audience. Mrs. Cibber might be styled indeed the daughter or sister of Mr. Garrick,* but could be only the mistress or wife of Barry.†

In a work of this kind, variety of fact and anecdote will be more acceptable to the reader than that to which I have no pretence, beauty of style or justness of criticism. When Tom Chapman, an excellent comick actor, of whose merit I have taken notice in the first volume of these memoirs, was present during some of the most pathetick scenes in the Orphan, between Barry in Castalio and Mrs. Cibber in Monimia, he was so affected that he burst into tears. This, he told me, was an involuntary act of which he was not in the least ashamed, till he was assured by a critick, who sat next to him, that he ought not to have been so moved: and Chapman, though otherwise a sensible man, was fool enough to think the critick in the right.

* Zara, Cordelia, Monimia, Virginia, &c.

† Juliet, Rutland, Desdemona, Belvidera, &c. &c.

Barry was the easiest man in the world to live with as a companion and friend: he had as little learning as knowledge, but he was master of an irresistible power of persuasion. He certainly did not confine himself for many years within the limits of his income, which from the first was considerable, and afterwards very large. He was indeed the Mark Antony of the stage, whether we consider his amorous disposition or his love of expense. One of his greatest pleasures consisted in giving splendid and expensive entertainments; in this article we may well compare our Mark Antony of the theatre to the Mark Antony of Rome.

Mr. Pelham, who was much delighted with Barry's acting, was pleased sometimes to send for him and now and then to call at his apartments. He once invited himself to sup with Barry, who was greatly elated with the high honour of entertaining a first minister, and for that purpose he made the most magnificent preparation: but a profusion of elegant dishes, with the choicest and dearest wines, displeased the statesman; he reproved his host for his folly, in feasting him as he himself would have treated a foreign embassador, and never gave him another opportunity of exposing his want of judgment.

Barry had a gift of pleasing in conversation beyond most men; but this must be attributed to his manner, not the matter which he uttered. When he spoke, the features of his countenance seemed to be charged with good nature and benevolence. No man did the honours of the table with more ease

and politeness than Barry; his conviviality was entertaining, and his mirth agreeable; he was celebrated for telling an Irish story very happily, and better than any man. Mr. Garrick used to say, that he would beat Barry's head off in telling all stories but Irish ones: there was a *naiveté* in his manner, which retained all the salt of the jest without any gross vulgarity.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mr. Foote and Mr. Garrick.....Foote's envy and malevolence to Garrick....The latter praises the former, who constantly rails at and abuses the latter....His design of exposing him in a mock procession....Dropt....Resumes his intention of bringing him on the stage....Reasons for it....Farther particulars relating to Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote....Foote's verses on humour, &c.

FOOTE considered Mr. Garrick, almost from his first knowledge of him, as a rival in theatrical fame; and yet no two men were more opposite in their pretensions to stage merit. In acting, Mr. Garrick was, doubtless, an unlimited genius; Foote was restrained to certain characters of his own composition; though he had, for a few years, been hired, at a handsome salary, as an actor, all his efforts, both in tragedy and comedy, from Othello, his first attempt, down to Ben the sailor, one of his last, were mean, disagreeable, and often distorted by grimace and buffoonery. In his Treatise of the Passions, written about the year 1747, in which he brings to the bar the several abilities and defects of Garrick, Quin, and Barry, he paid some very just compliments to several scenes of Mr. Garrick's Lear; yet, at the same time, indulged himself in pointing out his blemishes, as he called them, in his acting that character. He spoke of him, as a writer, contemptuously; and, upon the whole, we plainly see he wished to lessen his consequence with the publick.

The pamphlet, however, bears evident marks of genius.

Though this may prove that he considered him very early as a rival, yet it is almost impossible to date the origin of Foote's settled malevolence to Mr. Garrick: however, we may venture to say, that it did not break out with any degree of violence, till after the duke of York had obtained a patent for him of the Hay-market theatre. They were then rival managers, though the periodical existence of Foote's theatre did not commence till Mr. Garrick's was in its wane. The Hay-market playhouse could not, agreeably to the words of the patent, open till the fifteenth of May, and Drury-lane was generally shut up in the beginning of June.

Whatever were Mr. Garrick's real thoughts of Foote, he continually spoke of him as a man of wonderful abilities, and the most entertaining companion he ever knew. He, notwithstanding, could have no affection for one whom, in his heart, he feared; all the praises which he bestowed on Foote were, for that reason suspicious; they were indeed thrown away upon him, for he constantly railed at Mr. Garrick in all companies: his abilities, as an actor, he questioned, in contradiction to all the world; his compositions, as a writer, he treated with scorn; virtues, as a member of society, he had none; he was covetous and tricking; in short, according to his opinion, he was every thing that was mean, sordid, and unworthy of a gentleman. Neither his family, his friends, nor acquaintance,

*his father, mother, body, soul, or muse,** were spared by this strange wit, who wantonly ran a tilt at every body, and was at the same time caressed and feared, admired and hated, by all. In the mean time, these rivals would often meet at the houses of persons of fashion, who were glad to have two such guests at their table; though they certainly should have entertained their friends separately; for Mr. Garrick was a *muta persona* in the presence of Foote: he was all admiration when this great genius entertained the company, and no man laughed more heartily at his lively sallies than he did. It must be owned that he tried all methods to conciliate Foote's mind, so far, at least as to prevail upon him to forbear his illiberal attacks upon him when absent; and this he ought to have done for his own sake, for Foote often rendered his conversation disgusting by his nauseous abuse of Mr. Garrick; but, the more sensibility the latter discovered, the greater price the former put upon his ceasing from hostilities. Lord Mansfield was not unwilling to silence such a battery of ridicule as Foote could raise against him, or any man, the greatest and wisest in the kingdom; and often invited him to his table, where he sometimes met the person against whom he was forming a conspiracy to expose on the stage; but Mr. Garrick, with the help of a lord chief justice, unless with the farther aid of his warrant and tipstaff, could not have stopped the current of Foote's scandal.

* Pope.

The great success of the Stratford Jubilee, when exhibited, in the winter of 1770, at Drury-lane, inspired this envious man with the design of producing a mock procession in imitation of it, and of introducing Mr. Garrick upon his stage. He considered him as fit goods to bring to his market; a man so rich, so meritorious, so well known, so much admired, and so envied, was a prey too valuable not to be seized on for his own use; the foregoing it, he thought, would be losing a staple commodity, which would fill his house forty nights successively, or perhaps for the whole summer. In this mock procession, a fellow was to be dressed up, and made as much like Mr. Garrick as possible; it was intended that some ragamuffin in the procession should address Roscius in the well known lines of the poet-laureat,

> A nation's taste depends on you;
> Perhaps a nation's virtue too.

The representer of Mr. Garrick was to make no answer, but to cry "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

While this scheme was in embryo, Foote's necessities, which were brought on by a ridiculous parade of splendid living, by hiring a number of useless servants, and by treating with magnificent dinners those who laughed at his wit, drank his claret, and won his money at cards, (for he was a great dupe at play,) reduced him to the humiliating situation of borrowing money of the man whom he intended to expose to publick ridicule. Five hundred pounds were lent to him by Mr. Garrick; and

this sum, after a successful run of a new piece, was paid back in a pettish resentment, because it was pretended that Mr. Garrick's creatures had circulated a report that Mr. Foote was under obligations to him. By this time he had formed his plan, and had resolved, or at least so he gave out, to put it in execution. He was at no pains to conceal his design from Mr. Garrick, who had early intelligence of the whole scheme. The uneasiness he felt upon the occasion could not be dissembled; he dreaded publick ridicule as the worst of all misfortunes, and apprehended the ruin of that reputation which he had been raising so many years. To resent an affront personally to a man with a wooden leg would only have exposed him to laughter.

It was pleasant enough, during the suspension of hostilities, to see them meet, on a visit, at a nobleman's door, and alighting from their chariots. Significant looks were exchanged before they spoke; Mr. Garrick broke silence first: "What is it, war or peace?" "Oh! peace, by all means," said Foote with much apparent glee; and the day was spent in great seeming cordiality. Much about this time, Mr. Garrick paid this levelling satirist a visit, and was surprised to see a bust of himself placed on his bureau. Is this intended as a compliment to me? said Roscius.—Certainly. And can you trust me so near your cash and your bank notes?—Yes, very well, said Foote; for you are without hands.

What put an end to this project I could never learn: whether a well-timed gratification, or Garrick's threats of serving him in kind. But of this last I never

heard the least hint, though I am well persuaded that such a menace might probably have had its effect; for no man threatened more than Foote, nor was any man more timorous. At the time when he was dealing out his scandal at the Hay-market, and levelling all characters for his private emolument, he was heard to declare, in a kind of agony, that he was afraid to take a newspaper in his hand, for fear of reading some outrageous abuse upon himself or his friends.

But, although the project of a mock procession was given up, Foote thought the ridiculing Garrick on the stage was a morsel too delicious to resign. At the very time when the mind of Mr. Garrick was disturbed by a scandalous and false insinuation, which the author of it publicly and solemnly afterwards disavowed, Mr. Foote, from a ridiculous pretence that Mr. Garrick kept his playhouse open purposely to distress him, by acting several of his most favourite characters, and by these means drawing all the play-going people to Drury-lane, resolved to shew his resentment in a manner the most profitable to himself and offensive to Mr. Garrick.

He first attacked him with much vehemence in the newspapers, in the form of letters, fables and dialogues. This was preparatory to his grand design of regaling the publick with a feast of Roscius. The new scheme was to introduce him in his puppet-show: to this end, a mask was made, that bore as near a resemblance as possible to the countenance of Mr. Garrick, and this he shewed to all his visitors; a pasteboard figure of a body was prepared, to be joined

to the head; a man was to be concealed under this strange shell, who was, every now and then, to utter something which the author was to convey to him. But so fond was Foote of his favourite Cock-a-doodle-do! that, as soon as the figure was introduced on the stage, he was ordered to clap his sides, and crow as loud as the cock in Hamlet.

This mock representation of Mr. Garrick was talked of for a long time, though not announced in the newspapers. Foote laboured to raise his fears and apprehensions, and at the same time to create an appetite in the publick for so extraordinary a dish. That this project, too, was afterwards laid aside, it was generally supposed, was owing to a sum of money which was borrowed never to be repaid; or perhaps to a gratification, the accepting of which was still more dishonourable. However, this is only conjecture.

Few people have been weak enough to suspect there could be any sincere friendship between rival wits; but that a man, in the intercourse of convivial meetings and interchange of friendly visits, (for Mr. Garrick dined sometimes with Foote, and he as often with Garrick,) should meditate the art of tormenting the person with whom he not unfrequently spent a cheerful day, seems to be above the common degree of civil hypocrisy with which the world is so completely blessed.

Mr. Garrick returned all the ungenerous behaviour of this eccentrick genius towards him by a very different conduct, by every act of kindness and friendship. When there was some talk of suppressing his

puppet-show, on various pretences, he exerted his interest in the author's favour. And still more, when he laboured under the worst of all accusations, he did not desert him; he considered the crimination, as others did, and as the judge and jury afterwards determined it, an infamous falsehood and a base conspiracy.

Though it is impossible to justify Foote's exposing the faults or wounding the peace of any man or woman not obnoxious and hurtful to society, yet I believe we must place a good deal of his scandal to his profession and trade of a dramatick satirist, and not to the malignity of his temper. He considered what would best suit the palates of his guests; and, though his genius was equal to general as well as particular satire, yet the first cost him more pains, and the latter brought much more company to the boxes than the former; for nothing gives such pleasure as scandal, provided those who enjoy it are themselves exempt from it.

Foote's best pieces are not without a mixture of personalities; and, so far as they include striking objects of vice or folly, they fall into the plan of moral reprehension. The Minor, and the Devil on two Sticks are nearer to that species of comick satire which does not descend to particular subjects; and yet they pointed at certain persons whom no one could mistake. But the exuberant sallies of the well-meaning politician, who exceeds the bounds of temperance, may possibly be fair game to the theatrick huntsman; and the auctioneer, who, under the mask of his profession, becomes a partner in the

pillaging of a minor, for such a man, I believe, he draws in Mr. Smirk, may think himself well treated, in having his follies and peculiarities more strongly reproved, than those faults of which the law ought to take cognizance. But the sole question is, whether Mr. Smirk was really guilty of the roguery with which he is charged; if he was, the punishment was too slight; and, if he was innocent, the author could not make him a sufficient reparation. The person, represented under the character of Smirk, was a man universally known, and, it is said, acquired a large fortune very fairly.

I am persuaded many a man has entered the theatre of the Hay-market under the apprehension of seeing himself served up to the publick. Those who pretended to admire and value the satirist most, were exceedingly solicitous to know the subject of a new comedy; their hearts honestly told them, that they had no more claim to exemption from ridicule than some whom he had unmercifully exposed: however, his intimates were soon delivered from their fears, for his vanity prompted him to communicate as fast as he composed; and the publick soon knew the next subject that was to be served up.

His original plan of the Bankrupt was, I am told, very different from what we find it in the comedy of that name; his design was to have exposed the frauds of men who commence bankrupts with an intent to cheat their honest creditors; and this would have afforded abundant matter for just and beneficial satire: but a gentleman, who had large

and powerful connexions, nay, a kingdom, to second him, happening at that time to fail, and to involve great numbers in his fall, it was suggested to Foote that an application would be made by the audience to this unhappy person; and that, as he was really a man free from bad intention, it would be extremely cruel to give room for malice to point him out as the intended subject of the comedy; he immediately altered the economy of his plot, and made it what it now is.

That, by the death of Foote, the publick lost a great check on notorious vice and fashionable irregularity, no man will deny. Peter Aretine, who, by his satires, raised contributions on all the princes of Europe, nay, bragged of receiving hush-money from the emperour of the Turks, was not more dreaded than Foote. He cared not whether the object of his satire was in high or low life, provided the peculiarities were prominent enough, and the person well known.

A certain printer, who died a few years since, thought himself very happy to wait upon Mr. Foote, and to bring him the news of the day. This man attended his levee constantly: but no absurdity of character could escape the discerning eye of our English Aristophanes: by seeing Mr. Type frequently, he began to think of a niche for him in one of his theatrical structures; and indeed the man, in his person, look, speech, and behaviour, was as grotesque as Foote could have wished him to be. The outline was drawn, and the colours were just prepared to be laid on, when the author communicated

his intentions to some of his acquaintance, who spread about a report of this new character. The friends of the printer were extremely alarmed for him; they knew he would have very tender feelings for himself, though, in his letters and paragraphs, he had never shewn the least mercy to any person living, when he was sure the law could not interpose. After much strong expostulation, and many earnest entreaties, the author was prevailed upon to give up his prey, though with much reluctance.

Foote was certainly a great and fertile genius; his comick vein was equal, if not superiour, to that of any writer of the age: his dramatick pieces were, most of them, it is true, unfinished, and several of them little more than sketches; but they are the sketches of a master, of one who, if he had laboured more assiduously, could have brought them nearer to perfection.

Foote saw the follies and vices of mankind with a quick and discerning eye; his discrimination of characters was critical and exact; his humour pleasant, his ridicule keen, his satire pungent, and his wit brilliant and exuberant. He described with fidelity the changeable follies and fashions of the times; and his pieces, like those of Ben Jonson, were calculated to please the audience of the day, and for this reason posterity will scarcely know any thing of them. Of Ben Jonson's plays it was observed, above seventy years since, that they could not be represented for want of proper ac-

tors; the same may be said of the productions of Mr. Foote.

From his best comedies Mr. Colman finds little assistance, but is obliged to depend on the fertility of his own genius: when Weston dropped into the grave, half the merit of them was lost; the death of the author put the finishing stroke to them.

In a prologue to the Nabob, one of his best comedies, which he spoke at Dublin in 1773, Mr. Foote complimented the Irish with the product of humour, that richest plant of the dramatick soil. The lines are pointed, and well worth reading.

—— Frugal Nature, with an equal hand,
Bestows peculiar gifts on ev'ry land;
To France she gave the rapid repartee,
Bows and bon-mots, fibs, fashions, flattery,
Shrugs, grins, grimace, and sportive gayety.
Arm'd with the whole artillery of love,
Latium's soft sons possess the power to move.
Humour, the foremost of the festive crew,
Source of the comick scene, she gave to you;
Humour, with arched brow and leering eye,
Shrewd, solemn, sneering, subtle, slow, and sly,
Serious herself, yet laughter still provoking,
By teasing, tickling, jeering, gibing, joking:
Impartial gift, that owns nor rank nor birth!
'Tis their's who rule the helm or till the earth;
Their's who in senates wage the wordy war;
And their's whose humble lot conducts the car.
If aught deriv'd from her adorn my strain,
You gave, at least discover'd, first the vein.

Two bon-mots, on Mr. Garrick's love of money and fondness for acting, Foote took care to repeat as often as they came into his mind.

That he loved money so well, that, whenever he should retire from the stage, he was sure he would commence banker's clerk, for the pleasure of continually counting over the cash.

As for the stage, Foote said, he was so fond of acting, that, rather than not play, he would act in a tavern kitchen for a sop in the pan.

After all, it must be granted, that Foote was a great comick writer, the liveliest and wittiest companion of his time, and wanted not good qualities; he was, amongst others, generous to profusion.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Mr. Cumberland....A prolifick writer....Banishment of Cicero.... Brothers....Attacks the writers of the age in his prologue....Not so original as he pretends to be....Instances of his borrowing from others....West-Indian, his best play, commended....Major O Flarty....Fashionable Lovers....Colin a bad Scotchman.... Druid....A play from novels....Timon of Athens....No improvement of the original....Cholerick Man....Supported by the acting....Mr. Cumberland's dread of the criticks....Attacks writers in the newspapers, in hopes of silencing them....His opinion of himself....Goldsmith's verses on him.

MR. CUMBERLAND, the son of the bishop of that name, and grandson to the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, about the year 1762 brought his first play to Mr. Garrick, called the Banishment of Cicero. It was rejected, as a piece, though classical, yet not fit for the stage. The author, in 1770, offered his comedy, called the Brothers, to Mr. Colman, which was accepted, and acted for above twelve nights successively with much approbation.

The manager did all manner of justice to this comedy, by disposing the parts amongst the principal performers. Mrs. Yates condescended to act a very trifling character: Sophia, a young lady supposed to be under twenty. Mr. Woodward's Captain Ironsides was a true picture of a brave English tar.

The author opened his prologue with a brisk attack upon his brother writers, somewhat, I think, inauspiciously. After reproaching them, in pretty

severe though in trite terms, with gleaning from novels, and picking up offals from every shop and stall, and filching from each periodical work or magazine; and after railing at them for stealing the vile refuse of French writers; he boldly promised something solid and genuine, and of English manufacture.

> —— Not so our bard: to-night, he bids me say,
> You shall receive and judge *an English play.*
> From no man's jest *he draws felonious praise,*
> Nor from his neighbour's garden crops his bays.
> From his own breast the filial story flows,
> And the free scene no foreign master knows.
> Nor only tenders he his work as new;
> He hopes 'tis good, or would not give it you.

If some people were not apt to forget as fast as they read, I should suspect that the author depended upon the want of recollection or discernment in his auditors; for the Brothers is beholden to more than one English author. I will not presume to charge him with stealing foreign and contraband goods for the world; but surely Captain Ironsides is our old friend Tom Bowling dramatically dressed, and taken from a well known work of Dr. Smollett; and I see no harm in that; Tom had never trod the stage before, and I was glad to see him make so good a figure upon the theatrical boards. But this is not all the obligation Mr. Cumberland owes to modern authors: we have, in our English comedies, several diverting squabbles between scolding wives and henpecked husbands; but the last scene of the fourth act, between Sir Benjamin Dove and his

lady, is apparently an imitation of another very like it in Mr. Colman's Jealous Wife; the author has not indeed varied it very much; the following words of Lady Dove, who is almost in the same situation as Mrs. Oakly, ready to faint and die away like her, will convince the author that he is not quite so original as he pretends to be:

> "Would you murder me, you brute in human shape?
> Would you break my heart, you tyrant?"*

Much more is there to the same purpose. Indeed Mrs. Oakly is a lady not so far advanced in shameless effrontery as Lady Dove, who intreats her husband to be allowed the company of her gallant in his own house, though he had intimated to her that he suspected an improper commerce between them; and Sir Benjamin, who has conquered his wife's petulance, has not the courage to turn the man out of his doors whom he believes to be his dishonourer. More plagiarism and impropriety, I believe, might be pointed out in the Brothers; but, however, the play has much merit.

Mr. Garrick was so well pleased with reading the West Indian, that it was prepared for representation with much diligence and care, and was acted soon after it was put into his hands: this play is Mr. Cumberland's masterpiece; the story is throughout told with as little improbability as most stage fables; the characters are in nature, and judiciously delineated; the incidents arise fairly from the plot;

* O you monster! you villain! would you let me die for want of help? &c. &c.—Jealous Wife, Act V.

the catastrophe, as well as many other situations in the comedy, is very affecting. I shall not dwell longer upon what is so well known to every body. Belcour is an original, which was well supported throughout by Mr. King. O Flarty was inimitably acted by Moody, but this part is no invention of the author; Sir Callachan O Brallachan is the model from which he took the Irish major; nor would Mr. Macklin have made his honest Hibernian act so absurdly as O Flarty, who insists upon Dudley's complying with the contents of a letter, at the hazard of both their lives, though he does not know a syllable contained in that letter. The avowing his marrying five wives, whom he believes to be all alive and merry, is a shocking derogation from O Flarty's character of a man of worth; the words *à la militaire* were substituted by the actor, who thought, very judiciously, that the avowal of polygamy was too gross without a salvo.

An author, who could write so successful a comedy as the West Indian, was secure in offering a play to the manager of any playhouse. Mr. Cumberland's Timon, of Shakspeare, with considerable alterations, was his next piece proposed to Mr. Garrick, and accepted.

Those who have read Shadwell's Timon will not, I believe, scruple to prefer it to Mr. Cumberland's, though both the alterers had better have forborne a task to which they were unequal. It is almost impossible to graft large branches upon the old trunk of Shakspeare. None have succeeded in their alterations of that poet, but such as have confined them-

selves to the lopping off a few superfluous boughs and adding, where necessary, some small slips of their own, and that too with the utmost caution.

This alterer has, by his management, utterly destroyed all pity for the principal character of the play. Shadwell gave Timon a mistress, who never forsook him in his distress; but Mr. Cumberland has raised him up a daughter, whose fortune the father profusely spends on flatterers and sycophants. This destroys all probability, as well as extinguishes commiseration: what generous and noble-minded man, as Shakspeare has drawn his Timon, would be guilty of such baseness as to wrong his child, by treating his visitors with the wealth that should be reserved for her portion?

It is indeed a miserable alteration of one of Shakspeare's noblest productions. There is not, perhaps, in any work, ancient or modern, more just reflection and admirable satire than in Timon; Cumberland and his original do not in the least assimilate, for in their styles they are widely different; some excellent scenes of Shakspeare are entirely omitted, and others grossly mutilated.

Melancholy plot and sentimental dialogue seem to be the great favourites of this writer. The Fashionable Lover, which Mr. Cumberland prevailed on Mr. Garrick to act in 1772, went through its usual periodical journey of nine nights, or perhaps a little longer, but has never been resumed since. The plot is intricate, and the catastrophe of the weeping sort; abundance of situations there are in it, some of them improbable, some trifling, and others affecting:

Mr. Cumberland's comick muse seems to be always in mourning. The macaroni, Lord Abberville, was not ill conceived by the author, and was acted with great propriety by Dodd. Aubrey and his daughter Augusta were pathetick children of Melpomene, and well adapted to the fine feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Barry. Mortimer is a good character, though not new; he pleases, because he exhibits to us a generous mind, and is a warm lover of justice and humanity; and this character shewed well in Mr. King, who represented it. Bridgemore is a fellow fitter for the cells of Newgate, and the Old Bailey, than to figure in a comedy acted before a polite audience, and on a theatre from which all felons should be banished. The actions of thieves and ruffians, in my opinion, are not cognizable in the court of Thalia.

Mr. Cumberland values himself upon putting an end to the provincial jargon of the stage, and that mean custom of ridiculing a man because he was born in a particular country; and in this he is certainly a friend to humanity. The Scots and Irish are greatly obliged to his candour; but what have the Welch done, to be so remarkably stigmatized? Poor Dr. Druid is a stupid hunter after the worst part of the virtû, and is a wretch void of humanity; he was acted by Baddeley with that closeness to nature and character which distinguishes his style of playing. The Scotchman, Colin, is a long part in the Fashionable Lover, and the author's chorus to carry on his plot. But Mr. Cumberland knows but little of the Scotch idiom; his phraseology is properly

English with a Scotch accent: a few vulgar expressions, such as, Hoot! hoot! mon! and, the de'el burst your weam, &c., make the whole of the Scotch dialect in this play. What Scotchman, speaking of a lord, says laird? yet Colin repeats this twenty times in the play.

I shall not trouble my readers with an examination of all Mr. Cumberland's dramatick pieces, which are about a dozen in number; for no author's muse, for the time, has been so prolifick. The Cholerick Man was represented at Drury-lane about a year or two before Mr. Garrick left the stage. The criticisms thrown out in the newspapers against this play, seem to have affected the author too much. In his Dedication to Detraction, he enters into a long defence of Terence, and his manner of writing comedy, and endeavours to convince his anonymous opponent of malice and ignorance. His learned account of ancient comedies and their authors is curious, though not very entertaining; one poor author, whose name was Eupolis, the Foote of those days, was cast into the sea, and drowned, he says, for lampooning Alcibiades, or for some such crime. Mr. Cumberland tugs too much at the critick's arrow in his side, and yet affects to despise the hand from whence it came. All laboured vindications of trifles should be avoided. This comedy is taken from the Adelphi of Terence, says the author. The general idea is indeed borrowed from that writer, but neither the characters nor manners of Mr. Cumberland's play are derived from that source: Mr. Manlove indeed bears some resemblance to the outline of Mitio, and

that is all I can perceive of Terence in this piece. Mr. Cumberland tells us, that he never read Shadwell's Squire of Alsatia; we readily believe him; bad as it is, that comedy is a better composition than the Cholerick Man; the plot of this last is highly improbable; many of the scenes are farcical, and depend upon mistakes which could never have happened: Nightshade, who stands for the Demea of Terence, is a wretch, without the least tincture of humanity; he is called in the play a man of humour indeed, but such a one as is fit for no place but Bedlam.

Weston, by his admirable action, in my opinion, saved the play; he was placed in such critical situations, as few actors could have escaped from with safety, much less with applause. A player, who is obliged to fill up three different scenes of drunkenness, has a difficult task to go through: but this was performed by the inimitable Weston, with great skill and equal success.

It has been said, that Mr. Garrick, after he had left the stage, recommended the Battle of Hastings to Mr. Sheridan with great cordiality, from an earnest desire to oblige the author, who, on this occasion, did not seem to have a proper sense of Mr. Garrick's friendship, and that this greatly affected him. It can be with truth asserted, that he was extremely displeased, and on that occasion expressed himself with some warmth, to find that all his endeavours to serve Mr. Cumberland, and promote the success of his plays, did not beget that return which he might with reason have expected.

The Battle of Hastings is what we call a Pasticio, a work made up of centos from various authors, and more particularly from Shakspeare. Mr. Garrick was asked by several persons his judgment of that tragedy; his constant answer was, *Sir, what all the world says must be true.* No explanation of his meaning could be drawn from him.

Mr. Cumberland is, unquestionably, a man of very considerable abilities; it is his misfortune to rate them greatly above their value, and to suppose that he has no equal. There are many writers in this metropolis, whose merit is not inferiour to that of this gentleman; he is one star in the same firmament, where many others shine with equal brightness. Mr. Cumberland should consider too, that an author, by too much indulging the fluency of his fancy and the rapidity of his pen, may possibly write below himself. Let his Pegasus go to grass for a reasonable time, and he will return to the race with renewed vigour.

He is too young a man to have the advice of Horace applied to him;

Solve senescentem, mature sanus, equum.

But, as a man sometimes makes himself old before his time, by great and continued intemperance, so may an author, by writing too fast, exhaust his abilities.

The news-writers have given great offence to this author, by their criticising his plays; his resentments have been too great for the provocation. Every work of art, that comes before the eye of

the publick, lies open to the examination of every body; and men will, in this country, freely write what they freely think. A newspaper is the best channel through which information, amusement, and instruction, can be conveyed; it may sometimes be foul and impure, but, in general, the streams which pass through it must be clear and beneficial, otherwise it would soon be stopped up.

Good Christians are not perhaps acquainted with the obligations they owe Mr. Cumberland. By the power of his eloquence, and the strength of his arguments, he almost converted, some time before his death, that wicked unbeliever, Samuel Foote, to Christianity; he assured his friends, that, if he had lived a little longer, he did not doubt but he should have completed his work, and made a good man of him.

Mr. Cumberland, by his writings, appears to be a benevolent man; and such an one must be beloved by all the world.

I am certain I shall not displease the reader by quoting in this place Dr. Goldsmith's admirable character of this gentleman and his writings, in his poem of the Retaliation.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts;
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine;
And Comedy wonders at being so fine.
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;

And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are proud of their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

I should not forget to inform my readers that Mr. Cumberland is very conversant in the polite arts, and particularly in painting and musick: of the first, his observations on the pictures of great artists, in the Cholerick Man, will be a substantial proof.

The airs to Calypso and the Widow of Delphi must be a test of his proficiency in musick*; though I cannot help saying that I am sorry to hear that he prefers Butler to Handel, whom, perhaps through ignorance, I esteemed to be the Shakspeare of musicians. He hopes, it seems, that, in a very short time, no oratorio of that great man will be performed in this country.

CHAPTER L.

Death of Mr. Lacy....Mr. Garrick sole manager....Afflicted with chronical disorders....Alonzo....Braganza....Bon Ton....The Runaway....Observations on them and the representation of them, &c.

On the death of Mr. Lacy, joint patentee of Drury-lane with Mr. Garrick, in 1773, the whole management of the theatre devolved on the surviving sharer in the patent. He was now advanced to within a few years of threescore; he had been much afflicted with chronical disorders; sometimes with the gout, which was rather an occasional visiter than a constant companion; but more often with the stone and gravel, which never left him without an unkind token of a speedy return. To relieve himself from the excruciating pains of this dreadful disorder, he was persuaded to use lixivium, and other soap medicines, which in the end proved very prejudicial to his health. Notwithstanding the frequent relapses into this distemper were alarming, his friends thought that a retirement from the stage, while he preserved a moderate share of strength and spirits, would be more unfriendly to him than the prosecution of a business which he could make a matter of amusement, rather than a toilsome imposition.

Mr. John Home, although he had not much reason to be satisfied with the applause and profit which he had gained by his Fatal Discovery, was tempted

once more to launch out into the theatrical ocean, and to present to his friend Mr. Garrick the tragedy of Alonzo; and this I esteem to be a play second only to his Douglas. The plot is indeed extravagant, and founded on the romantick notion of deciding the fate of kingdoms by single combat.* The heiress of the state is involved in the dispute, and she and a whole people are transferred to the champion who defeats his adversary. The plot of Alonzo is extremely intricate, and the incidents various.

> Trifles, light as air, are, to the jealous
> Confirmations strong, as proofs of holy writ:

But surely the jealousy of Alonso is less ponderous than air itself. The whole story of his gloomy passion, and his agonizing feelings during his absence from his wife for the space of eighteen years, is highly improbable, and beyond any thing but the histories of knight-errantry and the tales of necromancy. However, let us admit the probability of the story, and the whole is consistent. The language is poetical, though not always dramatick; for it is generally too much raised for scenes of passion, and approaches too often to the epick style. Some inaccuracies, or Scotticisms, may be now and then also observed to have escaped this writer. The sentiments are strong, and sometimes pathetick; the situations are interesting, and the catastrophe affecting.

* The tragedy of Almeyda, founded on a similar plan, and written by a daughter of Mr. Mallet, had been acted at Drury-lane, in 1771, with applause.

Ormisinda's description of the savage and melancholy mortifications of her husband, in the dreary wastes of Africa, and on mount Atlas, approaches to the sublime of the terrible graces.

Teresa's picture of a lovely form affected by grief and languor is elegant and picturesque:

> The beam, that gilds the early morn of youth,
> Yields to the splendour of a riper hour;
> The rose, that was so fair in bud, is blown;
> And grief and care, though they have dwelt with thee,
> Have left no traces of their visitation,
> But an impression sweet of melancholy,
> Which captivates the soul. Unskilful they
> Who dress the Queen of Love in wanton smiles;
> Brightest she shines amidst a show'r of tears;
> The graces, that adorn her beauty most,
> Are softness, sensibility, and pity.

Ormisinda's apprehensions for the safety of her son, mixed with her praises of his courage, convey the most pleasing whisperings of nature, which were feelingly communicated to the audience by the skilful performer. The author, in his advertisement, gratefully acknowledges his great obligations to Mrs. Barry, who never more tenderly or more truly touched the passions, than in this play.

The Maid of the Oaks, in the title, holds out the idea of pastoral simplicity. We have, indeed, a wedding celebrated in the country, and enlivened by a fete champetre; but two characters of high fashion bring us back to St. James's and Grosvenor-square. They present us with a picture at full length of a town life, and all the fashionable irre-

gularities of persons of quality enraptured with the bon ton. The coterie, high play, scandal, free conversation, newspaper abuse, frolick, &c., are introduced in the garden, and among the oaks and shrubberies of honest Mr. Oldworth. The hint of representing a fete champetre on the stage was taken from one exhibited by a nobleman in the summer of 1773; permission was given to the author of the Maid of the Oaks to employ the musick, and to copy some of the decorations. Mr. Garrick was greatly pleased with the thought of a fete champetre for his theatre; and, when the outline was shewn him, encouraged the writer to proceed; he persuaded him to alter his original plan, which was simple, and confined to a single act, and to extend it to the usual length of a play. The author gratefully acknowledges, in his advertisement, the assistance of the manager; and I think his hand may be fairly traced here and there.

The Maid of the Oaks is a new species of dramatick writing, in which the poet, the painter, the musician, the carpenter, the actor, the singer, and dancer, all combine their several powers to make a rich olio of theatrical representation: it is certainly a very pleasing entertainment of the stage.

But I cannot help observing, that the author must have been very young, or have known little of human nature, to suppose a father could live with his child till she was eighteen or twenty years of age, without revealing to her the secret of her birth; this is more than natural affection can bear. What a tale of falsehood, too, must be hatched, and continually

supported, to carry on this unnecessary imposition for such a number of years! Could 'a father bear to see the uneasiness of mind which a generous girl must feel from her situation, who lives upon charity and knows nothing of her parents? I cannot help saying it is a pitiful stage contrivance, and am surprised a man of Mr. Garrick's judgment could overlook it.

Lady Bab Lardoon is, I think, an original character in high life. None but a man of rank, or a person extremely familiar with the bon ton, could have drawn such a finished portrait of a gay young woman of quality, who slides so easily and elegantly into the fashionable fopperies and wild excesses of the age, without being absolutely corrupted by them.

I have already spoken of Mrs. Abington's most perfect action in Lady Bab, and of the author's elegant compliment to her inserted in that part. Maria, a supposed orphan, and real daughter of Oldworth, could not fall into properer hands than Mrs. Baddeley's, whose native simplicity and genuine sensibility can receive no advantage from art or instruction. Mr. James Aiken put on with ease the benevolence of Oldworth; the sound judgment, propriety of behaviour, and genteel deportment of this actor, recommend him to the esteem of the publick in a variety of parts. Old Groveby is a character of humour, admirably sustained by King, but I think not entirely new.

Poor Weston! Hurry was one of his last parts, and was taken from real life. I need not tell those,

who remember this genuine representer of nature, that, in Hurry, as in all other characters which he acted, he threw the audience into loud fits of mirth without discomposing a muscle of his features. Wilson is an applauded reviver of Ned Shuter, and happily renews in our minds the idea of that facetious actor; but Weston has left no resemblance of his undefinable simplicity. Mr. Vernon, Mr. Bannister, and that pleasing comick singer, Mrs. Wrighten, contributed much to the general pleasure derived from the Maid of the Oaks.

The tragedy of Braganza was written by an old acquaintance of Mr. Garrick, Capt. Jephson, and warmly recommended to his care by his intimate friend, Mr. Tyghe.

There is no small difficulty in raising a dramatick tale on a well known part of modern history, and of no very late date. The characters and incidents are so notorious, that little room is left for invention; and the author must tread cautiously on ground with which every body is acquainted.

It has been judiciously observed, that the author found it difficult, from the nature of his plot, which required him to begin as nearly as possible to the great event, to conduct it with ease as well as probability; it has been observed, too, that the frequent meetings of the conspirators are long and tedious; but it must be confessed, that the incident, which is the author's own invention, is well contrived, and very dramatick.

The interview, between Velasquez, the minister, and Ramirez, the priest, is written with great art,

and with all the warm colouring of genius; few tragedies of this century can shew any scene equal to it.

Two speeches of Velasquez, in which he employs all his art to prevail upon the priest to forego the painful duties of his function, by tempting him with the view of wealth, honour, and rank, are rich in strong sentiment and beautiful diction. The first of these speeches is here inserted:

Say, can you be content, in these poor weeds,
To know no earthly hopes beyond a cloister?
But, stretch'd on musty mats in noisome caves,
To rouse at midnight bells, and mutter prayers,
For souls beyond their reach, to senseless saints?
To wage perpetual war with nature's bounty?
To blacken sick men's chambers, and be number'd
With the loth'd leavings of mortality,
The watch light, hour glass, and the nauseous phial?
Are these the ends of life?—Was this fine frame,
Nerves exquisitely textur'd, soft desires,
Aspiring thoughts, this comprehensive soul,
With all her train of god like faculties,
Giv'n to be sunk in this vile drudgery?

The description of the dutchess of Braganza, sailing with the duke up the Tagus to Lisbon, is described with great poetical fancy, and is only inferiour to Œnobarbus's picture of Cleopatra falling down the Cydnus.

The Portuguese detestation of the Spaniards is expressed with propriety and energy; and has lately been applied in the newspapers, but with what truth I know not, to that hatred which the Americans are said now unhappily to cherish against the people of Great Britain:

——————— Antipathy to Spain
Is here hereditary. 'Tis nature's instinct;
'Tis principle, religion, vital heat;
Old men to list'ning sons, with their last breath,
Bequeath it as a dying legacy;
Infants imbibe it at the mother's breast;
It circles with their blood, spreads with their frame;
Its fountain is the heart; and, till that fails,
The stream it fed can never cease to flow!

The scene between the duke and dutchess of Braganza, in the 4th act, during the apprehensions of Velasquez having discovered the plot, is conducted with skill, and some portions of it are pathetically affecting; but the scene, in the 5th act, between the Dutchess and Velasquez, the Duke and the conspirators, is a mere theatrical trick to secure the applause of the audience; and, though it produced the proposed effect, is, in my opinion, not worthy of the author.

The language, it is said by the criticks, is in some places too laboured and metaphorical, and in others obscure and uncouth. If this should be granted, yet on the whole we have not often read lines so poetical, pure, and elegant, as the scenes of Braganza present to us.

No dramatick piece was ever so extolled before its performance as this tragedy; no wonder if it fell short of publick expectation, when raised to such a height as none but a Shakspeare or an Otway could have satisfied.

When Mr. Garrick acted a part in a play, his genius had raised him to that eminence, that he was considered by the greatest part of the spectators

as the only object worthy of attention. However, it must be granted, that, when the abilities of the performers are nearer upon a level, and the parts of a dramatick piece are disposed with judgment, much rational delight will result to the audience. For example, no plays have given more real satisfaction to the people than the School for Scandal and the Clandestine Marriage, because all the parts are uniformly supported. In those comedies or tragedies, in which the manager himself appeared, there was not that necessity of niceness in proportioning the several characters, and of weighing the merits of each actor; for he was himself the spectacle.

Braganza had all the advantages which acting could give it. The unfortunate Reddish, though not elegant or striking in his figure, or happy in the expression of his countenance, was not without taste in speaking, spirit in acting, and ease in deportment. His great misfortune was, that, by an habitual smile which he had contracted, he gave no discrimination of the passions of grief and joy, love and jealousy. His Duke of Braganza was, notwithstanding, a very commendable performance. Mrs. Yates, in the part of the Dutchess, was so much his superiour in the art of speaking, so beautiful in her person, and graceful in her movement, that Reddish appeared to a greater disadvantage than he would with an inferiour actress.

The Velasquez of Smith was what the writer designed him to be, artful, daring, cruel, treacherous, and profligate. Mr. Smith, from his first attempt in

Theodosius, in 1753, to the present hour, has, by uniform good conduct, supported himself in the general esteem of the people, whose favourite he certainly is, and deserves to be; for no man is more indefatigable in the exertion of his talents in a great variety of characters in tragedy and comedy. To examine his merit minutely would be uncandid; especially when, in the aggregate, it is very considerable. I believe the best judges prefer his action in the sock to that in the buskin. His Jachimo, in Cymbeline, is easy, spirited, and artful; and he almost in Kitely makes us forget the loss of Garrick. He is distinguished, amongst the players, by the name of Gentleman Smith; I suppose on account of his liberal education, and his being the constant companion of gentlemen and men of rank.

Mr. Brereton, in the part of Mendoza, gave the publick a happy presage of that improved state of acting to which he is now arrived. When he has thrown off that diffidence which hangs about him, and has acquired greater confidence in his power to please, I dare venture to prophesy he will be an excellent performer.

The Bon Ton, a comedy in two acts, is a well-timed satirical piece, in which the profligate fashions of the age, imported from France and Italy, and greedily swallowed by the high-born fools of London, are well contrasted with the plain downright manners of an honest country gentleman, who, by an accidental visit to the metropolis, discovers a most shocking metamorphosis in the morals of both

sexes, and which is more especially exemplified amongst his own relations.

The author, Mr. Garrick, in a short advertisement prefixed to this little comedy, was glad to embrace an occasion to do justice to the merit and integrity of Mr. Thomas King, the actor in the following terms: "This little drama was brought out last season for the benefit of Mr. King, as a token of regard for one, who during a long engagement, was never known, unless confined by real illness, to disappoint the publick, or distress the managers." Mr. Garrick at the same time bore testimony to the excellence of all the performers in the Bon Ton,—Mrs. Abington, Miss Pope, Mr. Dodd, &c.—and indeed he could not say too much of their meriting the approbation of the audience.

The excellent prologue of Mr. Colman exhibits several humorous descriptions of the Bon Ton, taken from the gross ideas of it swallowed by the vulgar votaries of pleasure. It is an excellent supplement to this manly chastisement of vicious manners, adopted from the glaring absurdities of travelling fops.

The last play which Mr. Garrick (as we are informed by the author herself) favoured, cherished, and improved, and with great solicitude embellished, was the Runaway. That he was of all managers the most able to be of service to the writer of a play will be acknowledged; but few authors have been so particular in specifying the several reasons for it as Mrs. Cowley.

The Runaway is the work of a young imagination; a genuine, though careless, picture of natural manners; where the language is flowing; the characters, though slightly, yet faithfully, delineated; and where wit, humour, and morality, combine to furnish out an agreeable entertainment.

From Mrs. Cowley's Runaway, a better comedy, it was conjectured, would soon be presented to the publick by the same author. The Belle's Stratagem has more than answered the most sanguine expectations which could be formed of her capacity.

Miss Hardy's scheme, of conquering the prejudices of her lover by making him first hate her and afterwards deeply in love with her, is such a one as a woman only could form: a man, wrapped up in his solid judgment and wonderful sagacity, would never have suffered it to enter into his head. But the audience, by the loud and repeated applauses given to the catastrophe, amply justified the economy of the play. Though to speak of this comedy is digressive, as it carries me beyond my plan, which reaches no farther than the administration of the stage by Mr. Garrick; yet I think it is but paying a proper tribute for the pleasure which this agreeable dramatick piece gave me, to dwell a little upon its peculiar and distinctive merit.

The satire is of that kind which will best please and instruct a generous and polite audience: it tends to reform irregular manners and fashionable follies, without the language of disgusting severity and illiberal reproach, which in my opinion ought ever to

be strangers to genteel comedy. The writer, though she does by no means want wit, does not aim or strain at it. Her knowledge of manners in high life is as exact as if she had lived with people of rank from her infancy. Mrs. Rattle's description of a fine lady is worthy of Cibber or Sheridan. The contrast between present dissipation and exploded sobriety is well drawn, and gives an animating vigour to the scene. The characters are all of them such as may be found in life: the high bred man of fashion, the sober country gentleman, the good-natured, odd, whimsical, father, the gay town insect of fashion, who receives a tint of folly from every object he meets, the free, romantick, high-spirited, girl, the lady of the *ton*, the placid and complying wife; in short, the whole group is composed of such as an audience will acknowledge to be the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, and of the present generation. I could wish the auction scene were left out entirely, and the madness of Doricourt a little shortened.

Few plays have been more perfectly acted in all their parts than the Belle's Stratagem. To say that Miss Young surprised the publick with unexpected excellence, would perhaps be esteemed a cold compliment to an accomplished actress; yet we may pay this tribute to her extraordinary merit in the part of Miss Hardy, that her singing agreeably and dancing gracefully, were a most pleasing addition to her speaking and action. Mrs. Mattocks may boast of enjoying so many requisites for an excellent actress, that I most heartily wish she would do herself the justice not to copy another, when she is so rich in merit herself.

The most severe satirist, who bestows one look on Mrs. Hartley, must be instantly disarmed, and turn all his censure to panegyrick. The calm and lovely innocence of Lady Touchwood could by nobody be so happily represented as by this actress, who is celebrated for her artless exhibition of the distresses of the unhappy Shore and the beautiful Elfrida.

I am afraid we have no real fine gentleman now upon the stage but Mr. Lewis, who, in Doricourt, drew the character of a gay young fellow, just returned from his travels, inflamed with the love of foreign customs and manners, but not absolutely devoted to them. Lewis's manner is very graceful and unembarrassed. His volubility in speaking sometimes makes him inarticulate; this is a fault I could wish he would avoid.

Mr. Wroughton, in Sir William Touchwood, was the bold reprover of vice, which wears the gay mask of fashion, and the honest advocate of regularity and sobriety, discountenanced and exploded by the followers of the bon ton.

No actor deserves the countenance of an audience more than Wroughton, for no man takes more true pains to deserve it. There was a touch of nature in his address to Lady Touchwood, when the ladies of the bon ton were carrying her away triumphantly to publick places, in spite of his endeavours to detain her, which was not unworthy the most perfect actor:

Fanny!—Fanny!—You will not leave me, will you?

A manly warmth, corrected by humanity, distinguished Aickin's manner of detecting and punishing Courtall, who had formed a vile plot to dishonour Lady Touchwood, which pleased, and will ever please, an English audience.

Mr. Lee Lewes and Mr. Quick, who acted Flutter and Old Hardy, are deservedly such great favourites in their different styles of acting, that I shall leave them to the enjoyment of that approbation which they are always sure to meet with.

CHAPTER LI.

The players unprotected, and persecuted...Their characters more respectable than generally supposed....Their loyalty....Neglect of their own interest...Distress of decayed actors...Mr. Hull's address to the players....The foundation of a theatrical fund....Which was first established at Covent-garden....Mr. Garrick the great promoter of the fund at Drury-lane....His earnestness to support it....Advises an act of parliament for its security....His donation to it by will, &c.

THE players, though the great instruments of innocent mirth, rational amusement, and moral instruction, of all the subjects of this free kingdom, have by an unaccountable fatality, been least protected, and most persecuted. Those comedians, who presume to act plays without a royal patent, are subject to the punishment incurred by the act against vagrants, which considers them to be in that predicament; or, if that statute is not, or cannot, be put in force against them, they are obliged to pay a large fine every time they perform, agreeably to a clause in an act, made in the eleventh year of the late king, to limit the number of playhouses.

Even in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. when, from the people's fondness for theatrical representation, there were no less than twenty playhouses open in the cities of London and Westminster, not only the fanaticks of those times, but some sour divines of the established church, published books against the players, in which they were represented as persons who practised a profession unlawful and

profane, and opposite to the religion of the gospel. In justification of these censures, we find they made use of arms borrowed from the pope's magazine. The canons and the decretals of these holy heads of the holy Roman Catholick Church have been ransacked and quoted against the poor players. When we examine the arguments adduced against these people, we find them either founded on misapplications of their originals, or entirely supported by ignorance, fanaticism, and folly.

I will not presume to say that the players are more exemplary in their lives, or more remarkable for their piety and devotion, than their neighbours; yet they will be found, on inquiry, to have less disturbed the peace of society than any body of men whatsoever. Look over the records of Newgate and the Old-Bailey, from the beginning of the last century to the present times, you will scarcely find the name of a comedian amongst the many unhappy wretches who have suffered condign punishment for breaking the laws of their country.

One honour the players can boast, which is entirely their own; the greatest writer of this, and perhaps of any other, nation, was one of their profession; and, notwithstanding the reflection, which a critick and commentator has made in favour of Shakspeare, that one of the greatest misfortunes of his life was his being obliged to keep the worst of company, meaning the actors, it may in their favour be presumed, that their conversation was not very licentious, for the language of his plays is pure and chaste when compared to the dialogues of Ben Jonson and Beaumont

and Fletcher. There is such a wide difference between the modest scenes of the player writer and the language of the two last mentioned gentlemen authors, one the son of a bishop and the other of a judge, that one would scarcely imagine that they had lived in the same age, or that their plays were acted before the same audiences.

The players too have ever merited a large claim to royal favour. In the breaking out of the civil wars, in the reign of Charles I., they were firm friends to the royal cause. Robinson, the actor, was killed at the siege of Basingstoke by Harrison, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head, when he had laid down his arms, with this quotation from Scripture, *Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently.* Mohun, who was a favourite actor of Charles II., was a captain; and, after the civil wars were ended, he served in Flanders, where he received pay as a major. The famous Charles Hart, who shared with his sovereign the caresses of the famous Nell Gwynn, was a lieutenant of horse in Prince Rupert's troop. Burt, the first actor of Othello, after the restoration, was a cornet in the same troop; and Shutterell quarter-master. Allen was a major and quarter-master at Oxford. Not one of the players of any note sided with the parliament, except Swanston, a presbyterian, who took up the trade of a jeweller; he was famous for acting Othello before the civil wars; the rest lost or exposed their lives for K. Charles. I will venture to assert, that there is not a man, amongst the pre-

sent actors of both houses, but is a staunch friend of government.

But, indeed, the players have, till very lately, been as neglectful of themselves and their interest, considered as a body of men, as the legislature itself. They were governed by no particular rules and orders, which cement a society for its own advantage or preservation. No laws were thought of by them, to secure them from injustice, oppression, or want. Like a ship at sea, without a chart or compass, they were driven about at the pleasure of the wind and waves; their pilot the manager, their rudder the audience.

Within these thirty years there has been a talk of establishing a theatrical fund, for the support of such performers, as should be obliged, through age, infirmity, or accidents, to retire from the stage. Various plans have been formed, some of which perhaps might have been reduced to practice, others were merely nugatory. Mr. Pritchard, an honest good-natured visionary, the husband of the great actress, had laid out a scheme to relieve infirm players; but little hopes could be expected from a projector, who proposed to build a ship which could move on the water without either sails or wind. Mr. John Arthur, the player, drew a plan of a large building, with a chapel in it, I suppose on the model of Dulwich College; but this was thought too expensive, and of too large a scale for the abilities of the subscribers. Mr. Rosamond, of Hampton, very generously, about the year 1757, offered a handsome sum of money for the support of decay-

ed actors. The managers were at first jealous of this undertaking of the players, and imagined it would in time produce an *imperium in imperio*, and prove the means of arrogance and presumption in them, and perhaps render them independent of their masters. However, some of those actors who, through infirmity or any other inability, were unemployed, by application to the managers of Drury-lane, occasionally obtained relief, either by presents or shares in benefits. This charity was, however, but a partial and uncertain relief. At length, in 1765, the case of an eminent actress, whose income had been very considerable, and who was, on a sudden, from no apparent cause, reduced to depend on the contributions of the players of both houses, which were indeed very ample considering their abilities, alarmed the whole society. Mr. Thomas Hull, a judicious actor, and a man of a very respectable character, the author of an affecting and very successful tragedy, written on the story of Rosamond, the favourite mistress of king Henry II.—to whom Mr. Mason, when he put in his hand the part of Mador, the chief bard, in his admired Charactacus, paid this compliment,—"any instruction from me will be unnecessary, your own taste and judgment will direct you;"—he had the honour to be the first who conceived and brought to bear a rational project for the players' fund. To promote this desirable end, he addressed the performers of Covent-garden theatre in a printed letter; in which, after establishing the necessity of some method of provision, he stated several reasonable propositions, as the

foundation of his plan. The most material are the following:

That a subscription be immediately begun, at the free will of each approver of this method; and that the monies arising from it be forthwith lodged in the publick funds.

That an allowance of sixpence in the pound be granted from the weekly income of all such as choose to be contributors to the institution.

That every person, who contributes a guinea, or upwards, be desired to meet his brethren, to appoint a select committee, of three, five, or more, members, as shall seem fittest for the farther advancement of this scheme.

That the said committee shall take the office of secretary, in rotation, without fee or reward.

That the weekly contributions be left with the treasurer of the theatre, who will be desired to deliver them to the secretary, in order to be conveyed to the funds, as fast as they amount to any sum capable of bearing interest; and, farther, that such interest be from time to time withdrawn, and replaced, in order to its accumulation.

That, for five years to come, no levies be made on the fund; and none but the contributors and their families shall ever have claims upon it: foreign objects still to be left to their judgment and humanity; which last they will be better able to indulge, from the certainty of a resource, should their own circumstances ever require it.

This address produced an immediate good effect. The collection was set forward, under the joint ef-

forts of Mr. Hull and Mr. George Mattocks, who was a very strenuous promoter of the scheme; and with this very judicious proviso, that no one person should give less than half a guinea, nor more than a guinea.

The contribution was begun in December, 1765. In the course of a very few days above 100*l.* were raised. The first meeting of the contributors was on the 22d of December, 1765, when the plan was established; which has since been gradually improving, and has been conducted on such liberal principles, that the charge of their monthly meetings is constantly defrayed by the members of the committee from their private purses, that the subscription may suffer no diminution.

The scheme was most liberally assisted by the patronage of Mr. Beard and Mr. Rich, then managers of Covent-garden theatre. The late Mr. William Gibson, of Covent-garden, was a large contributor; Mr. Cumberland and Mrs. Donaldson were likewise great benefactors. Mr. Beard has continued a trustee of the institution from its first origin to this time.

During the first six years, or thereabouts, the fund was augmented by the profits of annual benefits. Under Mr. Colman's management, the players were deprived of this advantage. He wished, it seems, to have the direction of the fund: this the committee did not think themselves warranted to grant. It is, in my opinion, rather an unhappiness that they did not, or could not, comply with his desire: for, as Mr. Colman was certainly a person of sufficient

security for all the money which could be deposited in his hands, and would have accounted with them fairly and punctually for all disbursements, the refusing his request, he might think, proceeded from a want of that confidence they ought to have reposed in him; and this prevented them, in all probability, from receiving much emolument and increase to their fund. It is also extremely unfortunate, that Mr. Harris, who is celebrated by the players as a liberal as well as polite man, should persist in refusing an annual benefit to the fund. It has been observed very justly, that many schemes of charity out of doors are benefited by the theatre; that which originated under its very roof is denied every assistance of the kind. Notwithstanding this material disadvantage, this institution has been enabled to grant much occasional relief, and to support several superannuated contributors in ease and comfort, without injuring their capital, or feeling any apprehension of it.

The fund of Covent-garden theatre, in 1776, had the sanction of an act of parliament; and the subscribers to it are thereby declared a body corporate and politick.

The Covent-garden fund was first set on foot at a time when Mr. Garrick was on the continent. When he came home, he was exceedingly angry, and much mortified, that a business of such importance should be carried on without the least communication with him: he was, he said, universally acknowledged to be at the head of his profession, besides being a patentee and manager of the oldest

company of the king's servants. The players' apology, for proceeding without his advice or knowledge, was urged principally from their immediate feelings on the account of Mrs. Hamilton, who had been reduced from very affluent circumstances to indigence, and excluded from the theatres when her powers of acting were as strong as they ever had been. Another part of their excuse was not quite so palatable; they urged the frequent and unsuccessful applications which they had made to the managers of Drury-lane theatre: that it was therefore become an act of necessity to make some provision for superannuated or disabled actors, and rescue their profession from the disgrace of being unlike any other society or body of men in the nation.

Whether the reluctance of consenting to the long-requested assistance of the managers of Drury-lane proceeded from one, or both of them, is of no importance at present. That Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy, in 1766, very heartily concurred to encourage a contribution, in order to establish a fund for the support of such performers whose age and infirmities should oblige them to retire from the stage, is very certain: they not only paid down a very considerable sum, as an earnest of farther favours, but promised an annual benefit-night for the augmentation and support of the fund; and this promise was fulfilled by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy during the life of the latter, and, since his death, was made good by his son and successor, Willoughby Lacy, Esq.

But Mr. Garrick had it in his power to do the most essential service to this benevolent institution by his talents in acting, which he vigorously exerted in favour of it, by performing annually one of his capital parts. On these nights he spoke a prologue of his own writing, in which there was a happy mixture of humour and benevolence. He was, in consequence of these his periodical labours, the chief instrument of bringing the playhouse fund of Drury-lane to its maturity; and in this he proved himself the friend, father, and protector, of the comedians.

On the 18th of May, 1774, at a meeting of the players in the Green-room of Drury-lane, Mr. Garrick produced, to the great satisfaction of the persons then present, an account of the monies arising from the several contributions, benefits, interest of money, &c. He likewise, at the same time, proposed to them, that a committee of thirteen persons should be chosen, and by the members empowered to form such rules and orders as should be thought most conducive to the lasting welfare of the said establishment. To this proposition they unanimously consented.

In January, 1776, the committee of the Drury-lane fund, by the advice of Mr. Garrick, applied to parliament for their sanction and support; who, on such application, passed an act for the better securing this laudable charity. All the costs and charges attending the passage of this statute were discharged by Mr. Garrick; and, still farther to increase his bounty to the institution, he did, with the consent of Willoughby Lacy, Esq. bestow on it the

monies received on the 10th of June, 1776, at the representation of The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret; when, after acting the part of Don Felix, he took his final leave of the stage.

Mr. Garrick also gave the proprietors of the fund a house situate in Drury-lane, for the conveniency of assembling to transact business: this house, some time before his death, the committee sold to him for a sum of 370*l.* By his will, he bequeathed the same back again to the fund. It is computed, that, by the product of his labours in acting annually capital parts, and by donations of one kind or other, he gained for this beneficial institution a capital of near 4,500*l.*

If a man acquires a right to value himself upon any circumstance which renders him more respectable in the eyes of the world; how much more may societies be authorized to esteem themselves objects of respect, when, by a generous effort, they have overcome many difficulties, and rescued themselves from obloquy and disgrace! The establishment of the playhouse fund reflects great and lasting honour upon the present race of actors.

Of these laudable institutions I have spoken copiously, and, I hope, exactly. May they live and flourish! I cannot conclude this chapter, without observing, that his present Majesty has done more, by the granting of various royal patents,* to rescue the players from the persecution of ignorant and fanatical magistrates, than all his predecessors.

* Patents of Edinburgh, York, Hull, Norwich, Liverpool, &c.

CHAPTER LII.

Improvements in the entrance of Drury-lane theatre, and ornaments over it.....Mr. Garrick resolves to part with his share of the patent.....Various reasons assigned for it....Acts several of his principal characters.....Takes his final leave of the stage.....His address to the audience.

BEFORE the opening of Drury-lane theatre, in the winter of 1776, many convenient passages to it, and several enlargements of entrance, were made, to facilitate the audience in going into the several parts of the house, especially into the front and side boxes, from Bridges-street. To this end, some part of the Rose-tavern was taken in, and joined to the theatre. Some decorations were made over the grand entrance in the same street. The King's arms in the middle, large and striking figures of a lion couchant and an unicorn, fronting each other, at the two extremities of the building; at the top of the pediment, a suit of ancient armour, resembling the trophies raised by a conqueror on slaying the leader of an army; such as we see described in the beginning of the 11th book of Virgil's Æneis. Many remarks were made on the impropriety of these ornaments, which I shall leave to the criticks.

These alterations in the inside and front of the theatre were followed by reports of Mr. Garrick's resolution to part with his share of the patent. Many reasons were publickly assigned for it: some gave

out, with probability, that his health was so much impaired by constant illness, that it would not be in his power either to act or manage longer with any ease to himself: others would have it, that the ungovernable and refractory tempers of some ladies of the theatre had reduced him to the necessity of quitting a sceptre, which he could no longer hold with any kind of dignity, since his subjects began to thwart his dictates, and would no longer submit to his directions.

Two epigrams were published, which were written in favour of this supposition. The first was entitled

Orpheus and Garrick.

Three thousand brims kill'd Orpheus in a rage;
Three actresses drove Garrick from the stage.

The second was inscribed

The Manager's Distress.

I have no nerves, says Y——g; I cannot act!
I've lost my limbs, cries A—— n; 'tis fact!
Y——s screams, I've lost my voice, my throat's so sore!
Garrick declares he'll play the fool no more.
Without nerves, limbs, and voice, no show, that's certain:
Here, prompter, ring the bell, and drop the curtain.

Though the disputes which must unavoidably fall out amongst persons whose tempers are accidentally heated, and whose interests clash in the confined circle of a playhouse, where jealousy and distrust predominate, from very obvious reasons,* gave

* The disputes of players are generally owing to their peculiar situation: they cannot, like those of other professions, dispose of their goods in several markets, and to various purchasers.

some credit to the report of Mr. Garrick's leaving the stage, from the frequent opposition to his will by the most eminent of the female players; yet I am fully persuaded, that such ridiculous squabbles, if they really did happen, however they might for the time ruffle his temper, did not absolutely influence his conduct in a point so material to his interest. From his being advanced to what Shakspeare calls his chair days, being then in the 60th year of his age, and the frequent relapses into painful fits of the stone and gravel, which, on their departure, always left sad and visible marks of their tyranny, we may venture to assert he was induced to think of a retreat; and to ascertain his property in the best manner possible, in order to secure it, in case of his death, to the beloved partner of his life, and his other relations.

When it was once known that Mr. Garrick was in earnest to part with his moiety of the patent, several bidders offered themselves immediately. Not to dwell long on a transaction so publickly known, in the beginning of January, 1776, he entered into articles with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Linley, and Richard Ford, Esqrs. for the sale of his moiety, on paying the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds.*

Another motive for leaving the stage at this time, was, doubtless, his resolution not to stay on it till his powers of acting were weakened by age or infirmity. He was determined, before he left the theatre, to give the publick proofs of his abilities to

* This contract was perfected June 24, 1776.

delight them as highly as he had ever done in the flower and vigour of his life. To this end, about a fortnight or three weeks previous to his taking his final leave, he presented them with some of the most capital and trying characters of Shakspeare; with Hamlet, Richard and Lear; besides other parts which were less fatiguing. Hamlet and Lear were repeated; Richard he acted once only, and by the king's command. His majesty was much surprised to see him, in an age so advanced, run about the field of battle with so much fire, force, and agility.

He finished his dramatick race with one of his favourite parts; with Felix, in The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret. When the play was ended, Mr. Garrick advanced toward the audience with much palpitation of mind, and visible emotion in his countenance. No premeditation whatever could prepare him for the affecting scene. He bowed—he paused—the spectators were all attention. After a short struggle of nature, he recovered from the shock he had felt, and addressed his auditors in the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but indeed I found myself *then* as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be *now* of speaking it.

"The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment: it is no less than parting

for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were received." [Here he was unable to proceed till he was relieved by a shower of tears.]

"Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here," [putting his hand on his breast,] "fixed and unalterable.

"I will very readily agree to my successors' having more skill and ability for their station than I have: but I defy them all to take more sincere and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it than is your humble servant."

After a profound obeisance he retired, amidst the tears and acclamations of a most crowded and brilliant audience.

CHAPTER LIII.

Mr. Garrick retired from the theatre....Attentive to what passes on Drury-lane stage....His advice followed....Attends the rehearsal of Miss More's tragedy of Percy....Writes the prologue and epilogue to it....Offends Mademoiselle D'Eon....Reasons for his not being intimate with that person....The Fatal Falsehood....Miss Young....Unexpected honours paid to Mr. Garrick in the House of Commons....Instructs a young actor in a very difficult part....Is taken ill at a nobleman's seat....Returns to town, seemingly recovered....Relapses....Attended by several physicians....His calm resignation....Dies....Magnificently buried.

THOUGH Mr. Garrick had taken his leave of the stage, it was no easy matter for him to throw off all thoughts of it; he had still a great stake depending, which it was his interest to support. The new patentee and ostensible manager esteemed and loved him; he knew the value of his advice, and implicitly relied upon his experience and discernment.

Mr. Garrick, besides other motives to serve the patentee, Mr. Sheridan, was pleased with his reliance on his kindness and his confidence in his judgment. He very freely communicated his opinion to the manager on every subject on which he was consulted. I have no doubt but that Mr. Sheridan, by his advice, made some judicious alterations in Congreve's Old Bachelor, Love for Love, and the Way of the World. By retrenching some licentious expressions, and connecting, by

some slight additions, character and sentiment, he has saved those excellent plays from oblivion, which the extreme delicacy of a refined age, whose ears are become exceedingly chaste, could not endure. Would any body believe that the song of a Soldier and a Sailor was too gross for the squeamish stomachs of a whist club? The Relapse, which was certainly too gross for any civilized audience, has been altered, by the same hand, to the Trip to Scarborough, and is now a very pleasing comedy.

Love for Love was revived with the full force of the company; and my old acquaintance, Dick Yates, when turned of sixty, played Ben the Sailor with all the vigour, humour, and spirit, of a man of thirty. King's Tattle was as entertaining as a shallow debauchee could be made by a good actor. Moody's figure, voice, and manner, were well fitted to Sir Sampson Legend, the hard hearted father and the ill natured wit. I would recommend to this player a little more of the gentleman in acting this sarcastick knight. Parsons was born a comick actor; the tones of his voice and the muscles of his face proclaim it; his humour is genuine and pleasant; nobody can forbear laughing, either *with* him or *at* him, whenever he opens his mouth. If he would be more simple and chaste in drawing Old Foresight's character, and not imitate the action of a sailor pulling up his trowsers so often, he would not perhaps gain such loud applause, but he would find more judicious approvers.

From an actress celebrated for characters of high-life, and eminent for graceful deportment and elegant action, you would not expect the awkward and petulant behaviour of a girl just come from a farm-house: Mrs. Abington, unconfined in her talents, rendered Miss Prue as naturally wild and diverting as if she had been mistress of no other style in acting than rustick simplicity.

The tragedy of Percy, written by Miss Hannah More, had been read and approved by Mr. Garrick, and was, I believe, recommended by him to Mr. Harris, who very liberally bestowed expenses on the dresses and other decorations of the tragedy. The parts were appropriated to the powers of the company; to Clarke, to Wroughton, to Lewis, and Mrs. Crawford. From many affecting scenes in this play, it was impossible not to prognosticate to our stage a rising genius in tragedy, who would in time produce scenes not inferiour to the best of Otway and Southern, without that mixture of licentiousness and vulgarity which disgrace the productions of those excellent writers. There is an interview between Elwina and Percy, in the fourth act, which is not much inferiour to the celebrated parting scene, between Castalio and Monimia, in the last act of the Orphan.

Mr. Garrick wrote the prologue and epilogue to Percy.

The following lines of the prologue, apparently applicable to Mademoiselle D'Eon, gave great offence, we are informed, to that lady and her friends:

To rule the man our sex dame Nature teaches;
Mount the high horse we can, and make long speeches;
Nay, and with dignity, some wear the breeches.
And why not wear them?—

* * * * * * * * *

Did not a lady-knight, late chevalier,
A brave smart soldier in your eyes appear?
Hey! presto! pass! His sword becomes a fan;
A comely woman rising from a man!
The French their Amazonian maid invite;
She goes—alike well skill'd to talk or write,
Dance, ride, negotiate, scold, coquet, or fight.
If she should set her heart upon a rover,
And he prove false, she'd kick her faithless lover.

These harmless verses were, it seems, greatly resented by this phenomenon in petticoats. The truth is, Mr. Garrick had studiously avoided any acquaintance with D'Eon, who had often wished to be introduced to him; but his intimacy with the enemies of this person, some of the heads of the French ministry, especially Mr. De St. Foix and Mr. Neckar, prevented a correspondence with her. However, D'Eon was once invited to Hampton. Mr. Garrick had, above most men, a lively art of entertaining: to amuse his guest, he drew two humorous pictures of a Frenchman and an Englishman, and painted their different manners of feeling in a similar situation. This, it seems, displeased D'Eon; for Mr. Garrick was too good an Englishman to give the advantage on the Frenchman's side.*

* While he was at Paris, he would not be introduced to Abbé Le Blanc, who had written, as he thought, disrespectfully of Shakspeare.

It is now affirmed, that this lady, who, from unquestionable authority, may be styled one of the most accomplished persons in Europe, is a natural daughter of Louis XV., and for that reason is treated by the court of France with peculiar tenderness and delicacy. The letter of invitation to return to France, lately printed, and written by a great French minister, is couched in the most respectful terms. The king insists upon her wearing the proper habit of her sex; the lady has a violent passion for the military dress, and does not wish to change it; and in this she is supported by the gentlemen of the army, who insist upon it, that no person, who has ranked as an officer, should ever wear a gown and petticoat. She has, it is reported, been kept above twelve months in a kind of honourable confinement, with an intent to oblige her to conform to the king's will.

The Fatal Falsehood of Miss More, which Mr. Garrick had seen in MS. and greatly approved, was acted at an improper time of the year, in April, 1779, at the theatre of Covent-garden; but with the best approbation that can possibly be given to a tragedy, the heart-felt sorrows and gushing tears of the audience.

The power of passion over a mind naturally generous and sincere, but induced by love's irresistible force to deviate from all those ties which should bind the human heart, was never more strongly painted than in the Fatal Falsehood. Such scenes of conflicting passions, where honour, gratitude, friendship, and reason, prevail for a time,

and at last are laid prostrate at the feet of the universal tyrant, are scarcely to be equalled in any of our modern plays. Orlando is indeed love's martyr.

Though a critical examination of this excellent tragedy could not but be an agreeable task, it would lead me beyond the limits of my plan; however, I hope I shall be excused the endeavouring to do justice to the inimitable action of Miss Young. I had felt her power of moving the passions in the Matilda of Dr. Franklyn, a tragedy acted a few years since with great and merited applause: in Emmelina, she surpassed every actress I had ever seen in the representation of deep sorrow and unutterable anguish.

There is no situation of the stage so difficult, as that in which the player is obliged to supply what no words can express; when look and action must convey to the audience the supreme distress of an agonizing heart.

The dumb despair of Miss Young was, in the expression of countenance, superiour to all the powers of eloquence, and produced such an effect on the audience as I do not remember ever to have seen. Her look to Guilford, her father, when she pronounced these simple words,

"Methinks your daughter should not have been refus'd,"——

throbbed every heart, and drew tears from every eye.

Mr. Garrick frequently, when disengaged from business, attended the debates of the House of Com-

mons; especially on such important questions as he knew would bring up all the best speakers of both parties.

In the spring of 1777, he happened to be present in the gallery. During a certain motion, which produced an altercation between a right honourable member and another honourable gentleman, which proceeded to that degree of warmth, that the Speaker and the House were obliged to interpose, to prevent some apprehended bad consequences; whilst the House was in this agitation, a Shropshire member happened to observe that Mr. Garrick was sitting in the gallery, and immediately moved to clear the House.

Mr. Burke rose, and appealed to the honourable assembly, whether it could possibly be consistent with the rules of decency and liberality to exclude from the hearing of their debates a man to whom they were all obliged; one who was the great master of eloquence; in whose school they had all imbibed the art of speaking, and been taught the elements of rhetorick. For his part, he owned that he had been greatly indebted to his instructions. Much more he said in commendation of Mr. Garrick, and was warmly seconded by Mr. Fox and Mr. T. Townshend, who very copiously displayed the great merit of their old preceptor, as they termed him; they reprobated the motion of the gentleman with great warmth and indignation.

The House almost unanimously concurred in exempting Mr. Garrick from the general order of quitting the gallery. He wrote a little poem on the

occasion, which has never been printed, and will, I hope, prove an agreeable entertainment to my readers.

Squire *B——n rose with deep intent,
And notify'd to parliament,
That I, it was a shame and sin,
When others were shut out, got in;
Asserting, in his wise oration,
I glory'd in my situation.
I own my features might betray
Peculiar joy I felt that day.
I glory when my mind is feasted
With dainties it has seldom tasted:
When reason chooses Fox's tongue,
To be more rapid, clear, and strong;
When from his classick urn Burke pours
A copious stream through banks of flowers;
When Barré stern, with accents deep,
Calls up Lord North, and murders sleep;
And, if his Lordship rise to speak,
Then wit and argument awake:
When Rigby speaks, and all may hear him,
Who can withstand, *ridendo verum?*
When Thurloe's words attention bind,
The spell's of a superiour mind.
Now, whether I were Whig or Tory,
This was a time for me to glory;
My glory farther still extends,
For most of these I call my friends:
But if, Squire B——n, you were hurt,
To see me, as you thought, so pert,
You might have punish'd my transgression,
And damp'd the ardour of expression.

* This gentleman's political creed is, that all government whatsoever is to be supported; a passive obedience doctrine very pleasing to every minister and every prince. With Mr. B——n Nero has as great a title to allegiance as Titus Vespasian.

A brute there is, whose voice confounds,
And frights all others with strange sounds;
Had you, your matchless pow'rs displaying,
Like him, Squire B——n, set a braying,
I should have lost all exultation,
Nor gloried in my situation.

Mr. Garrick was, upon all occasions, after he had quitted the stage, willing to give his advice and instruction to any actor who thought it his interest to consult him. In the winter 1778, the managers of Drury-lane, by his advice received the tragedy of Mahomet, translated by Miller from Voltaire, one of the most admired pieces of that writer. The part of Zaphne had originally been represented by Mr. Garrick himself, with very great applause; why he never afterwards resumed it, I could not learn; but he endeavoured, about ten or twelve years since, to give Cautherly an idea of it. But, although that young actor was exceedingly attentive to his master's instructions, and laboured very indefatigably to do justice to them in action, his natural requisites for tragedy were weak; his chief merit consisted in having a very good ear. Mr. Garrick had an affection for him, and often pushed his abilities beyond their reach. His Zaphne was a very faint copy of the author's design, and his tutor's lesson.

Young Mr. Bannister, after giving some indications of fine talents in the dramatick line, was thought by Mr. Garrick not unequal to the task of giving the publick a representation of Zaphne. He instructed him in this part for several weeks very assiduously; and, finding the actor's abilities answer

his expectations, he encouraged him to make an experiment of his tragick talents in this trying part.

Bannister had the advantage of acting Zaphne with the Palmyra of Mrs. Robinson, a young, beautiful, and pleasing actress.

The scenes of Zaphne are as interesting to the audience as they are difficult to the powers of an actor; an unexperienced youth, naturally generous and good, is wrought upon, by superstitious delusion and the fanatick enthusiasm of visionary zeal, to act contrary to all the known dictates of reason, truth, and humanity; the knowledge of what is evidently right clashing with what this disciple of Mahomet is taught to believe an indispensable act of religion, produces such a conflict of contending passions, such a struggle between nature and art, reason and bigotry, as nothing but the skill of a Garrick could properly discern, and strongly represent. However, it must be owned, that this young adventurer gave the publick, in Zaphne, a fair promise of arriving, in time, to a great degree of merit; his voice was not as yet fully formed, and, consequently, unable always to give force to the violent passions of an enthusiast; he conceived justly, and with accuracy, and sometimes executed boldly and vigorously. By the death of Mr. Garrick, this young man lost a good friend, and an excellent instructor. Mahomet was played by Palmer, who, I think, excels more in comedy than in tragedy: he is indeed a very good general actor; if he does not often rise to a superiour degree of excellence, he never sinks to flatness and insipidity. No actor is more seen by an

audience in a great variety of parts, nor is in general more approved, than Mr. Palmer.

The genius of Voltaire saw what excellent effect the workings of nature between a father and his children, though unknown to one another, would produce on the feelings of an audience. The situation of Zaphne, Palmyra, and Alcanor, are as truly affecting as any I know in dramatick poetry. It is with pleasure I pay the just tribute of praise to a worthy man, and a judicious actor. Mr. Bensley was extremely pathetick through the whole of that admirably drawn character of Alcanor.

In Christmas, 1778, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were invited to the country seat of Earl Spencer, where they had frequently been welcome guests. In the midst of that social happiness and rational pleasure, which every body enjoys with that noble family, Mr. Garrick was seized with a terrible fit of his old distemper, the gravel and stone. His having the herpes, or what is commonly called the shingles, at the same time, which perfectly covered his loins, alarmed Mrs. Garrick greatly, though the physicians said it was a matter of no importance. He was so well recovered of his disorder, that he determined to set out for London. He arrived at his house in the Adelphi on Friday the fifteenth of January, 1779. The next day he sent for his apothecary, Mr. Lawrence, who found him dressing himself, and seemingly in good health, but somewhat alarmed that he had not, for many hours, discharged any urine, when his constant practice had been, for some years, to make water every four hours. Mr. Lawrence observed to

him, that this was no sufficient cause to make him uneasy; but when, on the next day, he found the same symptom continue, he judged it proper to acquaint Dr. Cadogan with it. The doctor conceived it to be of so serious a nature, that he told Mr. Garrick, his disorder was so uncertain in its progress, that it was necessary to inform him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, it would be prudent to despatch them as soon as possible. Mr. Garrick assured him, that nothing of that sort lay on his mind; and, that he was not afraid to die.

The distemper was incessantly gaining ground; the fluids not passing in their natural course brought on a kind of stupor, which increased gradually to the time of his death.

About two days before he died, he was visited by an old acquaintance, a man whose company and conversation every body covets, because his humour is harmless, and his pleasantry diverting. He was introduced to Mrs. Garrick who was much indisposed, from the fatigue she had undergone in her long and constant attendance upon her husband; a duty which she never omitted during any illness of his life. She persuaded this friend to stay and dine with her, expecting from him some little alleviation of her uneasiness, from sympathy, and some ease of condolement, from his company, in her present situation. While they were talking, Mr. Garrick came into the room; but, oh! how changed from that vivacity and sprightliness which used to accompany every thing he said and every thing he did! His countenance was sallow and wan, his movements slow and solemn.

He was wrapped in a rich nightgown, not unlike that which he always wore in Lusignan, the venerable old king of Jerusalem; he presented himself to the imagination of his friend as if he was just ready to act that character. He sat down; and, during the space of an hour, the time he remained in the room, he did not utter a word. He rose, and withdrew to his chamber. Mrs. Garrick and the gentleman dined.

Dr. Heberden and Dr. Warren were now called in. Several other physicians, many of whom were his intimate acquaintance, attended, without any desire of reward, and solely for an eager inclination to give him relief, and to prolong a life so much valued by the publick, and so dear to his friends. When Dr. Schomberg approached Mr. Garrick, he, with a placid smile on his countenance, took him by the hand, and said, "Though last, not least in love."

The stupor was not so powerful as to hinder him from conversing occasionally with a philosophical cheerfulness. He told Mr. Lawrence, that he did not regret his being childless; for he knew the quickness of his feelings was so great, that, in case it had been his misfortune to have had disobedient children, he could not have supported such an affliction.

On the day before his death, seeing a number of gentlemen in his apartment, he asked Mr. Lawrence who they were; he was told they were all physicians, who came with an intention to be of service to him. He shook his head, and repeated the following lines of Horatio in the Fair Penitent:

> Another, and another, still succeeds;
> And the last fool is welcome as the former.

During the remainder of his time, he continued easy and composed, and conversed with great tranquillity. He had so little apprehension of death being so near, that, I am well informed, he said to the servant who gave him a draught, a day or two before he died, "Well, Tom, I shall do very well yet, and make you amends for all this trouble."

He died on Wednesday morning, January the 20th, 1779, at eight o'clock, without a groan. Mr. Garrick's disease was pronounced by Mr. Pott to be a palsy in the kidneys.

On Monday, February 1, the body of Mr. Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, and most magnificently interred in Westminster-Abbey, under the monument of his beloved Shakspeare. He was attended to the grave by persons of the first rank; by men, illustrious for genius, and famous for science; by those who loved him living, and sincerely lamented his death.

Twenty-four of the principal actors of both theatres were also attendants at the funeral; and, with unfeigned sorrow, regretted the loss of so great an ornament to their profession, and so munificent a benefactor to their charitable institution.*

* For the order of Mr. Garrick's funeral, see the Appendix.

CHAPTER LIV.

View of Mr. Garrick's general character....Cannot be compared with Burbage, Allen, Hart, Mohun, &c.....Superiour to Wilkes, Booth, and Cibber....More honoured than any English or foreign actors....Moliere, and Baron....Anecdotes of them....Mr. Garrick compared with Roscius....His pre-eminence....Honours paid to Mr. Garrick not confined to his native country....Mr. Neckar, Mr. De St. Foix, and the duke of Nivernois....Mr. Garrick's learning....Improvements from his constant visitors....His conversation ....Contrasted with that of Foote....The services which he did to others....Mr. Beighton's character....Mr. Garrick considered as an author....His faults....Splendid manner of living....His humanity, benevolence, and charity.

So much has been said, in the preceding chapters, of Mr. Garrick, as an actor and a man, that it may seem unnecessary to make any farther addition. And yet, some general view of so extraordinary a person, in which he must be considered as one making a distinguished figure in the world, and also in his domestick situation, will, in all probability, be expected. His publick actions are indeed so blended with his private, that it will be no easy task to separate them. Of his superiour skill in acting I have spoken so largely, that little or nothing on that head must be given here, especially as I shall have an opportunity in another place, to compare his theatrical powers with those of other actors, his contemporaries.*

* Dramatick Miscellanies.

Without any inclination to make invidious comparison, or with a design to lessen the reputation of any man that is now, or ever has been, on the stage, I believe I can with truth aver of Mr. Garrick, that he was viewed by the world in general in a different light from all actors of this, or any other, nation, ancient or modern.

I do not now speak of his particular eminence as a player, but of his great importance as a member of society; of his general worth, not of his singular talents.

To establish what I have said, I shall examine the claims to pre-eminence in our most celebrated English actors, take a short view of the French patronage of comedians in the persons of Moliere and Baron; and, lastly, compare Mr. Garrick with his great prototype, the Roscius of ancient Rome; and though to some this may seem unnecessary, yet as it will afford variety of theatrical history and anecdote, I dare believe it will be entertaining to the greatest part of my readers.

Amongst the comedians of this country, whom shall I select to compare with Garrick? Pope forbids me to go back to the days of Shakspeare; the condition of the players was then so mean, it seems, that they were conducted by the butler into the buttery;* and, as he says, and I believe, with some spleen, not placed at a lord's table, or a lady's toilette. And yet, this author might have known, that James the First granted his royal license to William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, John Hemmings,

* Pope's preface to Shakspeare.

Henry Condel, &c. whom he styles his servants, and calls upon all magistrates to assist them in the due performing of their plays and interludes; a favour, I presume, not granted to mean fellows of Mr. Pope's description. Nor did this great writer's malignity to the players allow him to reflect, that Edward Allen, the munificent founder of Dulwich College, was a player, and the sole proprietor of his own theatre, which he built from the ground; and that this man could not be worth less than 25,000*l.* a sum at that time equal to 100,000*l.* in our days,* and not inferiour, upon that account, to Mr. Garrick's fortune.

But, however valuable the players, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First, might be, I shall not search amongst them for a rival to Mr. Garrick. Their successors, in the reigns of Charles and James the Second, gained no advantage of estimation from their acting the licentious plays of Dryden, Otway, Lee, Wycherley, Behn, and Shadwell. And though Hart and Mohun, by their loyalty in fighting bravely for their prince, and by wearing the honourable title of soldier, had thrown a lustre upon their names, yet, I believe, we must not put them on a level with Mr. Garrick; nor can I compare with the splendour of his fame the fortunes and reputation of Betterton, that worthy man, and most excellent actor.

* Burbage, the great actor of Shakspeare's great characters, we are told, was so eminent in his profession, that no country gentleman thought himself qualified for conversation without having an acquaintance with Dick Burbage.

The extreme licentiouness of many plays, and the endless riots occasioned by certain ladies wearing vizor masks, kept from the theatre a great number of sober and grave people, who deemed it a kind of contamination to frequent a place so irrregular, debauched, and tumultuous.

The Rev. Mr. Collier's short View of the Stage produced a remarkable and almost instantaneous alteration in the language of the theatre; and the act of the 5th of queen Anne, by which the wearing of vizor masks in the playhouse was prohibited, was an excellent supplement to the censures of the reverend divine. The papers in the Tatler and Spectator contributed more, perhaps, than any thing else, to reform the taste, and mend the morals, of the age and of the theatre. Addison and Steele undertook the patronage of plays and players.

From this time we may date, not only an amendment of publick manners, so far at least as regards decency of behaviour and refinement of language; but, with the reformation of the poetical tribe, and their literary offspring, we must include a more regular and guarded conduct in their friends the actors. The royal license granted to Dogget, Wilkes, and Cibber, and a patent afterwards given to Booth, Wilkes, and Cibber, in conjunction with Sir Richard Steele, raised the consequence of the players much higher than it had ever been; and amongst these acting patentees I must endeavour to find a rival to Mr. Garrick.

Wilkes was a regular, affable, and well-bred, man, of plain good understanding, but without any tinc-

ture of learning. His whole ambition was to excel in his profession. He sometimes went to court, but was little acquainted with the great. He was justly admired as an actor, and loved as an honest man; but had no mark to discriminate him from any other private gentleman.

Booth had great advantages from birth and education: he was a relation of the earl of Warrington, and not far remote from the title; he was a scholar, and a man of poetical fancy, as his compositions in verse, which are far from mean, will sufficiently testify.

His professional merit recommended him to lord Bolingbroke, who was so pleased with his company and conversation, that he sent his chariot to the door of the theatre every night, to convey Booth, after the play was finished, to his country seat. It was said of Booth, that, though he had then no chariot of his own, he commanded the carriages of all the nobility. The friendship of lord Bolingbroke gained Booth a share in the patent of Drury-lane theatre. From that time, which was soon after the death of Betterton, he was considered as the first tragedian of the age. He grew rich, and purchased an estate* and country house at Cowley, near Uxbridge.

Thus exalted to the highest eminence of fame, accompanied with the accession of wealth, it might be imagined that no succeeding actor could easily rise to a height so eminent and so envied. But Booth, who had never before made any great figure

* Afterwards bought by John Rich, Esq.

in the world, after his marriage with Miss Santlow, on, whom he greatly doated, cultivated few or no friendships, resorted to no publick places, except Button's and the Bedford coffee-houses. No neighbouring gentlemen around his seat at Cowley, at least very few of them, disturbed him with visits or invitations. Known only to a few, he could be valued only by a few. He soon became indolent, was a loiterer at home, and solely wrapped up in the contemplation of his wife's accomplishments.

There was in his look an apparent goodness of mind which struck every body that saw him. I have heard Mr. Delane, the actor, say, that, when he entered the Bedford coffee-house, at a time when it was frequented by men of fashion, he attracted the eyes of every body, by the benevolence of his aspect, the grandeur of his step, and the dignity of his whole demeanour. To sum up his character, he was an actor of genius and an amiable man.

Colley Cibber, the other patentee, to the reputation of an approved and successful actor added the higher character of a distinguished dramatick writer.

His merit in both capacities introduced him to persons in high life, and made him free of all gay companies. In his youth he was a man of much levity, and the constant companion of our young noblemen and men of fashion in their hours of dissipation; Cibber diverted them with his sallies of humour and odd vivacities. He had the good fortune, in advanced life, to solace the cares of a great statesman in his relaxations from business: Mr. Pelham loved a *tete-à-tete* with Colley Cibber; and

I think the latter tells us so in the dedication of his excellent Apology to that wise and honest minister. But an habitual love of play, and a rivetted attachment to pleasure, rendered him not so agreeable to persons of a grave turn of mind; much less could he be an eligible companion to the most dignified of the clergy, and to the heads of the law, who courted the company of Mr. Garrick, and with whom he lived, not on terms of permission and sufferance, but with freedom and familiarity.

But Colley, we are told, had the honour to be a member of the great club at White's; and so, I suppose, might any man who wore good clothes and paid his money when he lost it. But on what terms did Cibber live with this society? Why, he feasted most sumptuously, as I have heard his friend Victor say with an air of triumphant exultation, with Mr. Arthur and his wife, and gave a trifle for his dinner. After he had dined, when the club-room door was opened, and the laureat was introduced, he was saluted with the loud and joyous acclamation of "O king Coll! Come in, king Coll! Welcome, welcome, king Colley!" And this kind of gratulation Mr. Victor thought was very gracious and very honourable.

I do not regard the vile aspersions of that sour old critick, John Dennis, who, in a letter to Sir John Edgar, (meaning Sir Richard Steele) styles Cibber an abandoned profligate. I have heard, from better authority than Dennis, that he was a man of great good nature and humanity. It is

sufficient to say, that, to the very dregs of old age, he was too much addicted to pleasure.

From what has been said, the reader will be convinced, that although, as an author, Cibber stands on higher ground than Mr. Garrick, he is in other respects greatly his inferiour.

If we turn our eyes to gay France and harmonious Italy, we shall not, in those enlightened countries, I believe, meet with a theatrical competitor to Mr. Garrick. We must not look for accomplished actors amongst the Italian *improvisatori*, or the representers of the burletta; nor shall I disgrace Mr. Garrick so far as to compare him with the heroes of the opera-stage, whose merit consist in modulation of voice, and whose dignity results from their accumulation of riches.

The French are generous patrons of the drama, and pay not only attention, but respect, to players of superiour rank. Moliere was esteemed an excellent actor in comedy, and was, at the same time, a great author; he was indeed, as Boileau and Racine told Louis XIV., the glory and boast of his reign; all Europe could not then produce any dramatick writer equal to him, and I believe our best criticks are agreed that he is second to Shakspeare alone; but, as a player and a man of eminence, followed, courted, and caressed, by the greatest and gravest men of a nation, he falls infinitely short of a Garrick. Louis knew Moliere's worth, and rewarded his merit, though not so amply as a prince ought to have done, who pensioned the learned all over Europe; he conversed often with

him, and even sometimes gave him a hint for a character.* The great prince of Condé admired Moliere, and many of the noblesse were his patrons; but he was by no means their companion, or admitted to an equality of conversation and friendship, as Garrick was with a duke of Devonshire, an earl of Chatham, and a George, lord Lyttleton. No first president of the parliament of Paris ever paid a visit to Moliere; much less would he take a bed at his house, as a lord chancellor and a lord chief justice of England have with Garrick. They were not only his visitors, but his occasional lodgers.

In vain did Louis endeavour to raise the humane and generous Moliere above the prejudices which followed his occupation of actor. To honour him as highly as his condition would permit, he appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber; but this post, which was designed to place him above reproach, exposed him to a very gross affront; for when, according to the custom of France, he went to assist at the making up the king's bed, his partner refused to join in office with him, on account of his being a player. It is true, the king resented the gentleman's insolence; but that could not wipe away Moliere's disgrace.

The bigotted arch-prelate of Paris would have excommunicated Moliere, not have honoured him with a visit. Both our archbishops have frequently

* Particularly in the Facheux. After the first representation of this piece, Louis told Moliere, (pointing to the Comte de Soye Court, a remarkable hunter,) "There is another character of an impertinent." Moliere exhibited him the very next time the play was acted; and had the address to obtain the terms of the chace, of which he was ignorant, from the Count himself.

thought themselves happy in being entertained at the Adelphi, or Hampton, by Mr. and Mrs. Garrick.

But Michael Baron was the great actor of France, and some respect will be due to the brother Roscius of Mr. Garrick. All the historians of the French stage speak of Baron as a prodigy of the theatre; the richest and noblest epithets in their language are selected by them to express the beauties of his action and the power of his elocution; he was caressed, and almost idolized, by all France. Our own Roscius had a competent share of vanity, as most great artists have; but Baron's idolatry of his superiour consequence exceeded all limits of credibility. It was a saying with this man, that nature once every hundred years produced a Cæsar, but she took two thousand to form a Baron. The strongest and most convincing proof of his merit was the prodigious applause which the people of Paris gave him when he returned to the stage* in the 68th year of his age, after leaving it for near thirty years. He continued to charm all France to his 77th year, when he was suddenly taken ill, upon the stage, in a very favourite part: he died about two months after.

Baron was the great favourite of the young nobility of France, and conversed with them freely and familiarly. His manner of living was ostenta-

* Baron aspired to the same honour which his master, Moliere had enjoyed, of being one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the king: the pride of Louis would not suffer him to bestow that on the accomplishments of a player which he had given to the greatest comick writer of France. Upon this refusal, Baron left the stage in disgust.

tious; he kept his coach, with a splendid equipage, and played high. He had amassed great riches by his acting, besides enjoying a large pension bestowed on him by the king, and presents from the princes of the blood. But, however exalted Baron was by himself and others, his companions of the nobility made him sometimes feel the inferiority of his situation. He once offered to bet a large sum of money with a nobleman of high rank. This was bold and unexpected: the prince, looking at him with some surprise, said, "Have at you, "Monsieur Britannicus!" a part Baron acted in one of Racine's plays. He was very intimate with the Marquis de Biron, and often his companion in his parties of pleasure. The marquis's servants one day fell out with the coachman and valet of Baron, and beat them. Baron complained to the marquis of this affront; "My lord, said he, *your* people have ill-treated *my* people." The familiarity of the address, and the supposed equality which was presumed to be inferred in the words *your people and my people*, offended the nobleman; and, when Baron repeated the charge, he turned to him with this severe reproof, "My good sir, what would you be at? Pray, tell me how you came to have any people at all?" Mr. Garrick's manner of living with our nobility was of a different kind from Baron's; it was with dignity and ease: unassuming in his manner, he was always courted to use that freedom and familiarity which his moderation and good sense declined.

Bruyere, after observing that acting, among the Greeks, was not dishonourable, though held in a degree of infamy amongst the Romans, makes this observation: "We," says he, "think of the players as the Romans did, but we behave to them after the manner of the Greeks." What I have related of Moliere and Baron does not contribute, I imagine, to establish this reflection of Bruyere.

It is true, that the Greeks did not esteem acting a disqualification for any office of the state, civil or military; and, the reproaches with which Demosthenes overwhelms Æschines, in his celebrated oration De Corona, on account of his acting, are not levelled at the profession itself, but against the man: "You," says Demosthenes, "were a bad actor of inferiour parts; I hissed you for your unskilfulness, and the people chastised you severely on the same account."

And now there remains only the prototype of all the great actors, Roscius himself, to whom I can, with any hope of approaching to equality of character, compare Mr. Garrick. The many high encomiums, bestowed on this wonderful player by Cicero and others, justly exalt him in the opinion of all men. His integrity, modesty, liberality, and generosity, were as great essentials in his character as his skill in playing. Cicero computed the annual gains of this actor at 5000*l.** Such was the generosity of his temper, that, for the last ten years of his life, fully satisfied with the emoluments which the

* Middleton's Cicero, vol. I.

publick had bestowed on him, he acted without any fee or reward.*

The people of Rome (says Cicero, speaking of Roscius) esteem him to be a more excellent citizen than an accomplished actor; and, while his wonderful skill places him at the head of his profession, his moderation and virtue render him worthy of a place in the senate.† Valerius Maximus assures us, that Roscius did not only gain the favour of the common people but was admitted to the friendship of persons in the highest rank.

Well, then; I grant that Roscius was a man of the most respectable character in private life, as well as a consummate actor, and was admitted to the friendships of the greatest men of the greatest people in the world: but, as the actor in England is not in a degree of humiliation like that of a comedian of Rome, there was a degrading condescension in those honours paid to Roscius, to which a Garrick must be a stranger. The Englishman merits, and boldly, though modestly, puts in his claim. The Roman merits too, and humbly solicits. Roscius, we know, frequented the levees of the great and he might possibly have supped with Cæsar,

* The fortune of the Roman actor must have been greatly superiour to that of Mr. Garrick; in all probability it was more than twenty times as large; for Roscius's friend Æsopus the tragedian, at an entertainment which he gave, produced a single dish, computed by Dr. Arbuthnot to be worth no less than 4843*l.* 10*s.* in which, to enhance the value of it, he put singing birds. At this we must not be surprised; for, these actors were not only the favourites of the great lords of the world, but were admired, courted, and caressed, by the kings allied to Rome, and the tributary princes of the Roman empire.

† Ciceronis Oratio pro Q. Roscio Comœdo.

Cicero, and Lucullus, though we have no record to prove such a suggestion; nor can we reasonably suppose that these great men were ever entertained by Roscius; but, we know with certainty, that persons of the most elevated rank in the kingdom, and the greatest and most renowned of our generals and admirals, have dined with Mr. Garrick, and thought it no favour conferred upon him, nor any mark of condescension in them. The Roman actor was in a state of patronage; the English comedian seems to have commanded as well as merited equality.

But, the honours paid to Garrick were not confined to his own country; foreigners of the first rank, and great ministers, have sought his friendship, from the report of his general worth. When in France, he was intimate with Mr. Neckar, the great financier, and with Mr. De St. Foix; with these statesmen, and their ladies, Mr Garrick often corresponded.

The duke de Nivernois, when embassador plenipotentiary in England from the court of Versailles, paid the highest respect to our Roscius, and made a magnificent entertainment for him and Mrs. Garrick; and, I believe, accepted an invitation to dine with them at Hampton. There was scarce any foreign embassador that did not make it a point to be acquainted with this singular genius.

What were the qualities of Garrick's mind, and what were his personal accomplishments, which attracted the love and respect of the greatest and worthiest part of mankind, it will be natural to in-

quire; a sound understanding; great propriety of behaviour; attention to please, without meanness or officiousness; a power to delight, without transgressing the laws of decency; a constant, uniform and regular conduct through life; a firmness of temper, not dazzled with the splendour of high rank, though ever attentive to what was due to superiority. Besides all these, a credit due to a man possessed of a large fortune, acquired by his ability and industry, and preserved by rational economy.

His capacity was more extensive than his learning, and his knowledge much greater than could be expected from a man so beset with various business. Mr. Walmsley recommended him to Mr. Colson as a good scholar, and I suppose he meant by it, that he had made a considerable proficiency in the Latin language. Mr. Garrick assured me that he was once master of all the original Greek words; and this Dr. Johnson has in part confirmed; for he knew, he said, that Walmsley had made him a present of the Racines Grecques, on condition that he should get by heart a certain portion of them every day. He was a master of the French language, and spoke it fluently; he understood Italian, but could not long maintain a conversation in it; Spanish he could read, but I believe with some difficulty. A mind like his was continually improving from the company with which he was constantly surrounded. His house was a rendezvous for excellence of every kind; for

"Lights of the church and guardians of the laws;"

for the learned, the elegant, the polite, and the accomplished in all arts and sciences; so that he was continually drawing from the great fountains of wisdom and knowledge: from Warburton and Hurd; from Camden and Mansfield; from the earl of Chesterfield and George lord Lyttleton; from Dr. Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke; from Mr. Dunning and Charles Fox; from Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Chambers; from Dr. Warton, and his brother, Mr. Thomas Warton; from Mr. Mason and Mr. Cradock; from Mr. Berenger and Topham Beauclerc; from Mr. Paul and Mr. William Whitehead; from Mr. Cambridge and Mr. Colman; from Dr. Douglas and the dean of Carlisle; from Dr. Robertson and Mr. Wedderburne; and from all that were eminent for their worth and distinguished by their genius.

From such companions, the mind of a Garrick, rich in its own natural force, received a large accession of the most extensive and useful knowledge, and an exhaustless treasure of topicks for conversation. His manner of conversing was exceedingly pleasing, not only from the matter of which his words were composed, but his manner of uttering them. Pope, from the sweetness and softness of his tones in conversation, was called the nightingale; Garrick, from the brisk and cheerful melody of his pronunciation, might with propriety be termed the lark.

He was not so shining nor so exuberant in his manner of discoursing as his acquaintance Foote; but he was more agreeable, from his not overpower-

ing the company with the superiority and brilliancy of his wit, and by his moderation in the use of those talents of which he was master. Foote was not satisfied without subduing his guests; Mr. Garrick confined his power of conversing to the art of making every man pleased with him. The conversation of Foote resembled a great furnace, whose heat was so intense that it obliged you to stand at a distance from it; that of Mr. Garrick may be compared to a fire, which diffuses its heat gently all over the apartment. Foote's images of ridicule and portraits of characters were strong, vigorous, and resembling; but the hearer always felt a mixture of pain with his pleasure, lest he also should be made in his turn the subject of his satire. Garrick excelled in telling apt and lively stories, and in drawing characters full of grotesque and burlesque images; his humour was pleasing and inoffensive, because it was not confined to particular, but diverted to general, objects. Foote was a better scholar than Garrick, and could discuss a learned argument with classical authority; Garrick reasoned conclusively, but never ventured beyond his depth. Foote broke down every fence of morality, decency, and religion; and, to insure a laugh, would deal in scandal, obscenity, and profaneness: Garrick always paid a proper respect to himself and his company, by avoiding discourse which would give offence to piety and good manners. Foote raised admiration and loud mirth: Garrick gained constant approbation, and excited pleasing cheerfulness.

Foote was much admired and resorted to by persons of the highest quality; what use he made of his acquaintance I shall not inquire, for I wish not to draw any invidious parallels; I shall only assert what I certainly know of Mr. Garrick, from his many and great connexions with persons of quality and rank; that no man, except a prime minister, had such ability to serve a great number of people as himself; and I will with boldness aver, that no man exerted that influence to the well-being of others more pertinaciously than Mr. Garrick: towards the prosecuting this benevolent business, the activity of his mind and the generosity of his temper equally contributed. Amidst the various toils of a painful occupation, he always found leisure to promote the happiness of others; in this he seemed to take uncommon delight; he was never weary of the divine office of doing good. He loved and encouraged the elegant arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture; he promoted the interests of their professors to the utmost of his ability. Such authors as applied to him were sure to have his patronage. I shall only mention, on this head, the very large subscription he obtained for Mr. Lloyd. The man, who never denied a favour to others, could not be refused when he became a solicitor himself.

Should I relate half the services which Mr. Garrick effected for others, by his constant and unwearied application to his noble and powerful acquaintance, I should greatly exceed the bounds I have prescribed to my history. I will just mention one, on account of its singularity: Mr. Beighton, the

honest vicar of Egham, was a man peculiar in his outward figure and in his manner of conversation; he had an odd rustick appearance, and talked in the broad dialect of Yorkshire. Under this plain form he concealed a goodness of heart, which shewed itself in a readiness to do any office of kindness in his reach, and a vein of humour in his conversation which was more entertaining from its being unexpected. In his garden he had a great variety of exotick plants, and in his library a collection of very valuable books, elegantly bound. His income was small, and made less by the generosity of his temper; he gave of his little store to all who came to visit his library and plants. No private clergyman was known to more people of rank, or more beloved, than he was; and yet, though all men promised to serve him, by getting him an additional living to his small vicarage, nothing was done for him by his great and noble friends. The late duke of Cumberland knew him well, and valued him much; he erected a chapel near Windsor lodge, with a view to employ him as his chaplain; but the duke's death prevented his generous and pious intention. Mr. Garrick was the friend and constant visitor of Mr. Beighton. No sooner was lord chief justice Pratt appointed chancellor, than he applied to him in favour of Mr. Beighton; his lordship, without any hesitation, presented him with the first living that fell to his gift. This was, for the remainder of his life, which was not long, a considerable relief to a man far advanced in years and greatly afflicted with the gout. It enabled him to part with a small curacy, in a place

at some distance from his vicarage, where he was obliged to do duty every other Sunday.

Mr. Garrick, as an author, who wrote so much, and tried his skill in so many different species of writing, could not, perhaps, be of the first class in any one of them, though he has shewn proofs of genius in all. In epigram, ode, comedy, farce; in essays, in letters, prologues, and epilogues.

Many of his epigrams have the spirit and turn of Martial. His ode on Mr. Pelham's death has more good sense than poetical fancy, though in that it is not deficient. His share in the Clandestine Marriage has not been ascertained; by an advertisement prefixed to it, we find that the merit of the authors cannot be separated. In most of his dramatick pieces there is to be found real character, though not always equally well drawn; discrimination of humour, modish affectation, fashionable folly, or some irregular gayety of the times. He was a perfect master of stage economy; he rarely offends in the conduct of his plot, and the right management of his scenes; and, to all his other dramatick excellencies he added decency and morality. His prologues and epilogues are an excellent supplement to the history of the times; they present to us certain domestick facts, to which our graver writers cannot stoop. These little pieces of poetry contain, if I may be allowed the expression, the farcical transactions of the age. The author catches at every new object of ridicule as it rises, and paints it with humour and truth. I will not say there is as much wit and poetry in these productions as in those of the same species by Dryden;

but, I will venture to affirm, they contain much more information, and more variety of mirth. Those who can trace his letters and essays in the newspapers, will find many just observations and acute criticisms on manners, customs, and characters. His vein of pleasantry is easy, flowing, and original. Many of his epitaphs are well written and characteristical.

After all, though his general character as a writer is a very respectable, it seems to be lessened by the greatness of his reputation as a comedian. Moliere was a good actor, but his superiour fame as an author has absorbed his merit as a player. Baron was a successful writer, though not equal in general power to Mr. Garrick, yet his comedies are much applauded for a perfect knowledge of the stage, for vivacity of dialogue, and variety of incident. Baron does not often present great and masterly portraits, but he copies from nature certain original characters, as offensive and importunate in society as they are diverting on the stage.* I chiefly allude, in this account of his plays, to L'Homme à bonne Fortune, Le Rendezvous des Tuilleries, Les Enlêvements, La Coquette, Le Jaloux. The reader of Baron's plays will perceive, that he, as well as Garrick, studied the world and the stage. But the French scarce ever speak of him as an author; his great fame as an actor has entirely engrossed their ideas of him; and people seldom give themselves time to parcel out their attention in favour of the same man; the greater object swallows up the less.

* Anecdotes Dramatiques.

Not to have some faults, with so much intrinsick worth, would have exceeded the lot of humanity. His virtues so greatly preponderate, when weighed with his defects, that it would be folly to conceal them; and yet he was not without failings, which his friends wish he had been free from.

His faults were partly constitutional, and partly professional: I mean by the latter such as arise from a man's business. A physician, for example, though a man of strict honour, will not tell his patient, unnecessarily, that his distemper is of an alarming nature. Mr. Garrick, as a manager of a theatre, who had variety of commerce with authors, actors, painters, scenemen, &c. &c., thought himself obliged often, to be on his guard against innumerable requests, questions, claims, and petitions, of a thousand people. The quickness of his conception, and the precipitance of his temper, obliged him to make use of that caution, which some persons think degenerated into art. I do not remember, that, in the younger part of his life, and before he was a manager, he had any notable hesitation of speech, which afterwards was so universally observed in him. Had he embraced a more decided conduct in his management of the theatre, he would, in all probability, have had fewer hours of vexation. With all his prudence, he sometimes could not check the warmth of his temper, which would break out into unguarded expressions. Of this impropriety he generally was sensible, and made ample reparation to the person whose mind he had disturbed. Little and peevish marks of displeasure would sometimes escape from him at rehearsal;

but, when he was not ruffled by any trifling accident abroad, (which it must be owned, happened too often,) he would, during the intervals of business, enliven the whole theatre by his sallies of gayety and mirth, which shewed themselves in a thousand shapes, in jests, bons mots, apt stories, and vivacities, thrown out in a manner so pleasing, so frolicksome, and original, that all were made happy by his cheerfulness and good humour.

The great sensibility of his temper was often a great snare to him; it was a temptation to those, who had no feeling, to take advantage of what is really an honour to human nature.

Sensibility is the best proof of a good mind; and a certain earnest, that he who possesses it has a great reverence and respect for the publick. He, indeed, carried this quick sense of feeling of the mind too far: a false report would alarm him; a paragraph, or a letter, in a newspaper, or a pamphlet, would, for a time, greatly affect him. Many, that knew his weakness in this respect, would take ungenerous advantages of it. He had justly acquired a very great reputation, and he feared lest the base unfounded aspersions of men, who had no character of their own to lose, should make more impression on the world than it was possible they could. It has been said, that neither Betterton, Booth, Wilkes, nor Cibber, were hurt by such arrows as were sure to wound Mr. Garrick. I find, on perusal of some pamphlets relating to the theatre, that Betterton was, of all players, most happily exempt from censure; he was so greatly fortunate in pleasing all

ranks of people, that he was called *Infallible Tom*, a name which I remember to have seen given him in an old ballad, written, I think, in the reign of Charles II. Booth would not trouble himself with the management of the stage, and Wilkes confided in Cibber; so that all the squibs, in newspapers and pamphlets, from the year 1713 to 1733, were aimed at Cibber alone, who had luckily a callous temper which despised every attack from the press. However, it will be owned, that Mr. Garrick was a man of more consideration in the eyes of the publick, and consequently in his own, than these great actors were. His fears increased with his fame; *Nec minus periculum ex magna quam ex mala fama.* But, if sensibility was really a fault, it was of the amiable kind.

But the precipitation of his temper hurried him, very often, into as unhappy difficulties as his too great sensibility. He was apt to be too soon struck with any thing that offered to his mind; and he would, in the ardour of a moment, promise what his cooler reflections told him he ought not to perform; nay, he would be sometimes betrayed into promising what indeed he neither could, nor ought, to fulfil. This failing accompanied him, more or less, through life, and brought along with it much vexation. In his dispute with Mr. Macklin, from a regard to impartiality, I have decided against Mr. Garrick; but every candid person will, on reflection, be convinced, that, though he did not fulfil his agreement with that actor, he had no intention, originally, to deceive or mislead. He had entangled himself in a web, through which he could not escape without breaking it.

His worst fault was jealousy, which was in him little less than envy, that hateful disease of the mind, from which few men are exempt, yet what all men disown; for I never knew any man, but one, who had the honour and courage to confess that he had a tincture of envy in him.* He, indeed, generously owned that he was not a stranger to it; at the same time he declared that he endeavoured to subdue it.

Mr. Garrick, who, as an actor, scarce ever had a competitor, and perhaps will never have an equal, was weak enough to be alarmed at every shadow of a rival. Though, in the opinion of the world, he stood upon a pedestal, looking down upon all actors as his inferiours, yet, sometimes, from the impulse of theatrick jealousy, he would condescend to raise the meanest shrub of the stage to a level with himself. This seems to have been a proper punishment for his want of candour; for I never remember to have heard him speak warmly in the commendation of any actor, living or dead. If great examples can excuse or alleviate a fault so unworthy of such a man, we can bring a Pope, an Addison, and many others, to speak for him, who were equally guilty, with a much greater degree of malevolence.

Mr. Garrick had, I believe, a sovereign contempt for the players who lived before him, more especially the tragedians. The false taste and ranting peculiarities of some stage heroes, who were in possession of the great characters when he first tried

* Dr. Johnson.

his fortune on the stage, might probably lead him into a persuasion that the predecessors of these men were like them; but Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard, who had preceded him six or seven years, were such instances of natural elocution, that he ought to have judged more liberally. Quin, indeed, he cried up to the skies for a great Falstaff; but this was but a scanty praise of a man who excelled so variously.

But, however low he might estimate the abilities of his contemporaries, I never heard that he treated any of them, when under his direction, with unfairness. He, who alone was worthy the name of a competitor with Mr. Garrick, was Mr. Barry; in some few parts it will not be disputed, I believe, that he excelled him; but the manager's conduct to him always indicated his inclination to be on the best terms with so valuable an actor; Barry gave but very unsatisfactory reasons, as I have been told, for quitting Mr. Garrick, in 1749, and engaging with Mr. Rich.

Mossop was an actor of merit; and, though his recitation and action were not entirely approved by Mr. Garrick, yet this unhappy gentleman did himself infinite harm by listening to the flatteries of those who exalted him to a rivalship with his master. Had he taken his counsel, he might, in all probability, have been alive now, and in affluent circumstances.

Mr. Garrick was too apt to listen to stories and idle tales that were brought to him, of what this man did, or that man said of him or any of his actors;

all such sort of news he greedily swallowed, though at the same time he was laying a plot to hurt his own mind. Many things will be said of every man that no man should be solicitious to know, but should rather check the officious tale-bearer who pesters him with what must give him more uneasiness than pleasure to hear. As he was warm in his friendship, he was sincere in his resentments, and not easily pacified when he felt or apprehended any degree of ingratitude; however, to his honour it must be owned, that he was free from implacability, as several could testify who gave him great and unmerited provocation.

His manner of living was splendid, though somewhat below his income, as became a prudent man. By some he was said to be parsimonious, nay, avaricious; others gave out that he made too great and ostentatious a parade of magnificence, unbecoming the condition of a player. To attempt to please all the world would be just as idle as to despise its censures when founded upon truth or probability: Mr. Garrick kept a plentiful table; he rejoiced to see his friends at his board; he kept horses and carriages, and had a number of servants, and an equipage, such as became a man of his large fortune; but all his expenses were regulated by the strictest economy.

The abhorrence of profusion and waste he imbibed in his earliest years; and his moderation, during that tide of wealth which constantly flowed in upon him, enabled him to do many acts of kindness and charity. No man seemed more anxious

to get money, and none more willing to bestow it generously; to those, who knew the sums he constantly gave away, it would appear, that his sole end of acquiring wealth was for the benefit of others. I shall not talk of his more publick charities and contributions; I mean such actions only as were less known to the world. His bounty was uniform; not a sudden start of humour, proceeding from whim and caprice, like scanty streams from a small rivulet; no, his bounty resembled a large, noble, and flowing, river,

> That glorify'd the banks which bound it in.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

It was a very honourable circumstance of his life, that, in the very dawning of success, when he first tasted of fortune's favours, and had acquired a very moderate portion of riches, he opened his hand to those who solicited his kindness, and was ready to assist all who applied to him; were it possible to know how much money he lent, without the least prospect of its being paid, we should find it amount to a very large sum. His mind was so bountiful, that he scarcely knew what it was to deny. He was once solicited by a friend to give a trifle to a poor widow. He asked how much he should give. About two guineas. No, that I will not. Why, then give what you please. He presented his friend with a bank-note of 30*l.* Of this I should despise the mention, if it were a matter of rarity and wonder. A gentlewoman, who had no claim to his regard, except the knowing him from his youth, and the being acquainted with his relations at Litch-

field, applied to him for assistance in her necessities; he made her a present of one hundred pounds. He had several almoners, to whom he gave sums of money to distribute to such objects as they approved. Heaven only knows the extent of that beneficence which flowed continually from this large minded man.

There is one remarkably generous deed of Mr. Garrick, which is so well authenticated, that it would be an act of injustice to his memory to conceal it from the world. A gentleman of fashion, and a man universally beloved and esteemed, borrowed five hundred pounds of Mr. Garrick, for which sum he gave his note of hand. By some vicissitude of fortune, the affairs of this gentleman were greatly distressed. His friends and relations, who loved him, determined to free him from uneasiness, by satisfying his creditors. A day of meeting for that purpose was appointed, on which they were to be very cheerful. Mr. Garrick heard of it; and, instead of taking advantage of the information to put in his claim, he inclosed the 500*l.* note in a letter, in which he told the gentleman, that he had been informed that a jovial meeting was to take place between him and his friends, and that it was to be a bonfire day; he therefore desired he would consign his note to the flames.

Innumerable stories of humanity, generosity, and charity, could be told of him, enough to fill a volume. I have heard Dr. Johnson say, that he believed David Garrick gave away more money than any man in London. Some, perhaps, may call

his charity ostentation; be it so, but ostentation is not avarice. Strip every man, that does an act of kindness, of the love of fame in doing it, and to what a small heap you will reduce that vast mountain of benevolence and charity of which the world now boasts! Such ostentation as Mr. Garrick's, if it was ostentation, was a glorious virtue; and I heartily wish he had many imitators.

The true character of a man is always more accurately known to his neighbours than to the world at large; to those who live with him, near him, and round about him, than to persons at a distance. Go, then, you, who still entertain a doubt of Mr. Garrick's bounty and benevolence, go to Hampton, and learn what every inhabitant of that village will say of him: they will tell you, from their own knowledge and experience, that his loss is generally and heavily felt; that it is so great, they cannot hope it will be soon repaired; that the poor inhabitants of that place have, in him, lost a kind friend and an affectionate father; that his benefactions to them were continually increasing; that, amongst other instances of his paternal regard for the poor, he had, a few years before his death, instituted a little annual feast for children. Every first of May he invited all the children of the village to come into his garden; there he distributed to them large pieces of cake and a small present of money; and on this anniversary, I have been told, it was his intention in future to have increased his donations. He was as great a prodigy of unlimited bounty as of extensive genius.

To conclude. No man of his profession had ever been so much the object of admiration; few men were ever more respected; nor was any man better formed to adorn society, or more sincerely disposed and qualified to serve mankind, than David Garrick.

Epitaph for Mr. Garrick, written by himself, extempore, at Mr. Hoare's, at Stourhead.

Tom Fool, the tenant of this narrow *space,
(He play'd no foolish part to choose the place,)
Hoping for mortal honours e'en in death,
Thus spoke his wishes with his latest breath: ——
That †Hal, sweet blooded Hal, might once a year
Quit social joys to drop a friendly tear;
That ‡Earle, with magick sounds that charm the breast,
Should with a requiem teach his soul to rest;
Full charg'd with humour, that the sportive Rust
Should fire three vollies o'er the dust to dust;
That honest §Benson, ever free and plain,
For once should sigh, and wish him back again;
That ||Hoare too might complete his glory's plan,
Point to his grave, and say——I lik'd the man.

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* Mr. Hoare's grotto, at Stourhead.

† Henry Hoare, jun. esq.

‡ Mr. Earle, of Salisbury.

§ John Benson, esq.

|| Henry Hoare, esq.

APPENDIX.

TESTIMONIES

OF MR. GARRICK'S GENIUS AND MERITS.

To Mr. Garrick, *at Mount Edgecumbe.*

By the Earl of Chatham.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay,
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat!
Yet there no wonders your quick eyes can meet!
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find,
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind;
A statesman, without power and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause;
Votary, alone, to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres, deck our plain,
And interspers'd a heart enliv'ning train
Of sportive children frolick o'er the green;
Mean time pure love looks on, and consecrates the scene.
Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age;
Come, taste the simple life of patriots old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp and gold.

——— At this man's [Mr. Walmsley] table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours; with companions such as are not often to be found; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened, life; with Dr. James, whose skill in physick will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend: but, what are the hopes of man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the publick stock of harmless pleasure.

Dr. Johnson's Life of Edmund Smith.

——— We, therefore, of Great Britain, have more reason to congratulate ourselves on two very singular phenomena; I mean, Shakspeare's being able to pourtray characters so very different as Falstaff and Macbeth; and Garrick's being able to personate so inimitably a Lear and an Abel Drugger. Nothing can more fully demonstrate the extent and versatility of these two original geniuses.

Dr. Warton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.

W. WHITEHEAD, Esq. *to* MR. GARRICK.

ON old Parnassus, t'other day,
The Muses met to sing and play;
Apart from all the rest were seen
The tragick and the comick queen,
Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate
On Rich's or on Fleetwood's fate;
When, on a sudden, news was brought
That Garrick had the patent got,
And both their ladyships again
Might now return to Drury-lane.

They bow'd they simper'd, and agreed
They wish'd the project might succeed ;
'Twas very possible; the case
Was likely too, and had a face—
A face! Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide;
Why, sister, all the world may see
How much this makes for you and me;
No longer now shall we expose
Our unbought good to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a mean support;
No more the poor polluted scene
Shall teem with Births of Harlequin;
Or vindicated stage shall feel
The insults of the Dancer's heel:
Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
To operas now—they'll want them there;
For Sadler's-wells, they say, this year
Has quite undone their engineer.
Poh! you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
Reply'd, and smil'd; besides 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe:
For my part, I shall be content
If things succeed as they are meant;
And should not be displeased to find
Some changes of the tragick kind;
And say, Thalia, mayn't we hope
The stage may take a larger scope?
Shall he, whose all expressive powers
Can reach the heights which Shakspeare soars,
Descend to touch a lower key,
And tickle ears with poetry;
Where ev'ry tear is taught to flow
Through many a line's melodious wo,
And heart felt pangs of deep distress
Are fritter'd into similies?
O thou! whom Nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear, the heart,

Whatever name delight thy ear,
Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear;
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but Nature hence!
See! to thy aid, with streaming eyes,
The fair afflicted *Constance flies;
Now wild as winds, in madness tears
Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs,
Or, low on earth, disdains relief,
With all the conscious pride of grief.
My Pritchard too, in Hamlet's queen——
The goddess of the sportive vein
Here stopp'd her short, and, with a sneer,
My Pritchard, if you please, my dear!
Her tragick merit I confess,
But surely mine's her proper dress:
Behold her there, with native ease,
And native spirit, born to please;
With all Maria's charms engage,
Or Milwood's rants or Touchwood's rage;
Through ev'ry foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilette's care,
To chant in forests, unconfin'd,
The wilder notes of Rosalind.
O thou! where e'er thou fix thy praise,
Brute, Drugger, Fribble, Ranger, Bayes!
O join with her in my behalf!
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So shall buffoons with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humour charm the age,
Though †Falstaff should forsake the stage.
She spoke. Melpomene reply'd;
And much was said on either side;

---

* Mrs. Cibber, in the character of Lady Constance in Shakspeare's King John.

† Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leaving the stage.

And many a chief and many a fair
Were mentioned to their credit, there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddesses think fit to say;
However, Garrick, this at least
Appears by both a truth confest,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care;
A nation's taste depends on you;
Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
Oh! think how glorious t'were to raise
A theatre to virtue's praise!
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
But ev'ry young attentive ear
Imbide the precepts living there;
And ev'ry unexperienc'd breast
There feel its own rude hints express'd;
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.
If possible, be perfect quite;
A few short rules will guide you right:
Consult your own good sense in all;
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call;
Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
To court, what you command,—applause!

— So when great Shakspeare, to his Garrick join'd,
With mutual aid conspire to rouse the mind,
'Tis not a scene of idle mimicry,
'Tis Lear's, Hamlet's, Richard's, self we see.
We feel the actor's strength, the poet's fire;
With joy we praise, with rapture we admire,
To see such pow'rs within the reach of art,
And fiction thus subdue the human heart.

Translation, a Poem, by Dr. Franklin.

—— If manly sense, if nature link'd with art,
If thorough knowledge of the human heart,

If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd,
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd,
If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
Within the magick circle of the eye,
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face so well as his can shew,
Deserve the preference,—Garrick! take the chair,
Nor quit it, till thou place an equal there.

Churchill's Rosciad.

Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis your's.
And, O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which, many a distant night,
Shall mark his mem'ry with a sad delight!—
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame:
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.
What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme!
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath
For these,—when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!—
O loveliest mourner! gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing wo to guard the laurel'd shrine.
As fancy, oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,—
So thou, sweet muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient wo that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief;
With meek regret and fond endearing grief;

With looks that speak—he never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rent dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

Sheridan's Verses to the Memory of Mr. Garrick.

Prologue, written and spoken by HOUSTON STEWART NICOLSON, *Esq. on his performing the Character of Richard the Third.*

To-night a thund'ring genius shakes your stage;
He comes to roar, to mouth, to storm, and rage;
Conscious such pow'rs your passions must engage.
So———clear the stage there!—ladies, by your favour,
Nay, I don't joke, I'll shew you something clever.
Well, then, shall we have a horrid scene?
Nay, only but by way of specimen.———
Ay, ay, we'll have a horrid scene!
Hah!—hah!—hah!———
I see you wonder at my tragick stare;
But 'tis my way I gen'rally prepare,
I know too well the secrets of our trade
To speak a line before my face be made;
For, by the previous settling of each feature,
I so far trick and take the start of Nature,
That, long e'er she can make you one wry face,
I'm tow'ring in the zenith of grimace.
But I am tedious; let example teach;
Shall we go back, and finish this same speech?
"Hah!——bless my soul!—what means this dismal voice?"
Did you not think that rather wanted noise?
———————We'll try another.
"See thou——deliver——to my lord——this letter."——
Ay, that's like acting; that's a great deal better.
Though faith I'm not in cue!—another time,
If I don't tickle you for rant and rhyme!
I play'd a character but t'other night;
Damme! I topp'd your Garrick out of sight.

He can't perform like me; nay, you'll avow it;
Nature, (his oracle,) she won't allow it.
Do what he will, she's ever at his sleeve;
Nor dares he speak or look without her leave.
If he but stand, walk, nay, but turn or wheel,
She, spaniel like, must course him at his heel.
The pilf'ring rogue has nothing of his own;
'Tis she that taught him ev'ry thing he's done.
Why now, in Hamlet, and his much fam'd Lear,
Did not I catch her whisp'ring in his ear?
Upon my soul, I speak without a joke,
She tutor'd ev'ry syllable he spoke;
And, whilst the crowd admir'd the servile creature,
I'll take my oath that ev'ry line was Nature.
And, though 'tis thirty years since he began,
You'll find no alteration in the man.
Thirty! 'tis more, since first he came about her,
And yet the dev'l a foot he'll budge without her.
I ask'd this lady once to shew her plan;
She smil'd,—and pointed to her little man:
"Observe," she said, "oh! give him heedful note;
"And leave your bellowing through that blust'ring throat;
"Nor still, with pompous and unmeaning air,
"Storm without passion, without wonder stare;
"But through my various windings mark him still,
"And let my Garrick mould you at his will.
"He can instruct in every thing I know;
"I told him all my secrets long ago."
Madam, said I, methinks you're wond'rous free;
How can you take such liberties with me?
Did e'er I come within a thousand miles,
To pilfer from you either tears or smiles?
No, ma'am: I've been performing many years;
Have broke the drums of twenty thousand ears;
Ranting and mouthing still, from scene to scene,
Have stunn'd the women and amaz'd the men;
And o'er the whole, with super-human roar,
Have squeez'd the quintessence of tragick pow'r:
And, since you force me, ma'am, I'll say it flat;
By Jupiter, I never ow'd you—that!

[Snapping his fingers.]

Nature and Garrick both confess'd 'twas true;
How well they judg'd I must submit to you.

Nature and Garrick. Written, in 1756, by T. DAVIES.

As Nature and Garrick were talking one day,
It chanc'd they had words, and fell out;
Dame Reason would fain have prevented a fray,
But could not, they both were so stout.

Says Garrick, I honour you, madam, 'tis true,
And with pride to your laws I submit;
But Shakspeare paints stronger and better than you,
All criticks of taste will admit.

How! Shakspeare paint stronger and better than I!
Cries Nature, (quite touch'd to the soul,)
Not a word in his volumes I ever could spy
But what from my records he stole.

And thou, wicked thief!—nay, the story I'll tell;—
Whenever I paint or I draw,
My pencils you filch and my colours you steal,
For which thou shalt suffer the law.

And, when on the stage in full lustre you shine,
To me all the praise shall be given;
The toil shall be your's, and the honour be mine;
So Nature and Garrick are even.

LIST OF MR. GARRICK'S DRAMATICK WORKS.

I. The lying Valet. A comedy of two acts. 8vo. 1740. First acted at Goodman's-fields, and afterwards at Drury-lane.

II. Miss in her Teens, or the Medley of Lovers. A farce in two acts, performed at Covent-garden. 8vo, 1747. The hint of this piece was taken from La Parisienne, of Dancourt.

III. Lethe. A dramatick satire, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1748.—This admirable performance, which ranks with the first of its kind, was originally represented in a very imperfect state at Goodman's-fields, when the author was engaged there. The first sketch, as then performed, was printed in 12mo, 1745, under the title of Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades.

IV. Romeo and Juliet. A tragedy, altered from Shakspeare, acted at Drury-lane. 12mo, 1750.

V. Every Man in his Humour. A comedy, altered from Ben Jonson, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1751.—This alteration consists chiefly of omissions and transpositions, with the addition of a whole scene in the fourth act. It was excellently acted. Those, who remember the original performers, do not expect to see a play ever so completely filled again in every character. Prologue by Mr. Whitehead.

VI. The Fairies. An opera, altered from Shakspeare, set to musick by Mr. Smith. 8vo, 1755. The prologue,

written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, was unexpectedly and happily addressed to the orchestra.

VII. The Tempest. An opera, altered from Shakspeare, set to musick by Mr. Smith. 8vo, 1756. The prologue to this piece, evidently by Mr. Garrick, is printed only in Lloyd's St. James's Magazine, vol. I.

VIII. Florizel and Perdita. A dramatick pastoral in three acts, performed at Drury-lane, 1756.—This is taken from the Winter's Tale, and was originally acted under that title. It was not printed until 1758.

IX. Catharine and Petruchio. A farce, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1756. An alteration of Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew. Performed on the same night as Florizel and Perdita.

X. Lilliput. A dramatick entertainment, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1757. This piece was acted by children, among whom Mr. Cautherly made a distinguished figure. In 1777 it was revised by the author, and performed at the Hay-market.

XI. The Male Coquette, or Seventeen Hundred and Fifty-seven. A farce, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1757.—This little piece was first acted at Mr. Woodward's benefit. It was planned, written, and acted, in less than a month.

XII. The Gamesters. A comedy, altered from Shirley and C. Johnson, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1758.

XIII. Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage. A play, altered from Southern, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1758.—An alteration of the Fatal Marriage, by a total omission of the comick scenes.

XIV. The Guardian. A comedy in two acts, performed at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1759.—This was performed, the first time, for the benefit of Christopher Smart, a very agreeable but unhappy poet, then under confinement. It is taken, in a great measure, from the celebrated Pupile of Mons. Fagan.

XV. The Enchanter, or Love and Magick. A musical drama, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1760.

XVI. Harlequin's Invasion. A speaking pantomime, acted at Drury-lane, 1761. Not printed. We are told that this was originally performed at Bartholomew-fair.

XVII. Cymbeline. A tragedy, altered from Shakspeare, acted at Drury-lane. 12mo, 1761.

XVIII. The Farmer's Return from London. An interlude, performed at Drury-lane. 4to, 1762. This made its first appearance at Mrs. Pritchard's benefit.

XIX. The Clandestine Marriage. A comedy, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1766. This was a joint production with Mr. Colman, was acted with great applause, and may be considered as one of the best comedies in the English language.

XX. The Country Girl, a comedy, altered from Wycherley's Country Wife. Acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1766.

XXI. Neck or Nothing. A farce in two acts, performed at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1766. This farce is ascribed to Mr. Garrick, although it has also been given to Mr. King. It is an imitation of the Crispin Rival de son Maitre of Le Sage.

XXII. Cymon. A dramatick romance, acted at Drury-lane with great success. 8vo, 1767.

XXIII. A Peep behind the Curtain, or the New Rehearsal. A farce, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1767.

XXIV. The Jubilee. A dramatick entertainment, acted at Drury-lane, 1769.—This piece, which is not printed, was one of the most successful performances ever produced on the stage.

XXV. King Arthur, or the British Worthy. Altered from Dryden; acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1770.

XXVI. Hamlet. Altered from Shakspeare; acted at Drury-lane about 1771. Not printed.

XXVII. The Irish Widow. A comedy of two acts, performed at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1772.—The intention of this piece seems to have been merely to introduce Mrs. Barry (now Mrs. Crawford) in a new light to the audience, and is very successfully executed. The characters of Whittle, Sir Patrick O Neale, and Thomas, are extremely well sustained; and that of Kecksy, by Dodd, admirably.

XXVIII. The Chances. A comedy, with alterations, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1773.—This is the Duke of Buckingham's play, taken from Beaumont and Fletcher, with the same title. The alterations are chiefly omissions of indecent passages, which the refinement of the present times would not suffer.

XXIX. Albumazar. A comedy, with alterations, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1773.—This excellent old comedy was revived with all the strength of the house, as it had been before in 1748; yet, notwithstanding, was not so successful as it deserved to have been.

XXX. Alfred. A tragedy, altered from Mallet, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1773.

XXXI. A Christmas Tale. In five parts; acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1774.——This has since been reduced to two acts, and performed as an afterpiece.

XXXII. The Meeting of the Company. A prelude, acted at Drury-lane, 1774. Not printed.

XXXIII. Bon Ton, or High Life above Stairs. A comedy in two acts. 1775.

XXXIV. The Theatrical Candidates. A prelude, acted at Drury-lane. 8vo, 1775.—The last two pieces are printed together. May-day was acted the same night.

XXXV. The Institution of the Order of the Garter.

XXXVI. High Life below Stairs.

He also made some alterations in Rule a Wife and have a Wife, Mahomet, and many other pieces which were performed during his management.

LIST OF CHARACTERS ACTED BY MR. GARRICK.

A.

Antony and Cleopatra....Antony.
Alchemist....Abel Drugger.
Athelstan.....Athelstan.
Agis....Lysander.
Alfred....Alfred.

B.

Barbarossa.....Achmet.
Busy Body.....Marplot.
Boadicea....Dumnorix.
Brothers....Demetrius.

C.

Chances....Don John.
Creüsa....Aletes.
Cymbeline....Posthumus.
Careless Husband.....Lord Foppington.

D.

Discovery...Sir Antony Branville.
Distressed Mother....Orestes.

E.

Every Man in his Humour..... Kitely.
Edward the Black Prince.....Edward.
Eurydice.....Periander.
Elvira....King, Don Alonzo IV.
Eugenia....Mercœur.

F.

Foundling....Belmont.
Fair Penitent.....Lothario and Sciolto.
Farmer's Return.....Farmer.
Fatal Marriage....Byron.

G.

The Gamester, a tragedy....Beverly.
The Gamesters, a comedy..... Wilding.
Gil Blas, a comedy....Gil Blas.
Guardian, a farce.....Guardian.

H.

Hamlet....Hamlet, and the Ghost.
Henry IV. 1st part....Hotspur.
——— 2d part....the King.
———V....Chorus.

I.

Inconstant.....Duretete.
Jane Shore.....Hastings.
John (King)....King, and the Bastard.
Jealous Wife....Oakly.
Isabella....Byron.
Irene....Demetrius.

L.

Lear....Lear.
Love makes a Man....Clodio,
Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades.... Lord Chalkstone, Poet, Drunken Man, and Frenchman.

Lying Valet....Sharp.
Love's last Shift....Loveless.

M.

Merope....Eumenes.
Macbeth....Macbeth.
Merry Wives of Windsor....Dr. Caius.
Much Ado about Nothing....Benedict.
Mock Doctor....Gregory.
Mourning Bride....Osmyn.
Mahomet....Zaphne.
Miss in her Teens....Fribble.
Mistake....Carlos.

O.

Old Bachelor....Fondlewife.
Oroonoko...Oroonoko and Aboan.
Othello....Othello and Iago.
Orphan....Chamont.
Orphan of Chiua....Zamti.
Ode on Shakspeare....Recitation of it.

P.

Provoked Wife....Sir John Brute.
Provoked Husband...Lord Townly, Sir Francis Wronghead.
Pamela....Jack Smatter, supposed to be written by himself.

R.

Richard III....Richard, first time of his acting, Goodman's-fields, October 19, 1741; which part he acted there thirty times before the end of the playing season.
Romeo and Juliet.....Romeo and Mercutio.
Rehearsal....Bayes.
Recruiting Officer....Plume, Captain Brazen, and a Recruit.
Rule a Wife.....Leon.
Roman Father....Horatius.
Regulus.....Regulus.

S.

Stratagem....Archer and Scrub.
Siege of Aquileia....Æmylius.
Suspicious Husband....Ranger.
School for Lovers....Sir J. Dorilant.
School-Boy....Master Johnny.

T.

Trip to the Jubilee....Sir Harry Wildair.
Tancred and Sigismunda....Tancred.
Tender Husband.....Sir Harry Gubbins.

V.

Virginia....Virginius.
Venice Preserved.....Jaffier and Pierre.
Upholsterer.....Pamphlet.

W.

Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret....Felix.
Way to keep him....Lovemore.
Winter's Tale....Leontes.
Wedding Day....Millamour.

Z.

Zara....Lusignan.

ORDER OF MR. GARRICK'S FUNERAL.

Four men in mourning, with staffs covered with black silk, and scarves, on horseback, as porters. Six ditto, with mourning cloaks, &c. A man in mourning, to bear the pennon, with scarf, &c. Two supporters. Six men in cloaks, as before. Surcoat of arms. Helmet, with crest, wreath, and mantlet. State lid of black ostrich-feathers, surrounded by escutcheons. Herse, full dressed, with THE BODY.

State coach, empty; a page on each side. Mourning coach, with the clergy of St. Martin's; a page on each side. Six ditto, with the pall-bearers, two in each coach; six pages on each side. A ditto, with the chief mourner; a page on each side. A ditto, with three family ditto. A ditto, with three physicians. A ditto, with surgeon and apothecaries; a page on each side. A ditto, with Messrs. Sheridan and Harris; a page on each side. Three ditto, with a deputation of twelve gentlemen, performers from Drury-lane theatre; three pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks, &c. Three ditto, with a deputation of twelve gentlemen performers from Covent-garden theatre; three pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks, &c. Four mourning coaches, with the members of the literary club; four pages on each side. Two men in mourning, on horseback, with cloaks. Seven coaches with intimate friends of the deceased; seven pages on each side. Mr. Garrick's coach empty. All the gentlemen's family coaches empty.

At about three, the body was received at the great west door, by the bishop of Rochester, dean of Westminster, who, attended by the gentlemen of the choir in

their hoods and surplices, preceded the corpse up the center aile, during which time the full organ and choir performed Purcel's grand funeral service. Arriving at the place of interment, immediately under the monument of Shakspeare, in Poets Corner, the bishop performed the last sacred ceremony of the church; the choir sang another solemn strain, and the remains were deposited in a grave, doubly hallowed by a nation's grief and the copious tears of private friendship.

The pall was supported by

Lord Camden,	Duke of Devonshire,
Earl of Ossory,	Earl Spencer,
Rt. Hon. Mr. Rigby,	Viscount Palmerston,
Hon. Mr. Stanley,	Sir W. W. Wynne,
J. Paterson, Esq.	Albany Wallis, Esq.

Dr. Johnson, Mr. Colman, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Burke, Col. Barré, the Hon. Charles Fox, William Whitehead, Esq. Mr. Harris, Lord Charles Spencer, Mr. Quarme, (deputy usher of the black rod,) Mr. Bate, and a great number of gentlemen of distinction, either as men of rank, or men of literary fame, followed the herse in mourning coaches.

Mess. Carrington and Nathan Garrick (nephews of the deceased) were the only persons of the family who were present.

Mess. Yates, King, Smith, Vernon, Parsons, Dodd, Aickin, Palmer, Bensley, Brereton, Moody, and Baddely, attended as the committee of Drury-lane theatre.

The following as the committee of Covent-garden theatre: Mess. Lewis, Hull, Clarke, Wroughton, Lewes, Reinhold, Aickin, Baker, Quick, Wilson, Mattocks, and Whitefield.

A greater concourse of people attended than was ever known on a similar occasion.

MR. GARRICK'S WILL.

I, DAVID GARRICK, of the Adelphi, and of Hampton in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, do make publick and declare this to be my last will and testament as follows: I give and devise unto the Right Hon. Charles Lord Camden, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, John Paterson, Esq. and Albany Wallis, Esq. of Norfolk-Street, all that my dwelling-house at Hampton aforesaid, and the outhouses, stables, yards, gardens, orchards, lands, and grounds, thereunto belonging, or therewith now by me used, occupied, or enjoyed, together with the two islands or aytes on the river Thames, with their and every of their appurtenances, and the statue of Shakspeare: and also all that my dwelling-house in the Adelphi, with the appurtenances; and also all and every the pictures, household goods, and furniture, of and in both the said houses at Hampton and Adelphi, at the time of my decease, (of which an inventory shall be taken:) To hold to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis; their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust for and to the use of my wife Eva Maria Garrick, for and during the term of her natural life, for her own residence, she keeping the house and premises in good repair, and paying all quitrents, taxes, and other rents and outgoings, for the same: I give to my said wife all my household linen, silver plate, and china ware, which I shall die possessed of, or entitled unto, both in town and country; together with my carriages and horses, and all the stock in my cellars at both houses, to and for her own use and benefit: I also give to my said wife one thousand pounds, to be paid immediately after my death, out of the first money that shall be received by my executors: I give to my said wife the farther sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid twelve months after my decease, with interest for the same, at the rate of four pounds *per centum*: and, I also give to my said wife, Eva Maria Garrick,

one clear annuity or yearly sum of fifteen hundred pounds of lawful money of Great-Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, to be paid to her quarterly, to and for her sole and separate use, without being subject to the debts, control, or intermeddling, of any husband she shall or may marry, and her receipt alone to be sufficient discharges from time to time for the same, to my executors and trustees. It is my request and desire, that my wife shall continue in England, and make Hampton and the Adelphi her chief places of residence; but, if she shall leave England, and reside beyond sea, or in Scotland, or Ireland, in such case, which I hope will not happen, but, in that case, I revoke, and make void, all the devises and bequests to her, or for her use, herein before mentioned, which shall, on such event, become due, and payable to her, and, instead thereof, I give her only a clear annuity of one thousand pounds, of lawful money of Great-Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, payable quarterly. Provided nevertheless, and I hereby declare, that the provision hereby made for my wife, and the legacies and bequests hereby given to her, are meant and intended to be in lieu of and full satisfaction for the dividends, interest, and profits of ten thousand pounds, which by our marriage settlement is to be paid, and agreed to be invested in stocks, or securities, for the purposes therein mentioned; and also in bar, and full satisfaction of her dower, or thirds at common law, which she may be entitled to out of my real estates. And, I farther declare it to be an express condition, annexed to the said legacies and bequests, so given to my wife, that, if she shall not, within three calendar months next after my decease, testify her consent in writing, to my executors, to take under this my will, and to relinquish all claim to the interest and dividends of the said ten thousand pounds, mentioned in our marriage settlement; then, and in such case, all the annuities, legacies, devises, and bequests, to her, or for her benefit hereafter mentioned shall become null and void, and the annuities hereby given to her shall

sink into, and become part of, my estate. And, from and after the decease of my wife, or from and after the determination or forfeiture of her interest in the premises, as aforesaid, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors, or the heirs, executors, or administrators, of the survivor, to sell, dispose of, and convey, my said houses, gardens, and land, at Hampton and the Adelphi, with their respective appurtenances, pictures, household goods, and furniture, herein before given, (except the statue of Shakspeare,) by publick or private sale, as they shall think proper, for the best price that can reasonably be got for the same, and turn the same into money upon the trusts and for the purposes herein after mentioned. I give and devise all that messuage and garden, now occupied by, and in possession of, my nephew, David Garrick, at Hampton, and all the furniture therein, and all other my messuages, farms, and lands, in the parish of Hampton, (except those given to or for the use of my wife,) unto and to the use of my said nephew, David Garrick, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. I give and devise all that my manor of Hendon, and all other my manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, with their and every of their rights, royalties, members and appurtenances, unto the said Charles lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, and the survivors or survivor of them, and the heirs of such survivor, in trust, to sell, dispose of, and convey, the same, together or in parcels, by publick or private, or in one or more, sale or sales; and the clear money, arising from such sale or sales, as the same shall be received, after defraying the expences attending such sales, to place out upon government or real security, at interest, in their names, in trust, and for the purposes hereafter mentioned. I give and bequeath the statue of Shakspeare, (after my wife's death,) and all my collection of old English plays, to the trustees of the British Museum, for the time being, for the use of the publick, I give all the rest of my books,

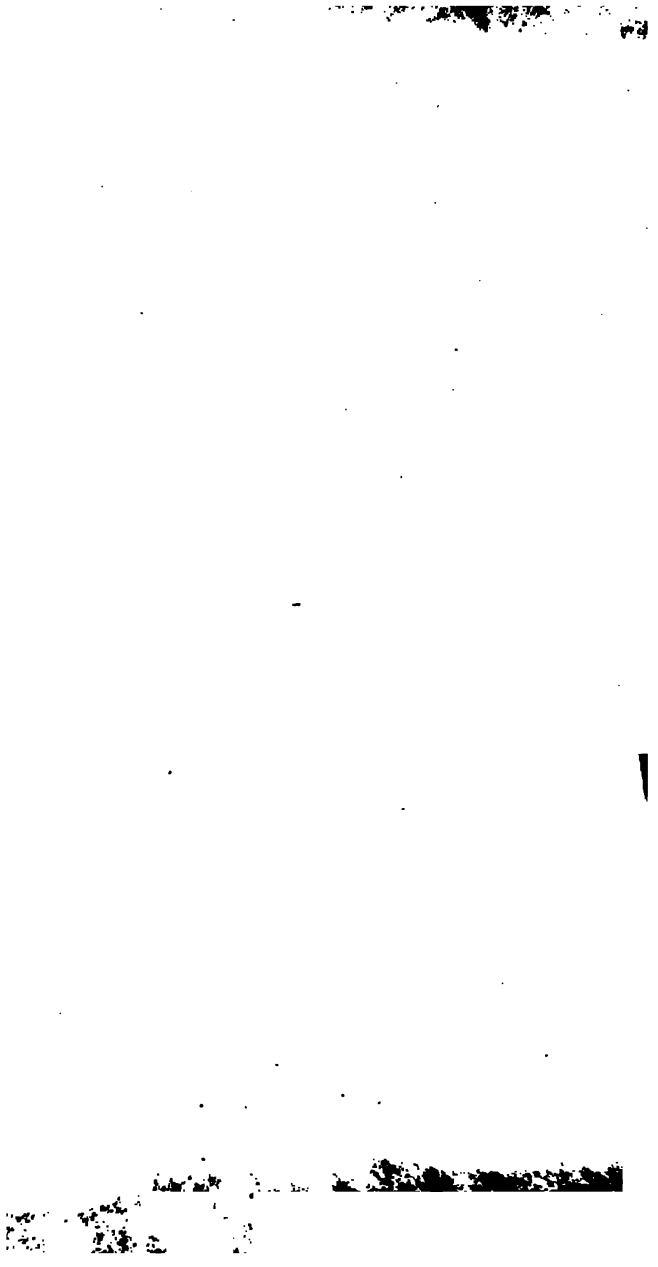
of what kind soever, (except such as my wife shall choose, to the value of one hundred pounds, which I give and bequeath to her,) unto my nephew, Carrington Garrick, for his own use. I give the houses in Drury-lane, which I bought of the fund for decayed actors of the theatre there, back again to the fund. I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal estate whatsoever, not specifically given to the said Charles lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, their executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust, to be by them with all convenient speed sold and disposed of to the best advantage; and, out of the money to arise therefrom, and any other money or personal estate, in the first place to pay the said legacies of one thousand pounds, and five thousand pounds to my wife; and the residue to be placed, in their names, in government or real security, at interest upon trust; that they, the said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the executors, administrators, and assigns, of each survivor, shall and do, out of the dividends, interest, profits, and proceed, thereof, or a competent part thereof, to, from time to time, pay, or cause to be paid, my wife, Eva Maria Garrick, the said annuity of fifteen hundred pounds, herein before given to her during her natural life, as aforesaid; and for that purpose I direct that part of my personal estate, and of the money to arise from the sale of my real estates, and the securities on which the same shall be vested, shall be set apart, sufficient for the interest thereof to pay the annuities of fifteen hundred pounds, or one thousand pounds, as the case may happen, to my wife, during her life, as aforesaid; and, in case any such securities, so set apart for the purposes aforesaid, shall fail, or prove deficient, I direct others to be appropriated to make good the same, so as that the said annuities and provisions may be fully and punctually paid to my wife, in preference to every other legacy, payment, or bequest, whatsoever. And, I give to my brother George Garrick, the sum of ten thousand pounds. To my brother Peter Garrick, the sum of

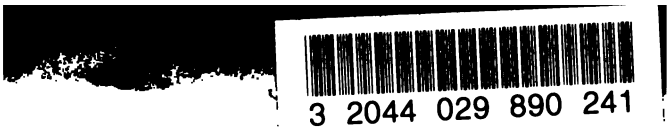
three thousand pounds. To my nephew Carrington Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds. To my nephew David Garrick, the sum of five thousand pounds, besides what I agreed to give him on his marriage. I direct my executors and trustees to stand possessed of six thousand pounds, part of my personal estate, in trust for my niece Arabella Schaw, wife of Captain Schaw, and to pay and dispose thereof, in such manner as my niece Arabella Schaw shall, (notwithstanding her present coverture, by writing, signed by her in the presence of two credible witnesses) direct or appoint; and, in default of such direction or appointment, to pay one moiety thereof to her personal representatives, the other moiety to become a part of my personal estate. I give to my niece Catharine Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds, to be paid to her at the age of twenty-one years, or day of marriage, with interest, at the rate of four *per cent. per annum.* I give to my sister Merical Doxey, the sum of three thousand pounds. I give to my wife's niece, who is now with us at Hampton, the sum of one thousand pounds. All which legacies I direct shall be paid by my executors, out of the residue of my personal estate, which shall remain after paying the legacies to my wife, and securing the annuities as aforesaid; and, if there shall not be sufficient to answer and pay all the said last mentioned legacies, the legatees shall abate in proportion to their legacies, and wait until the death of my wife, when the money arising by the sale of Hampton, and the fund for payment of the annuities, will be at liberty, and become part of my personal estate, to answer and pay the said legacies in full; provided always, that, if any one or two of my trustees shall die before the several trusts hereby in them reposed shall be fully and completely executed and finished, then, and in such case, the survivors and survivor of them shall, in convenient time, assign, transfer, and convey, such of the estates, stocks, funds, and other securities, as shall then remain undisposed of for the purposes aforesaid, so as the same may be vested in the survivors

or survivor; and, as often as any of the said trustees shall die, a new one shall be named to be joined with the survivors, so as that the number may be kept filled up; and all such new trustees shall stand possessed of the estates, stocks, funds, and securities, jointly with the survivors, to the same uses, and upon the same trusts, intents, and purposes, herein before declared and appointed; provided also, that it shall be lawful for my said trustees, and every of them, and all future trustee and trustees, in the first place, to retain to themselves, out of the trust estates, from time to time, all such costs, charges, and expenses, as they or any of them shall respectively be put unto or sustain in the trust hereby in them respectively reposed; and that none of them, or any future trustee or trustees, shall be answerable for the other or others of them, or more than he himself shall actually receive, or wilfully lose or destroy. And in case, after the payment of all the said legacies, bequests, and expenses, there shall remain any surplus money, or personal estate, I direct the same to be divided amongst my next of kin, as if I had died intestate; and I nominate and appoint the said Charles lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, to be executors of this my will, which I declare to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former and other wills by me at any time heretofore made. In witness whereof, I, the said David Garrick, have to two parts of this my will, contained in seven sheets of paper, set my hand to each of the said sheets, and my seal to the first and last sheets, this twenty-fourth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

DAVID GARRICK. (L.S.)

THE END.

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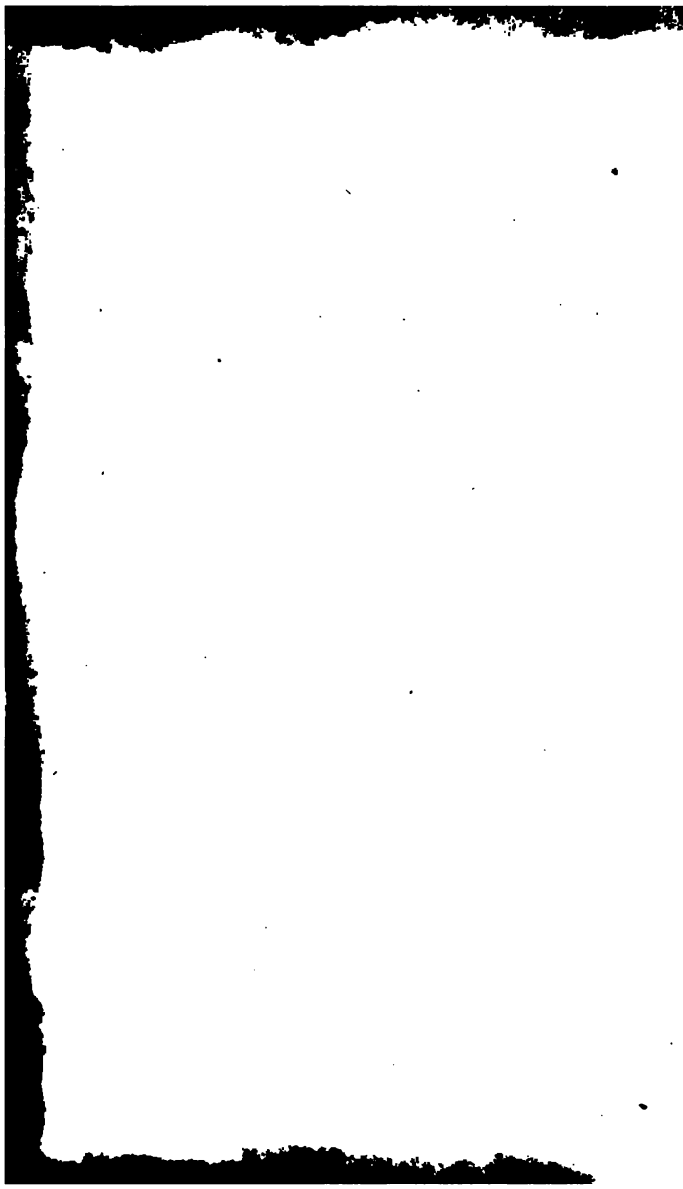

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